

Thou Shalt Kill Yourself

Bethlehem

Aimless priest of sarcasm
Breeding a rich suffering
When they're walking naked
a raw species is rotting

Where Angels had once danced
and lied to the pale black
now sparrows fall down to the side
and explore deception with comic irony

Like needle stitches in Singularities
expired and prolonged in penance
There lies in cold the gardener of both races
And blights variables of
Dead necessity and space

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But don't listen to me tomorrow
I can bring you the comforting proof
Could go down to the maternal dark
where dimness & chaos
judge heaven and earth.