

## Chalk Face

## Enochian Crescent

A chalk face  
Of a dead son of god  
Reflects on a blank stare  
Of his dead servants  
Populating this deceived necropolis  
That still thinks it lives

Let all sons  
Of our inhumane father  
Claim rights for a synthetic chalk face-on  
As ancestors  
Of the black art and worse  
Give-aways for a swine head

No son of god has missed  
A chance for earthly love  
No son has ever missed a chance  
For love with daughters of Eve  
...or those of the first wife of Adam

A chalk face  
Of a dead son of god  
Blushed with pious for taste of blood  
And sweat  
And semen and passion  
Behind the kiss of the one he adorned

If you'll be his servants  
Then let us celebrate  
The first and the only true  
Christian marriage  
Of a prophet and a prostitute

No son of god has missed  
A chance for rebellion  
No son has even missed a chance  
For rising against his father

...and not refute the gospel of truth to hank  
As reminded of when we are drunk  
Of thick smell of love  
Panting passages of arcane hours  
In our high mass in the dark

And a choir of latex-nuns  
Exalts to crescendo before  
Languid embrace of dawning revelations

Three art race of QBL  
And of angels fallen  
And of witchery and sword  
And of Tartarean abodes  
Night, unknown, chaos