

Creepmime, The Way Of All Flesh

Severed from unearthly mythomania
I lay to rest the ghosts of past seductions
leaving false paradises unfathered
I sing swan songs for stability

No quarter for facade, falsity shall go the way of all flesh
the way of all flesh, of all flesh

Desiring life from my emotional mortality
I lick the wounds of sexual openings
becoming spiritual and libidinal
I breathe life into this union taking flesh

At one with the clean breasts of sensory delight
I endear myself to this mutual growth
leaving feelings of restraint unmothered
I plunge into meta-sensivity

Pistols at dawn for my pseudo sanity
I filter unfettered through an erotic fantasy
becoming luminous and emotive
I understand all seven heavens