

*Death Wishes, the Scabbed Heart, and
Other Wounds of the Soul*

TERRIBILIS EST LOCUS ISTE

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Ω

*“I pace alone in a place for the dead overcome by woe,
And here I’ve grown so fond of dread that I swear it’s heaven...”*
—Cradle of Filth, “Suicide and Other Comforts”

SECTION ONE: THE SCABBED HEART



Author's NOTES:

These are my most recent works in this section. It is the setting for all that follows.

INTRODUCTION

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

This book is madness. On the surface, it seems to be about murder, suicide, rape, Satan, torture, and other vile things done in the name of love. What sane people will miss when reading this madness is the fact that these works of passion are actually the keys to unlocking the hurt that I feel to this day about the situations vaguely described herein. There is an element of illumination here. It is for those who reach far enough inside to unleash the beast that's in all of us, usually vacant. If it wasn't for art, murder would be the only other option.

This particular text differs from my past works in the sense that the focal point of this text isn't a tome for the purpose of expounding on the occult or my beliefs. That's not to say there won't be any occult references (or references to Thelema or Gnosticism), but the focal point of this work will be about my feelings during one of the most difficult times of my entire life. This period of my life had begun with two suicide attempts from a loved one, a successful suicide attempt from my Grandpa, and the loss of my last surviving Grandparent who outlived them all. Much of this

was mentioned in *The Unveiling of Ayah Asher Ayah*, but the “purgatorial state” of *Terribilis Est Locus Iste* didn’t cease suffering just then. The author also endured the break up of an ex-fiancé who is carrying my child, a new relationship in which I got caught cheating, severe mood disturbances, drug relapse, my father’s divorce from my beloved step mom, and many other things.

There have been points during this era that I, myself, have even contemplated suicide. Due to the fact that my beliefs are imbedded in joy on earth, certainty (not faith), gnosis, and the secret light of RA-HOOR-KHUIT, I deny a premature death by my own hand because there is a certain (if often hidden) strength I possess due to the knowledge I’ve acquired, the things I believe in, and the certainty that I have that I will come out in better shape than I am now. Strength is part of the law that I must uphold to be me, but that doesn’t take away the contemplation of suicide that occurs when everything that can go wrong does. However, the beauty in my suffering is that I can inspire and illuminate through art that’s drenched in the misery that I feel. Art that comes from suffering is the best type of art there is. I assure you, dear reader, that if you don’t find this liberating or illuminating, it will remind you that there is pain equal or greater than your own.

All that being said, it is my sincere hope that the reader feels what is written on the pages in a very real way. It would mean a lot to this author to know that the reader comes to know me better (almost on a personal level) through reading this diary of desolation, confusion, and

pain. This work is going to be very personal and a window to the most vulnerable parts of my soul. Because of much of what has happened, I've gotten away from the Great Work. But right before this book was conceived, I've already started engaging in ritual, study, and application again. Not only will returning to Magick be illuminating, so will seeing this work in print.

In the blood of RA,

TERRIBILIS EST LOCUS ISTE

Love is the law, love under will.

THE SCABBED HEART

(part one)

I picked the very last scab from my heart, and little was left of the wound that was my heart. The stitches in my breast must have leaked more than blood; pieces of my soul have leaked out too.

My heart is a liar. My heart is a whore.

My heart is a collection of scabs made by a world about to die just like me.

My heart is a collection of wounds picked by you.

My heart is a big fucking hole blown apart by my own hand.

It's rotted, revolving, around the decay,

That speaks to my soul screaming, "Blow me away!"

(part two)

*I saw a priest today put a bullet hole in the Lamb of God
I heard children die in fire, but I couldn't bring myself to cry...*

*I tasted you love me, but all I wanted was to use you up,
I smelled the blood of God, but all I wanted to do was fuck...*

*The scabbed heart never heals; I'm so fucking numb I
cannot feel*

*I know that none of you are real, but I'll be your one
scabbed heart forever*

*Today's the first day I felt alive, but deep inside I wanted to
die*

*Tonight I felt so fucking alive, but it's just because I was
high*

*I know I'm dead inside, but it makes me want to celebrate
I know I'm dead inside and no, I don't need a reason to
hate*

*Today I noticed all beauty dead, and it felt like a bullet
rush to my head*

*Today I felt all innocence die, and for a second, I felt alive
But at night I dreamt of a beautiful knife, and it was a
beautiful death from the blackest life*

*With so many scabs on my dark heart, I could feel the
blood rush while it all fell apart*

MY ULTIMATE TRAGEDY

*She's got eyes so red, it looks like a bloody mirror
And the death she creates is still all over me
She's got hearts in her mouth, eaten by indecision
She's a fall away, but there will be no chances left
She's my ultimate tragedy, and I seem to be all that she can
see*

*She's the blackest hole I've ever fallen into, because the
hole in my heart will never go away...*

*She eats the stitches from my soul, and lets the blood flow
sweetly*

*She's got a mouth like a time before the earth was gone
And if she's all that's left when the world falls down
around us,*

She'll always be my perfect tragedy...

*She's a sedative when she looks into my darkness
She loves my dark heart, and she doesn't turn in shame
She's a dragon, and to my horror, she's the kind that
breathes fire...*

*She's a fall away, lips drenched in blood she's taken from
the pure*

*No Eden left in her path; there's something in her soul
She'll tear the heavens from the stars and reach into the
heart of God
She's the one who tears me apart, and her blade is sharp as
ever
She's my ultimate tragedy...*

DEATH WISHES

*I'm a bomb in your fantasies
I'm a wound in your tiny heart
So let's come like the Pharisees
And tear the false gods all apart
And tear the false gods all apart*

*Death wishes are like kisses from the stars
Lets you know just who you really are
Death wishes are like the dream you have awake
And there's nothing more to give...nothing more to take*

*There's a blinding light that just won't let me be
There's a darkness in the flames that I can see
There's a world where no one cares for anyone
There's a world where we could swallow our Father's gun*

*God's bullets are headed straight for our souls
So let's become a bullet to kiss Him with
But with all these holes in hearts and kisses,
Never forget your sweet death wishes*

HIDING SARAH

*She comes out at night with a motive that would blow this
place apart*

*She comes on like a steel rag doll that would obliterate
your heart*

*So drink your final drink; God knows it's not the Holy
Grail*

Hiding Sarah won't be the part where the suffering prevail

She comes on like a succubus in your dreams

She comes in and even God can't hear your screams

*She's Lilith in the purest sense, so dance with her until
repentance*

But even then she'll take you straight to Hell...

*It's closing time, have one last drink, smoke one last
cigarette*

*It'll be the last one you ever have; it'll be the one you'll
never forget*

Hiding Sarah is a pipe dream that lulls us all to sleep

Hiding Sarah is futile now with the misery we keep

ROLLING RAGNAROCK

*She's got a tongue like a razor
And eyes like a gun
In her fury, she stabs me
But as for me, tears of blood never run
And I'm scabbed and I'm scarred
And I'm waiting in line
For the next time she speaks
And kills my heart a bit at a time...
A bit at a time...*

*And I made a mistake,
I am Lucifer's blood
Mix it with semen
And vaginal cum
And see what you get
When the bed is all wet
You'll see the seed of a demon
And lies in her eyes*

*Stomping Val Hala,
She's a rolling Ragnarock
But with Christ at her side,
It adjourns with my shock
"I am righteous in killing!
I am righteous in death!
And death I will give you
If you just taste my breath"*

*I'm exploding with anger
I'm exploding with fear
I am dying in place
While my daughter is near*

*I am the face of the end
I'm the serpent's best friend
I am the vengeance of BABALON
And no, my depression does not pretend
Like yours...*

RACE WAR

*I can see the sunset from here,
In the frontlines they said, "This is the light of Lucifer"
But I can see the Serpent coiled around the cross
And I can see the blood from the hearts I've broken
This depression is deeper than the casket
that you and I lied in together
And believe me, I lied and lied again
But I still feel the knife even though it was back then
This isn't the little fag boy pretending to be the depression
king
This is real; it's all I feel, and no, I can't do a goddamned
thing
Come to me Angel; I guess I've kissed the devil and
Taken his Infernal hand; I'm cut wide open more than I can
stand
And I can't explain this darkness to anyone,
I can't explain this darkness to anyone,
I can't explain my heart to anyone...*

*I can see the moon from my window,
The newspapers said, "This is the Light of Lucifer"
And in the horoscopes they said, "There's going to be a
race war"
There are no Jews left when the dead all rise
But I can see her haunted face, more hurt than I can
understand*

*I'm so fucking numb now; I'll take the demon's hand
I'm a bomb inside your fragile heart; I'm sorry but I know
not what I do
You're a knife inside my back, and my heart is gone
because the blade went through and through
Sometimes I just want it all to end; I don't want to be here
anymore
I wanted it all, but now I'm frozen, and the newspapers said
there's gonna be a race war
And if you ask me what's all happened, I have no answer
for you
All I know is I've let the darkness shine; nevermind, love, I
adore you
But I can't tell the world what's happened to me,
I can't tell the world what's happened to me,
I can't tell the world what's happened to us...*

*The snake around my finger devours itself, but it devours
me too
I'm black magick with a kiss of death, and this death is all
for you
Your tears and your tears too have collected into the Holy
Grail
But all I taste is blood and cum at the end of the spear;
you've been impaled
I'm your bullet man, pull my trigger and aim at your heart
I'm your bullet boy, and I'm coming to kiss your gods
ANd in my black heart and in my black soul,
I'll take you in my arms and devour you whole
I've got a knife in my hand for everything I believe in,
And I'm coming for you; let the vengeance begin*

*There is no silver lining in my black cloud
On earth, there's nothing shining; it's all corroded in this
big black shroud
But I don't know what's happened to me,
No, I don't know what's happened to me,
No, I don't know what's happened to us,
but there's gonna be a race war...*

THE VAMPIRE

*Mother Mary, the sword glistens in the sun
And blood shines eternal, for I am the One
Who feeds like a vampire on all that they give
If I love them to death, I cannot let them live*

*Show me the way to eternal life's death,
There's a blackness that no one can catch with their heads
And I love her, I love her, I throw her away
But when she's gone to waste, I'll be back the next day*

*But these knives in my back come from all their directions
The dolls that I had and gave them my erections
They're demons that feed and tell all dirty secrets—
If I share a secret with you then I want you to keep it*

*In the shadows of the valley of death, I adore
Don't play with bullets or razors, love, this I implore
I'm a secret waiting to be heard by the world
But never trust a lover; there's a flame in the girl*

*The reaper is sewing and my time has now come
SO fuck me to death while all your tears now run
And it's never the end; no, it's never the end
Never trust a lover disguised as a friend*

THE KNIFE

*There's blood falling from my finger tips,
I touched your body and I kissed your lips,
My face is smeared in the blood you gave,
But in this game, no one's ever saved...
In this game, no one's ever saved...
I light a candle and I close my eyes,
With every lie a part of us dies,
I hold the knife, and I bury it deep
Is it inside you or is it inside me?
Is it inside you or is it inside me?*

*The trinity is haunting me til' black
I chose a path where there's no way back
And I'm the one whose heart is snared
Sometimes I wonder if I'm beyond repair
You lie naked in a bed of thorns
The snake inside me knows my heart is torn
I'll kiss your wrist and you'll know I'm true
Because I want to run to the tomb with you
I want to run to the tomb with you...*

*I held death's head in my arms with love
So bring the roses and set them above
ANd in this war, I call on RA-HOOR-KHUIT,
Our hearts are sugar and they're bitter sweet,
They talk of me like I'm an open wound*

*But they'll be gaping open when I get there soon
But in the darkness, you are all I see,
This is not a threat; this is my apology,
This is not a threat; this is my apology...*

THE INFIDELITY SHOW

Kissing and touching—

Licking and fucking—

Lying and feeling—

Penetrating and sucking—

ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE

***THIS PLACE IS CONDEMNED; I BECOME YOUR
WORST FEAR***

***THE FOREPLAY OF DEATH IS THE BLOOD OF THE
CHRIST***

***WHO IS ONE WITH THE SERPENT AS WE'RE ALL
SACRIFICED***

Knowing and thinking...

Wondering...

Suspicion and sorrow...

There is no tomorrow—

Jealous and hurting,

Suffering for the cause

Of a path that goes nowhere

We can hear the applause!

THIS IS THE INFIDELITY SHOW!

***IF I WANT TO FEEL HELL, STRAIGHT TO HELL I
SHALL GO***

***THIS IS THE SHOW WHERE EVERYONE SUFFERS
NO ONE LOVES NO ONE IN THIS HEARTLESS BAND
OF LOVERS***

Damaged

*Split the skin, spill the seed
And I'm numb to the core
I couldn't cry if they killed
All the things I adore
I am bleeding and dying
Rotten and lying,
In the shadows and pools of
The suffering's blood*

*I have no heart anymore
All my fears have washed ashore
But slice, slice—isn't it nice?
Slice to the bone and say, "Hallelujah"*

*The skin, it is cracking
The mirrors are all broken
I'm sorry to be alive
I'm sorry to have spoken
The spatter of blood
On my haunted walls
And the hearts that I've broken
Are the most damaged of all*

*Can't you see that we're damaged?
Can't you see that you're damaged?
Can't you see that I'm damaged?
And we're damaged beyond repair*

SECTION TWO: THE UNVEILING OF ANTICHRIST



Author's NOTES:

These works were written in the past when the crisis really began. Despite the title, "KILL THE CHILD" for one of the poems, I was not aware that I was months away from having a child myself. This section is short and to the point. It fits into the madness that religion can give somebody in times of heartbreak and crimes of passion.

KILL THE CHILD

*You were born dead, O Antichrist,
But the cup of life had found you.
Understand then, this:
The Child must die
Because the pestilent way
Of him is volatile
And he regards the One Thing We Hate.*

*The Secret of Death is known to you, O Antichrist...
The Horror of your reign shall be felt by all, O Antichrist...
Understand this:
The Child must die
Because he is the return of
Jesus Christ
And he regards the One Thing We Hate.*

*Your tie is as sharp as a razor's appeal
Your shoes shine like the blood of all was spilt upon them,
So I tell you:
The Child must die
Because it is done anyway
I've paid my due
For the painting of you*

BIRTH OF A NATION

*Their suffering makes them what they are
But we must not shed tears for them
Our tribes are no more; we are corporate abortion
Their little fits of drama are like a case of pubic lice
That chokes the sharpest shooter
There is nothing but betrayal left in our world
Do you know me, O Antichrist?
Do you know my name, O Antichrist?
Do you know my true nature, O Antichrist?*

*I believe that you shall hear me,
For I've put my soul in jeopardy*

*Those talks over tea and small cigars
They meant the world to me
To look into your eyes, O Antichrist
Do you not see that I know you well?
But your suit was always bullet proof
So it was hard to show any love
And no, this is not deception
The birth of a nation must be discussed.
Let's focus on the problem*

*All these people are expendable
Let death be their solemn oath
And cut the heart from suburbia
All the way into their smallest towns*

*They must be killed in the name of mercy
Let us focus on the Scarlet Lady
Who brings him his wings
And they play with their things
All the way to the grave
The elite will love as the few and saved*

HAND GUN

*O Antichrist! You need a handgun to protect yourself
I know the fear is far, far from you heart
But it never hurts to own a gun to shoot
Those who would shoot you
Let them know a merciless Hell*

*O Antichrist, your clothing and your stile
Has made you the only choice of our collective vice
Your jewelry entices me—these symbols of mystique
Do you recall you dealings with Lucifer?
Forget not to leave His True Mark.
I tell you not to make commands of you, but I tell you for
the sake of Lucifer, an ally worth having in this perilous
time
Lucifer will be your hand gun*

LIFE AT HOME

*Corpses line the street today
I tried to look the other way
But something in the air
Made me well aware
That Hell was coming—Hell was home
Will you dead like the rest or left alone?*

*How did this happen, O Antichrist?
And you answered:*

*“The world is dead to me now.
I’ve seen the truth of it.
The world was a mistake that
I had to heal.
I will take away the tears;
I’ll fight away all fears;
But it is you, the people,
That put the gun in my hand.”*

And the Children of the Sun all said: “Amen.”

*But they still sent their postcards
And told their lovely lies
They played their scratch tickets
And lost all that they’d never had*

THE SCENT OF A WOMAN

*Death was in the air,
But the scent was stronger.
For Antichrist did
Spill his seed.*

A TEAR IN REALITY

*I'm the rabbit in the hat to you
I've got my "true will" guarded and my Angel's sword
I've got my mask of Lucifer, but I prefer to gaze upon the
ring I wear
Ouroborus (it's a Gnostic thang)*

*You're a symbol of all time for me
It never sleeps but it always dreams
I paint your picture like a good righteous man
And I call upon who understands
What must be done, what we have won
Through the battle and the blood
That we have never shed
Thanks for the death toll;
Sorry about the death!*

*You're a Jesus of sorts to me
You're a pimp and a rock star too
If you want to mend the flesh
With a razor and some stitches
Out comes the nuclear nectar
Headed for our bitches*

*There's a tear in reality now
We're fuckin' em' up; we're bringin' 'em down
But things are going to change
O! Antipas will reign*

*O! Antipas will reign
Am I the victim or the villain?
Am I the one whose gone too far?
I can hear the blood keep spilling
But I offered up Earth one final scar*

AUTOPSY

*The world needs an autopsy
To see what went wrong
I'm the pen of Antichrist
Mightier than the sword
Mightier than the Lion?
But the Serpent absolves all*

THE CROSS

*O Antichrist, fear not the cross
It is a symbol of a time that's past
Under your semi-secret rule
You know this wasn't meant to last.*

*The Cross of a Saviour
You can tear it upside down
Speak softly to the skull
The Holy Illuminated Stars of the
Darkness of God will request
The secrets that you hold
The ones meant to be shared*

Then the true unveiling begins...

SECTION THREE: SUICIDE AND THE RAZOR THAT KILLS



Author's Notes:

These works were recently written in the process of creating this book. It would be my wish that no one who reads this ever reaches for the razor to resolve their heart ache.

RAPE

*You can not make do something that I would not do
But I can make you do something that is not you
I'm not gonna be your baby anymore; I'm not gonna be
your baby anymore
I'm not gonna be your baby anymore; I'm gonna reach up
to my demons and rape this whore...*

*I'm not gonna run into your arms when the world falls
down
I'm not gonna be your lover, and I'll never be around
And I'm not gonna be your baby anymore; you're such a
perfect bitch—you're my Sacred Whore
And I'm gonna show you something that you'll never
forget, and you'll never forget
If blood letting sheds our blood then let's get the razor and
let the let let...*

WHEN I'm DEAD

*This is not the show you wanted, so cut the play
This is not the life I wanted, so I want to go away
Let's sleep through the show so we can watch the end
Let's know how it feels to lose a lover and a very best
friend*

*These are not the words I've chosen to speak to you
But they come out of my mouth and treat you like a
murderer would do*

*These are crimes of passion when I'm in your head
I'll be the ghost in your dreams even when I'm dead...*

*So she shows me her anger like a butterfly decays
And she let's her tears fall like a jugular vein rain
And she's not the person that I thought I knew
And this isn't the pain that I've been through
When it all comes down to what I want—
It has nothing to do with you, you, you...*

*So I take her into my Lucifer's stone black wing
And I show her all I am, literally everything...everything
This is not black magick; it's just black to you
And I don't want to be another, "I've been through"
Now I take you in further, and we stick like glue
And you become the Black Concubine I always knew
And I love you...
And I'll always love you...*

*So she shows me hair trigger experiments with her eyes
And she tells me I'm forgiven, but the Christians always lie
But she's just another "she", not the Black Concubine
Not the one that's become O mine, all mine
So the very next day, I gave her my line
And she was out of my life as the sun did shine...*

*So I take her into my arms, and she takes me to bed
Two hearts still broken—should've seen the blood we shed
So we do what we do like vampires do
You take a piece of me; I'll take a drink of you
And we're sleeping in the bed that never should have left
So you know, now, I am true...
So you know, now, I am true...*

*This is not the show you wanted, let's cancel the play
And I'll never figure out how all this shit got this way
Can I live with myself with the hearts I've slaughtered?
Can I be enough of man to be a father to my daughter?
I sleep with the razor right next to me these days
I count all the hours, but I never really go away
This is all my fault: blood letting, scabbed hearts, and tears
shed
And I'll still be ghost in your dreams even when I'm dead...*

Kamikaze

*Here I come; I'm a bomb, and I'm inside you
So I go heart first into the shadow you lay
I'm a kamikaze rider, and you know it's true
But you're a kamikaze too, so don't be afraid
Together, we explode; forever, we explode
We don't give those mother fuckers time to reload
There's nothing in sight for miles and miles
But the wasteland we made for our casual smiles*

*Here you come; you're a bomb, and you're on to me
So I pretend I'm afraid just to save some face
And a knife never screams like a bomb can scream
But no matter what they say, the kill is better than the chase
There's a solemn understanding as to what we are
As the people and the family just shake their heads
So we'll show 'em a cut and give them a scar
So they know what it's like when everyone's dead*

An End

*I feel like I've fallen into a teenage suicide
Blame the devil if you like, but let's take a ride
Love drives the death impulse, and nothing else
Matters when you have tunnel vision
This is all that there is, and there is no way out
Even though things get better, sometimes we can't
See a better tomorrow or a tomorrow at all*

*This is an end but it's not thee end
Even though it seems that way
It seems that way*

*TV makes the heart grow fonder, because people
Believe all the cinematic clichés perpetuated
But if life was TV, why would everything seem so
Stupid and shallow? Little girls and little boys
Even if they're grown believe in the religion called TV
And all the Christians say that suicide ends in Hell
And all the Christians say that suicide leads to Hell*

PART FOUR: THE WOUNDED SOUL



Author's Notes: These poems are the precursor the resolution.

The Lion, the Serpent, and the Scarlet Woman

The mighty Lion devours the heart that leaves a shadow on the light.

The mighty Serpent gives blessings unknown to those who cannot shed the skin of the past.

*She looks into my eyes, and all I can see is fire
She looks into my soul, and all she can see is ash
I look into my heart, and all I can see is the illumination
cast by the lies she turns to truth
O Lady of the stars, turn your milk to the blood of the Lamb
O Lady of the Sun, turn your eyes to what's inside of me
She bends over the night sky, stretching over all of earth,
Unveiling the secrets of death and knowledge forbidden*

*My Scarlet Woman has shown me truth that no one can see,
No one can know, no one can fathom save for the Elect
My Scarlet Woman pours her blood into the chalice of my
altar that none can stand before save for the dead
I look into her heart, and all I can see is the blackest light
I look into her eyes, and all I can see is th' glory of th' stars
I look into her soul, and all I can see the universal key to
secrets to oblivion, annihilation, chaos, and love eternal*

*I look into myself, and all I can see is madness and purity
Nothing to lose is the most pure art in all things dark
Loveless is the heart that bleeds, and bitterness devours
like the Lion that splits the seed and knows the key of death
Loveless is the blood that spills, and the venom of the
Serpent is the life blood of the divine whispers heard by you*

Murder Art

*She stands in place, modeling for a painting in the night
Blood is on the canvas, and heartbreak is the secret star
She's nude and comes forth writhing like a serpent does
She climbs on top of me and sends me to oblivion
The razor in my wrist is better than the knives in my back
The bullet in her breast is better than the bomb in her head
She fucks me until my mind is gone, unsafe and unprotected
Her kiss is like a painting of the pope six feet under ground*

*She'll lay like an assassin, and she's waiting for the kill
She'll lie in a bed of razors consumed by her blood roses
But all this madness comes like a flood and overtakes me...
It overtakes me whole til' nothing's left but a big hole
Is this murder or is this love? Is it holy or is it blasphemy?
Is she my savior, or am I her salvation? We'll never know
Until the time is right for murder art; the canvas awaits
I dip the brush and blood as she blushes for the end*

*There's nothing wrong with nudity; beauty's all around
We were born without a costume; shall we die that way?
She prays for art without restraint, and semen is the paint
I open up my mouth again, but I don't know what to say
This isn't pop; this isn't mainstream; this is just the scream
That no one hears when fear becomes silent desperation
I penetrate her every hole, and fluids become divine
But blood is all that's left of us when the Great Work is
complete...*

THE WOUNDED SOUL

*There are holes in my soul from all the kisses I collect
The wounded soul is black and blue from the hearts that I
infect
It's broken, beaten, blackened, sore—now beyond repair
I scream a prayer that no one hears, "Is anybody out
there?"*

*I reach for light but I get black
I reach for the past, no turning back
And if I had my way...if I had my way
We'd all be dead on Valentine's Day*

*There is no cupid shooting arrows
He's shooting us with bullets now
I've never seen a love so narrow
This should be more than God allows*

*I see the sun, and I go blind
Now darkness is all that I can find
But deep inside, I feel a hole
Deep down I know, it is my soul*

*Is there an Angel watching over us?
All my love is shattered glass
Feel the heart consumed by lust
See how the dreams—they never last*

*I held death's head and kissed it softly
I felt the passion in my wounds
It happened here; it happened awfully
I felt my soul run to the tomb*

*The womb is scattered, and it's bursting
The child is coming to a dying earth
But nothing can stop this heart from hurting
Welcome to the haunted birth*

*My demons follow me in sunlight
My Angels follow me in black
But this disease is the most vulgar blight
This isn't love; it's an attack*

*The wounds in my soul are a slaughter
The love in my heart is a disease
"I love you, child, my only daughter."
In Hell, it's ninety-three degrees*

*Happiness is a childhood memory
Where I heard the voice of God Himself
But all this leads right back to me
And this faith is on a broken shelf*

*The devil knows my name in Heaven
There's stitches where He left his mark
I know a way to watch it end then
But there's no way to watch it start*

*The wounds in my heart are an abyss
A massacre with blood below
The wounds in my soul are a soft kiss
I am a secret no one knows*

Sanctuary

(part one)

*I don't believe in anything
There's only things I know for sure
And in my Sanctuary, I am king
And she's my beautiful Sacred Whore
Shakti, tell me all your secrets
When I'm inside you, I am a god
And when you cum, the flame is heated
This sanctuary is a flood...*

*I don't bleed for mundane life
My scars are only for a higher truth
And on my cross, I have a knife
And it reminds me of my youth
Scarlet Woman, show me all you are
Show me your pain; show me your love
I am your favorite secret scar
I am the one who tastes your blood...*

(part two)

There is a skull at the center of the altar. There is a cross that hangs in the balance. And the pillars are candles, one black, one white—the red is the center of passion, violence, and desire. The Sanctuary is guarded by two Serpents. One is gold, the other silver. The sacrificial dagger I yield not to kill but to glorify the Royal Secret. There is a mask that the skull wears, and it is called “the liar’s mask.” It

hides the secrets not for the vulgar. Everyone wears a liar's mask whether they know it or not. It's just that some know it and use it to their advantage. Everyone has secrets; everyone has desires that they hide from even their closest friends and lovers. It is when these secrets are realized that the prison of the soul can be stripped away. But first, some things must be done. We must change ourselves so much that the old shell that we were is dead. That is called initiation. We must break the norms of our societies, our religions, even our own values. We must seek the taboo and indulge in things that the vulgar find obscene and disgusting. Sometimes these things must be illegal. But in the Sanctuary, they are Sacred acts. They are Holy Sacrifices.

The symbols adorned in the Sanctuary are not to be understood by all. The secret name of our Lady who eclipses the soul is named CHAOS. We must shed blood to understand Her desires. We walk in a physical body that is a prison to the soul. To aspire to the divine, one must reach past the door of slaughter and embrace death. Our lover must become the Angel of Death. We breathe suicide, and we fall into the abyss of murder. The heart committed to love eternal is damnation. This is the Sanctuary of the Holy. Embrace the madness, and kiss the insanity that has led you to Her doors.

Betrayal

*I am the whore that beckons love
I am the one who calls on death
I am the Serpent and the dove
I am the Angel's final breath
I take the blood you spill
I breathe the pain you feel
I am the god you kill
I'm the only thing that's real*

*I AM BETRAYAL
I am the end of trust
I AM BETRAYAL
The flesh is weak; so strong is lust*

*I taste your tears; they fall like rain
I didn't mean to cause you pain
I am the father of a whore
You'll overdose, but you'll want more
And until death do us part
I don't know where this all did start
But don't believe a word I say,
I am the one who will betray*

*I AM BETRAYAL
I am the end of trust
I AM BETRAYAL
The flesh is weak; so strong is lust*

***PART FIVE: THE LOVER WHO
RESTORED EDEN***

Ω

Author's Note: No comment.

A Promise (for Shyla)

*You took me from the wreckage of my own desires
You picked me up and stitched me up; I was a liar
You were forgiveness; you loved me through it all
And Hell was coming for me—you caught my fall
And I promise you, I will never let you go
And I promise you, I will always be just yours
And I promise you, I will always let you know
You're my savior; you're the only one that I adore*

*I want to be with you until the grave swallows us whole
I want to love you though the darkness and be one soul
I love you more than anyone could love another one
I'll always be your bullet boy, and I will never run
I want to be with you until True Will makes it all clear
I want to be with you, and I will always want you near
I'll be your Prince of Darkness; I will be your Prince of Air
If you let me, my sweet Goddess—you're the only one who
cared...*

*And know that when we look into our child's eyes, it is you,
and it is me, and it's forever...
And know that when we look into our child's soul, it is our
love that's Sacred and eternal...
And the child that comes from us will be a mark on me that
will be my most cherished scar...
And the child will be the one who knows no end between us,
forever are we bound...*

*You took me from the death that came for me in the dark,
The darkest night of my soul that I'd ever known in life
You took me from the blade held against my neck to part
You found the latent Goddess, and you are my darkest wife
And I promise you, I will never let you fall to the depths
that you once fell to in a nightmare that felt like suicide
And you've forgiven me, and now I promise no regrets
And now there's nothing left to hide, nothing left to hide*

*And as we walk through Eden, naked and shameless
We'll see the stars align for us for sins now blameless
I know I hurt you like you've never hurt before, my love
But if you let the past die, you'll forever be my fallen dove
And as Eden is restored to its state of nude splendor,
And glory, we'll see the infinite stars all glisten & shine
And once again, I promise this—we'll know no end of time*