

[dedicated to abhinanda]

A winteryear, five years before the future
Just after the end of history
There's a headless vulcano
Coloring the sidewalk
Its smile is cut off
The sewer drinks its altarwine

The penis penetrates
The modern virginity
In the castle
Of humanity

In civilisation halls
Empty words echoes between the walls
As champagne swills down dried throats
Dance to the songs of living dead
They knock at your splintered doors

Stripped dignity
A creature rapes itself
Here falls the belief
In humanity

Men weep and women die
Men breed and women sleep
The library goes up in flames
Nothing left but trivial remains
Lines drawn with greedy perfection
The words is on the phone - an infection
The gun lights itself a cigarette
To celebrate the loss

I rather live for something
Than die for nothing
If the river runs nearby
Don't count me in