

Shiny like marble kissed by sea  
Some Castaneda dreams  
By William Burroughs means

Feeding the devil with a spoon  
It is the length  
Not the skill nor stealth or strength

Like,  
Do you got what it takes to know yourself  
To kill the universe  
You try to twist into a curse'

True flesh of a swine fattened on her brood  
Will bark at the sun howl the moon  
Go grasp the meaning of universe  
Or kill thyself

No four and nine is a twelve  
No ten and three is a twelve

The new born moon did burn you blind  
A Horus of plucked out eye  
Trying to map the sky  
To find a place to go when he dies

Bride wealth of the sun for the wife you wed -  
A templars' Baphomet  
Crown that fits no head  
Pork jelly fed

No suckling to sodomy and sin  
Cheap wine pissed in the wind  
Gonna get it right

For true flesh of a swine fattened on her brood  
Will bark at the sun howl the moon  
Go grasp the meaning of universe  
Or kill thyself

Seasons they change  
Winter did come  
Washed down with blood  
Gulped down your sun

And ogre brood souls  
Gnaw cheese from the moon  
Dream of wells by the road  
In darkened bedrooms

But no coffin lid nails  
No n demon names  
Create no interest in hell  
You got nothing to sell

For no nine and four's twelve  
No ten and three's twelve  
No such thing as yourself  
Kill the universe

Get it right