

## GATHERED BLOOD (2016)

### **The Opening**

I open myself to you. I open myself to you. I open these wrists at your feet. I open myself to you. I open myself to you. I write out your name in my blood. I open myself to you. I open myself to you. I shed my skin and offer it up. I open myself to you. I open myself to you. I surrender my eyes to the blade. I open myself to you. I offer myself to you. I open this body as a song. I open myself to you. I offer myself to you. I dig out hard bones from soft flesh. I open myself to you. I offer myself to you. I offer my whole in sacrifice. I offer myself to you. I offer myself to you. I shatter this circle of life. I offer myself to you. I offer myself to you. I rend the veil and hoist it overhead. I offer myself to you. I offer myself to you. I bore through the flesh of spacetime. I offer myself to you. I offer myself to you. I crawl through the gate on my knees. I offer myself to you. I open myself to you. I smother myself in the arms of you.

### **A Folk Artist**

A steamer chest in an attic, orphaned among celestial notes that spin and accrete and rise and fall; pregnant with their secrets. A body, dark as wine, exposed muscle like cables. Tendons stretched and cracked. Bathed in old motor oil. Naïve taxidermy. Skin folded neatly in wax paper, less supple now. Yellowed like the old newspaper that cradles a lost name and whispers a tale of a life. A jar of teeth and fingers, miles away, planted like an obscene seed that should grow into a lynching tree and bear horrid fruit. Gestating in the soil as all things do.

### **The Broadsword**

Hear us sing so sweetly from the cloistered vents and shafts. Up through the throat of the Broadsword Hotel. As smoke whispers through a chimney, as blood hums in a vein, we call out your precious name. We smell your breath as it tumbles down hollow corridors. We ache at the music of your feet through the endless cruel levels of the Broadsword Hotel. Our faces to the grill, cold metal on our tongues, dreaming of your heart and lungs. We want you on our lips and in our mouths. Running down our throats in hot gobbets of flesh. We want you clinging beneath our nails. Your fat smeared on eager faces, clotted on our sexless hips as we peel off your flesh in strips. Oh yes....

### **Witches**

Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. Withered crops and skin that itches. Pagan prayers howled at the moon. The hour of their destruction looms. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. They live not by our fair wishes. Abhorrent gestures and ancient words, poison dram and bitter herbs. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches, backs bent 'neath our righteous switches. They serve not the god we do so we break them under wheel and boot. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. In the caves and in the thickets. They send vile prayers into the night. Under their curse, we do indict. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. They wallow in ill-gotten riches. The butcher's blade will cut and carve so that our people shall not starve.

Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. The people have made their decision to cut them down in squalid sin; to exterminate their kith and kin. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. Hang like fruit, necks broke and twisted. Cast them into the abyss, lest they call up a dread eclipse. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. Dead eyes bulge and death nerve twitches. We light them up in offering. We heed not their cries of suffering. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches burn in piles or bloat in ditches. We set their bodies all ablaze to cleanse the county of their ways. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches pay not heed to our religion, so blood is spilt and limbs are sawed for ours is such a jealous god. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches., buried deep in wells and trenches where they'll whisper not another sound as they rot and run into the ground. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches with their inner sight and sundry stench. A shuffling horde of Satan's slaves, they claw out of their moldy graves. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. All that we have left are wishes which we scream into empty skies, devoid of ears, devoid of eyes. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches. We've left behind our superstitions. We petition the celestial throne as they tear our flesh, as they break our bones. Magicians, witches, crones and bitches, pointing fingers, spiteful liches. Even now they don't repent but feast on vengeance long undreamt.

### **A Mouldering Heart**

Those eyes, a pair of hunters' lamps fixated on their prey. Those lips, an oily hunter's trap that hints of warm decay. Hair that sings of forest floor, of heavy, darksome loam. Skin as pale as foreign moons and turgid river foam. A heavy heart collapses under its own weight and goes black. Pallid flesh as of a worm that feasts within a log. A drowning cry that's calling out from deep within a heavy fog. That mouth a bloody, crimson wound that howls into the gloom. Like a sickly spider on a web, she ties her veins into a noose. A heavy heart collapses under its own weight and goes black.

### **No Escape from Dreamland**

*Instrumental*

### **The Shunned Ones**

The congregants lie in their self-same, pine homes. Lined up in tidy rows in the worm-eaten loam. Softened eyes stare unblinking at rotten satin overhead. Arms lay at their sides on their final beds. They have been forgotten. They have been left behind by the one they held sacred and the one whom they maligned. Locked in those bodies that spoil and swell. Planted like sterile seeds in the dirt. Confined in their cells. To be eaten by those worms. To liquefy into the ground, but never to climb out. In those sad graves, forever bound. They have been forgotten. They have been left behind by the one they held sacred and the one whom they maligned. You can dig them up but still they won't rise. You can burn them up but they won't escape with the smoke into the sky. No, they have been forgotten. They have been left behind by the one they held sacred and the one whom they maligned.

### **Kannibalen von Rothenburg**

Wenn du nur kannst, mein Freund dann meide  
Rothenburgs Gassen  
Denn du wirst glaube mir  
Mehr als dein Geld dort lassen  
Dein hübscher Kopf und  
Die ach so schönen Beine,  
Nehmen sie dir, reißen ab und reißen raus  
Als wäre nichts davon deine  
Bleib weit weit weg, bleib weit weit weg  
Sie weiden dich aus und sich selbst daran  
Zeigen keine Scham  
Widmen sich hungrig deinem Gehirn  
Treiben ihr Spiel unliebsam  
Bleib weit weit weg von Rothenburg  
Von jenem verdammten Ort  
Sofern dir deine Seele lieb und teuer ist  
Bleibe besser fort  
Bleib weit weit weg von Rothenburg  
Kann förmlich hören wie sie Knochen brechen  
Das Mark darin ist ihres  
Deine Lunge mögen sie nicht  
Die Hunde indes giert es  
Fremde Haut kleidet sie deine  
Schmeichelt ihrem Erscheinen  
Nur die letzten Reste von dir gehören  
Ungeduldig scharrenden Schweinen  
Hör diesen guten Rat mein Freund  
Ist doch nur zu deinem Wohle  
Du drohst gefällt zu werden wie ein Baum  
Und verbrannt zu Kohle

### **Lost in the Inner Heavens**

Drywall, space, drywall. Like the covers of a hidden book with pages scrawled in blackened blood. Pages withered and drawn in a wordless, endless shriek. Dusty hair in front of the no-eyes that forever scrutinize the sturdy planks and cobwebs. A plastic tarp for a shawl to wait out eternity. The amber light that falls in like whispers through cracks. Dust hangs on still air like a million cosmonauts all lost in the heavens. Teeth yellowed like a rodent's in gums the color of soot. And still that lovely auburn hair, enshrouding the skull and laying in clumps on the floor. Wedged in a space that only exists as a non-space.

### **To Call Down the Old Gods**

I'll slice my skin to ribbons and tie them in your hair. Carve unhallowed names in callow flesh. Skin the heavens and hoist you by your hair to call down the old gods. I'll drag the stars from their firmaments. Douse them in piss and blood. Rend the veil of tenebrous flesh. Smother the sun and unleash the flood to call down the old gods.

I'll summon angels fair and foul and stab them in their backs. Kick their bodies down ebon steps that run with ichor, slick and black, to call down the old gods. I'll toss you into that suckered mouth of the real abyss, the true absence, the void eternal, the dreamtime. Rouse its thirst and upset the balance and call down the old gods.

Witness to a thousand liquescent eyes, a thousand cataracts, a thousand occultations as the piper breaks the wax and calls down the old gods. A thousand moans and idiot howls from a thousand cosmic beasts. A thousand prayers strangled in a thousand throats of a thousand dead priests. We'll call down the old gods. The aperture is opening...