

Flying lord, God of all times.
Swept in rage as we left it.
As its gold whips our minds.
And fierce tongue scratches our eyes.

Wake me from my sleep,
And lead me gently (on my way) to hell.

And it would rain in waves.
Or in clouds of ashes.
And wash off all taste.
And creep into my spotless heart.

My tears in a tin box.
Bubbling, seething, covered with flies.
Its grace leaves me tender.

My eyes, wrapped in plastic.
Swarming, curdling, wretched inside
Its beauty makes me blind.

The sky turns vaster.
It rains in flesh.
Its elegance wakes my slumber.
And turns me into hate.