



DARKLING ONE

Bruno Massé



Plaguebearing fray, a daemon fey
I shatt glean the Earth in endless dusk

Darkling One: a collection of poems and other readings by one of today's most radical authors. After infecting the globe with *The Noxious* and the *Daemon Flower* and *L'Aube Noire*, Massé delivers another truly haunting piece - a brief yet eloquent glimpse into gothic aesthetics and romantic anarchism through Old World craft, somewhat reminiscent of Keats, Poe and Auden.

Poetry doesn't get any darker than this.

3rd Edition.

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Darkling One

by Bruno Massé, aka Raven

Third Edition

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*Donq des humains sont les lassez esprits
De dous repos et de sommeil esprits.
J'endure mal tant que le Soleil luit*

- Louise Labé, Sonnet V

Foreword to the 3rd edition

Darkling One has taken different shapes over the past three years. I have begun to think of this collection as an evolutive piece, prone to Chaos and shifting – like its author, like its readers. Like stained glass windows, my greater projects have consumed me through and through, and shards of coloured script have fallen from my plume, down, like so many blades. Some have cut their way here, and others knifed in over time.

Three editions in four years is sheer overkill – I'll admit... though in my defence, I may claim it was sorely needed. First of all, I had to get different visuals as the rights to the former were no longer granted – and for this we owe the talent and vision of Kayleigh

Graham, who now graces this cover. Then came a few new poems, and the lyrics, bringing this fresher print to little over a hundred pages, which is more than I ever anticipated for a collage of elliptical works.

So, about the lyrics. Over 2008-2009, I was involved in this horror-punk band named *Anubis Ex Mortis*, which then became *The Bloody Band*. I played a midi controller and wrote the lyrics. Even though the band ate itself to death before ever hitting the stage, the songs were recorded and released by B3n3dict and Notos. Here are the uncut lyrics, simple and rhyming – songs of ghouls and vampires, political assassination and solipsistic terror.

Here we go again.

- Raven

Montreal,
Nov. 12th 2010

Foreword from the 2nd edition

Edited.

Montreal, February 5th 2009

Of all the different forms of literature, poetry has ever been the mediated voice of wretchedness: either current, past or forthcoming. Poetry is the transfiguration of felt absence. Rummaging through verses no joy is there to be found, no candid laughter, not a speckle of mirth whatsoever. Even the sweetest lauds foreshadow the loss of their object, as the words themselves are not built of the stuff of life but of *symbols* - doomed to flutter into the void from whence they came. Indeed, why praise through rhyme what is present and nameless? Why not lay down the pen and enjoy the moment? Because all things move toward their end, and the wretched know this quite well.

So poetry can assuage the tormented spirit by fixing restlessness into form... but for a time. The ache finds source in echoes of distant thoughts, souvenirs, images that, by their

eloquence, haunt us, seductively, begging to be released. Yet it is our familiarity with these places, these scents, which tempt us to twist our own regrets into verse, if only to hold them one last time.

Furthermore, poems are but representations, mirrors casting flawed reflections, and aesthetical though they may be, they can never equate life. We offer them to ourselves and to others as testaments to the desire of all we fail to attain: freedom, love, peace, wilderness, ecstasy, company. And in such they are almost utterly vain. They signify passiveness, not action. In the senseless horror of civilised existence, poetry is never found at the forefront, the flanks or even at the rearguard: it lies in entrenched camps, far away from confrontation: cowardly and pestilent. Perhaps we dared not fight. Perhaps we fought and lost. Perhaps we're recoiling, bracing for a new onslaught. Or perhaps we won, only to discover what conflicting desires truly cost us. But whatever the cause, we're not *over there*, we're *over here*, scribbling moments away. Absent.

Our only gain is to shape despair into subtler, quieter beauty, to snuff out the noise which tears our conscience to shreds and turn screams into sighs, suffering into slumber. Thus surrounded by paler shades of chaos – wrought from our own hands and thus more familiar – can we find peace within ourselves. And if by such passiveness should all of dear Earth's beauties come to pass undefended, then we are truly damned.

These verses are no exception. I've dipped my feathers into the blackest ink since the early days of my youth – lit by candle flame, virgin moonlight or despicable streetglow, faint poisons constantly stifling between my lips. I was a poet long before I became a novelist. It was never so much a question of choice as of sentiment. Life has been oft sweetly kind, oft starkly cruel. My eyes have beheld beauties I can not express and horrors I dare not name. And like any other wretch, I've been lost somewhere amidst the two. As a youth I sought God and light and hope and meaning. Now I seek darkness, anarchy and chaos. This opus is of the latter breed. I am not a peaceful man. And this is a fucked up world.

Darkling One is my third (and last remaining) poetry collection, the first to present works solely in the tongue of Shakespeare. The first edition consisted of slightly more than a hundred copies in *zine* format, completely DIY.

The first edition of *Darkling One* presented a selection of poems taken from a four-year span, going back to *L'Aube Noire* writing sessions in Ireland and the entire *The Noxious and the Daemon Flower* project. This revamped edition features more material in a better suited medium. I'd been waiting a long time to complete this opus, and now seems a proper time to release a fuller, darker version. The title *Darkling One* refers to the ever-changing shapes of unmediated existence, both darling and dark.

Each poem in this disassembly is a lonely painting, one moment in existence, a series of thoughts lapsed in an instant. Most were inspired by the aforementioned premises. Others, like *Advent* and *Post-Human Technoculture Whores* are more in sink with the usual clamour or my rebellious ethos.

They all culminate to the *Dark Vengeance* cycle: a bloody hymn to the destruction of every linear path.

I had the devious pleasure of performing most of these pieces at the seasonal Chaos Nights with La Forêt Noire at the Café Chaos in Montreal. Some were published in the green anarchist *zine* La Mauvaise Herbe. Others were lost for years in various scrapbooks.

Lastly, I added several out-takes from *The Noxious* and the *Daemon Flower* sessions which got cut out along the initial process. They didn't quite fit into the novel, yet were elected to be the final chapter in this collage of elliptical works. Ironically enough, most of the theatrical play La Forêt Noire enacted from *The Noxious* during the Second Anarchist Theatre Festival of Montreal was taken from these out-takes, where a disgruntled Nickel tried to explain why he'd gotten in such a grimy predicament. *First, we awoke.*

Enough said. I offer you these works in a somewhat chastised manner. If these lines are

ever to have purpose, it will be through your eyes.

Blest apathetic, we are the Dark.

In feral anarchy,

-Raven

To the anarchs

Poetry

Laughing Tragedy

Laughing tragedy,
The Acolytes run amok 'neath my parched
stare
Twirling flight, such astute recklessness
Havoc quoth the dead nihilists in vain;
None shall understand

Sighing merrily,
My unbelief in twain; here the blacklace
corset
There the promise of severance
A lady life hath flowered Dark
- scent o' my deviltry, blest scattering mark
Gloved hand held aloft, naysaid ever
'Til frozen tears do tear at my cheek
And I must gaze upon that scene
A haunting grove of delight
Winter hath forbidden tight

Erring mockingly,
For weaklings did plunder my halls bare
Stuttering fools to fleet at my every wake
(these never look back)
Poetry to petty white noise, all affections bled
Fetterless am I, yet fearsome to behold!?
Fair enough!
Woe may they wed in my stead!

Fainting agony,
Whence wolverine ghosts would accompany me
Unto the bleaker path and the solace of night
'Til broken hosts of butterflies do weave
An anti-lullaby fending off sleep
'Til duller charms may pale her into
Silken lips softly graze my neck
'Til her velvet waist enwrapp'd about mine
arms
Blackly bracelets twice enfolding
- forego Light to the hopeless beauty
Of desiring what we can not hold

Vargtimmen

Only to sleep, love
Draw the blanket o'er us
Hush the tired tune o' my tired heart
Whisper close,
To the deep softness of our bed
Swathe thine arms 'round me
Promise thou wilt stay

Darkness looming o'er us
Shut that weary light from my weary eyes
Lull me to forfeit
Into the black damask of our bed
Embrace me whence I weep
Promise thou wilt not forget
Only to sleep
Only to sleep

White Rabbit

White Rabbit, run
Say you can sacrifice everything
And everyone

Bunnyman, keep that watch
Time ran out of me
Quite indiscreetly

Oh,
I know
The minutes pass'd
The bowers clasp'd
And those creepy shrieks
You gasp out when we meet

White Rabbit, run
Say you couldn't bear to lose
Anything
Or anyone

Bunnyman, tell the Queen
I'll keep that head of mine
Upon my shoulders

Say on, White Rabbit
Say on, I'll miss the show
And every
single
opportunity

Say on, I'll waste something
And someone
Say on, the day ruined me
Quite explicitly

Say on,
You know
you can't
beat me

To the Death of Romance and the Birth of a closer Kin

Leave the sojourn path of Romance
Thence only gleams that guilt to glore
The procession of dancers dead
Oneself to each self, though myriad they
tread
Fleeing fro truth uncast, unbound
Aye, wouldst it free them?
Wouldst it lay aghast the haunting, bleak
past?
Nay, say I, it is welt in unreflecting thought
And adulterous sylphen corpses, white

Adamant though virtue failed
Us and Them and dear Earth together
A set o'scarlet drops we wept, O souls!
Cruelty 'twixt to thee, by loss and loe alone!
Astricken to enact, like that of agony
The fall from Grace and Ecstasy

But ye forsaken Sires, ye tormented Widows
Shun thy lonely crypts and clasp anon
The bowers shut and chain'd and lock'd
Ever forfeit these places of grand solitude
Come, swarm in my vast circular hall!

- by the score, and lay the mask of enemies
To pits and bits of funeral fires
- kin, we are lonely no more!
Split the kegs, let it flow!
Ruby red wine full in taste and rich o'er our
lips

Blest apathetic, we are the Dark
And laugh, waylaid to humble heavens
For cold stone and hearts ne'er
Canst quell the parched slumber
Of shriven desire

Walls of Flesh

I couldn't say –
One lapsing breath and all and yet
Words aflutter, meaning lost
Impossible to grasp, see it now
Truth:
Perverse and harsh

Can't do the *right* thing
With scalpel tech
And shiny apps
Prowl and prey concur
Waiting for the *next* thing:
Network into noose
Metal into round
Into user
Into corpse

Fools we all, fools once more
Together somewhat, when we're cold
And I can show our enemies
All our enemies
And maybe a friend
But the swarms, the hordes, the flocks that
drown us both
You can't see their flesh from the crowd
I know –
There are walls here
They have names
And addresses

Invitation to an Autumn Tryst

Naiad of ashen stars
Erring gales swath'd fallen leaves
To thy graceful footing, billowing
Meandering 'round thy silhouette at close;
As ye ponder aeons trice
Prone to wend the better end

Flee we ought fro that achromatic maze
Mundane clamant, the pretence stasis!
- ere its dissemblance ebbs our darkly duad
Stand we oft, yet fleet we forthwith!

Nightshade fae, I league with thee
Dance with me the arcane waltz!
I shalt spread raven wings o'er us
Steadfast to my heart, whence it sings
Sylvan tunes as poplar trees and knotted
yews
Solace to lips and silence to sleep
And thee, trenchant as Antania;
Wrack the rays o'that archlight,
And let us nightly bask
In autumn twilight
Ribands aflutter
And black.

Nameless Poem for a Dark Kin

Dearest, stake the instant - thou they cannot
see,
Hurt amongst the blind, deaf amongst the
kind,
For they, the naive – stoic pillars of our days,
Manifold crowd a path littered in tears
(from our oh-too reddened eyes).
Daresay I, be it so, dark one!
Cast these blades anon if thou wilt;
They are too crude for such as thee, I
understand,
Beareth the fools nay means but the quills to
stitch,
And us, feathers for sorrow oft too fit,
Yet amply apt to delve,
If we may,
Into the deep warmth of reverie,
Thoughts of peace and firelight
To a sweeter verse in romance.

Darling kin,
Through autumn gale and nightly fog,
Softly I do yearn for thy presence,
Mayhap to err, mayhap to chance,
Be it a raging eve or a minute's peace,
For thy charms, dark one, art both rare and
delicate,
Transfix'd in thine eyes – icy stars of beauty
Gladly I'd be friend for thee, or subtler
company,
That thou seest at a glance
A humble invitation to dance.

'Neath an Ocean Gaze

Whileas visions twirl with lauds manifold
Transfix'd to thee, I simply pause
And so behold
An endless ocean yon thy gaze

And to its emerald dance I plunge and sway
Mesmerized, entranc'd midst the waves
Caressed by the oh so delicate grace
Of thine eyes ablaze

As if caught by the icy rays of stars and moon
Mirrored to thy surface, but to hint
At the profound deepness of thy soul
And its fae charm, 'twined
'Round my thighs like vine
Dripping nectar ambrosia
Drawing me in, if only to taste
Sylphen warmth and saffron lips
- parted in lust to greet me
To thy witche's sanctuary
Whence raven wings I do spread
Like the blackest, blooming rose
To delve anew into thy ocean gaze
And savor thee close

Black Ribbon'd Fae

And t'would be thou, shadower
That unveil'd and cast aside The sombre
scarlet drapes, overhung
- crimson gossamer, whilst I lay a-bed
'Tween satin sheets repos'd whileas
Thou unclasp'd the fetters of slumber
And waken'd me, succubae, to thy deviltry...

O, ye black ribbon'd fae
Nightly clad, hues'd damask,
Disrobing to garments fey,
And myrrh incens'd witchery;
Waylay me upon kisses fang'd!
'Round my neck, clasp'd anon
Fire, tightly flown desire wells
Chiasm barely laps'd, enfoldeth
In awe, to savour the dew o'thy spells

And t'would be sweet ecstasy
To slake our thirst, lapping absinthe lips;
Curves oft concurred, and their taste,
Circled, sought in sapphic draught
Eddying, luring me in, 'twixt into,
Ascending 'gainst thine waist
Into depths, arcane spell'd
And arched opalescence
Of whispered moans –
Mounting, blendeth
And brazenly
Climaxeth

Advent

Beware our second coming
As when we live again
Malediction shalt be
Our truest name

Was wir umbringen
Upon that austere land, tell me!
Wherefore the Harbinger of Faith
- that cuckold slicker, beguiling fray
Wherein found he his loyal flock
An aggregate mass, audient
Eager to stoop lower than low?

Oh, beware!
Beware our second coming!
Streams of molten snow
Tiding to our knees
Enticing us to flow

Forsooth,
They are as sot
And weaker than they
Who would consent to the world
As it is

To guffaw at the forthright claim
Of an Anarch insurrection

Rather we privy the inhuman lore
Of elusion
Glean that sapphire waltz
My darkling one;
Count how many strikes
We can turn our back upon

If beauties must perish
In a world
Where nothing makes sense
And we soar but to –
the pace of declining hopes
Then, darkling one;
Gainsay the abattoir parle
Split the hourglass
Pledge nay but one troth
That –
When the hour comes
Where there is nothing left to lose
Fight
And fight
And fight!

Black Rose

Dusk everlasting, blest shadowing nigh,
Yon bleaker shores we trail'd our path –
Adamant, to a tryst whence thy ivory waist
My arms softly enfoldeth, O black rose!

Unto thy ebon locks, a-trickling down
Tears of rain so fall, Autumn to a close,
Whilst kisses landeth e'er delicately, we –
Hailing Winter laughingly, O black rose!

Ruby pendants adorned, thou darkness laced,
Silhouette witchery, fae of sombre glee –
Up to the rim, a chalice filled in absinth
To amber lips gently parted, O black rose!

Aye, haunted groves didst trick our treats
Witless wretches starkly spoil'd our feats
For aught, say I, for all nightmares we dare
hound!

And chase away, being darker than they!
Ghosts to wilt 'ere we halt , and still
Thou shalt have peace, O my beautiful, black
rose

When thee alone again shalt be, remember
Drifting snows and a full moon in splendor
Icy leys 'twixt she held her sway
And fro slanting rays, argent chose,
Solace in thy gaze, O my blackened rose

Cannibals Among Us

Ravenous chastity, that lethal scrutiny
Riven heart to nerve-shod sharp
Blunt to wit, ere blade to cut
The broken stuff of man

Swansong perennial, such charming drivell
A million voices numb, screaming on
Leaving behind a sea of tears
I'm left to sail

Tainted perfection, my sickly lot
Blistering glee to hollow tapestry
Those laughing to stay whilst mockingly
Fit into my cut glass prophecy

Chaos unto thee, my stalwart enemy
Wounded pride to morbid lust
I'll roam the land for one who sees
The cannibals among us

Amber

Tucked near the hearth, my Amber
Still, in the distance, we remember
Cold waters wracked by winter
Wreathed in emerald, beneath the ice
As black trees bend their boughs low
Down where shadows dare not go
Laid to rest there 'til we return
Hence, our haven of such brilliance
Unveiled upon a wonderful sight
Endless dreams of one infinite night
Laid there together 'neath the fire
A flame, a kiss and a promise

Once winter is past, both raven and faerie
Drink to thy health with wine and honey
Whilst the florid grove doth spring
Pearls of crystalline dawn upon the garden
And did cast itself upon thy beauty
My Amber ; running across the rain curtain
With scarlet robes, a spark so lovely
Myriad eyes merged into the open sea
Whence thee offered one caress, so soft
Hence, candles did writhe ; lovers sigh
Thy fragrance still haunting the air

As a spell too wondrous to linger –
Nay, the Earth hath not seen a maiden so fair
As the Amber who hath charmed me forever

And smile but once, my Autumn
Vast mountains, black skies and rivers wide
Shall echo with mirth and laughter
My precious Autumn, my one, say the word
Swans shall flock where angels gather
Woods shall ring with songs unheard
Until they also remember –
Peering through the looking glass
Whence spirits fair, in ages past
Grieved the most unnatural dearth
‘Til sunlight hath given you birth

Black Aria, thrice Spoken

Last eve we bedded Woe
Scarlet archlight on the walls
- A faint, faint whisper
Black, our venom
Quoth She : " Graze me not "
Whilst pale wrists She slit
Quoth She : " Touch me yet
'Til scratched veins bleed dry
'Til my cup is fully drained
And serpent tongues chant hoarse dismay... "

BlackHeart, love me never

Last morning, we huddled close
Our dying mother 'midst rotting woods
Ah, Her cold, cold caress
- A kiss of sorrow
Commiseration in mourning, we sought
Black, our fate
Quoth She : " Dawn hath died "
Charmless sylphs sighed their song
Quoth They : " Should such truth and beauty,
From the Earth, pass utterly
And cities' gleam reap forest green ? "

BlackKindred, rise ! Fail Her not ...

Yesterday we filled the streets
Croaked Hate to dear and dreary
- A loathsome march
Discontent, the worms crawl, well nigh
Black, our flag
Quoth we, " Raise it high !
Haste this becoming, defiant roar
Rape this crypt stone from stone
'Til silver towers in ruin lie
'Til dark blood gushes most clean ! "
And we, the grim assembly, prevail at last

BlackMarch, hark ! Never stop !

The Cherry Bough

Darkness was a solemn refuge
Pale orchid, my winter garden

This, my broken, black armor
Admitting woe, purple clouds gather
Snowflakes on white, bloodless lips
'Tis only the breeze, or sister screams
War hath reaved and rant cry and cheer

Thus kneeling to the frozen earth
Pray for one last kiss
Though emptiness rakes the forest
And sad children echo lost chants
Though love hath died
And frost rims thick
Upon the cherry bough

The Wretched

One and all for the hopeless
One and all for the wretched
Just doing time in existence
Like a dole queue for the *petite mort*
That sickening grace
All humans crave

So you'll live out alone, awe stricken
By the fever of lust and the horror of loss
Whores without pay, can't help but wonder
Which way we came so we could find
A way out

Joke's on us, my wounded love
I'm a horrible man in a horrible world
Come to mess you up
For I was sent
Merciless and lost
Ignorant and in love
Which is all it took
And I can see the endless encore
Unravelling as I act out my lines
Compulsively

Baudelaire, bless him, called to the close the
curtains

But we never ever listen
We don't do it for the money
We act out of *principle*
Entertaining Fates to a giggle
So I hope they sing along
The all-dancing opening act
It's got everything
Victims and victims
And victims and victims
Like so much moral-fodder

And I'm sorry, love
Nobody knows the score from the start
I'll always say "I'll never"
Cause it's torture to admit
I really need you
And worse to mention
I also need this world to change
Cause it's pointless to argue
Whatever we're doing
It's not enough
There's tears like water
Cruel words like fire
Into our very own funeral pyre

One and all for the hopeless
One and all for the wretched
See them now, love
See the shadows creeping
- Waiting for the cut-scene
They're taking over, see
These last flickers
How they cast
A semblance of truth
At the very last

Post-human Technoculture Whores

Drowned out potomaniacal fucken

TALKERS

Minutes astricken strangling atremble

Jesting plastic shells:

Say

All about dead babies, brain tumors and
tentacle-rape

Punchlines b-rated'n'witty'n'hollow

Let me conceive

Instant hyperspeed

Jacked in overload complete:

The facelessness of true Civilisation

Apologetic whelp,

Babble aplenty your landfill gallery

Trash fetish galore a-clinker

Junk of yore bootleg commodity

Post-human subculture whitenoise

Spectacled pieces of technoshit!

The byproducts of social engineering

You call taste

Über Über, and more for you dash/cretins
Oh yawn, yawn if you're bored!
More, more! Make that level! Post that reply!
See if anything cares
And twitch endlessly,
Azerty-qwerty to bland keyboard grind
Twin pale orbs crackle and bleed
After something you'll never find

Asocial drones, neck neatly noosed
In a World Wide Web
For the knot is coated in cum
And slipping fast
Zero one one zero one zero one

Wonder why, then
Why I refuse culture
Why I'm not entertained
Why we don't connect
And look
To each absence I trace
To the ghostly song
I never raced
For the Haunt is on
And presence itself shall speak in silence
The second we cease to talk

When that lesson in alienation
Must finally cease to begin
“Delete yourself
You’ve got no chance to win”

The Lady of the Sea

Stood still, the Lady of the Sea
Lost in the midst of passions wed
Her crystal beauty ; dear water faery
And I
I am the darkness you most fear,
Patient,
Silent.

Rocks and drops clash and spur
Cloud of regret upon us both
Stood she, proud Lady of the Sea
Thoughts forming sheer atrocity
Did Luna smile ? Still I doubt
Oceanborn though she was
She sought to cleave the unspoilt day
By unnamed treachery, and yet I croaked
Raven wings would fly no more,
Betrayed,
Dismayed.

Condemned with awe, lovers saw
A most frigid sun slain beyond the Sea
Night time did yell
And I

I am the daemon you shunned,
Poisoned,
Dead.

A Lady in woe cast fell blows
Lain naked in cold sheets, she wept and
grieved
Blunt refusal of one last false act
Faint whispers in a faithless eve,
Blackened,
Wracked.

Such decadent tears, such elegant dance
Wept she : “t’was the most beautiful
romance”
And so proud, this maiden listened at naught
Oh, puce lament, my One !
Forfeit thy innocence !
Harken, for I,
I am the poet whose verse you erased
The bright swan whose feathers turned black
The darkness your delicate shadow doth cast,
Patient,
Silent,
Defiant.

Love's End and Winter's Reign

Hecate named the heir of Sappho
In spells abstract, dark and red
Weaving impish curses to and fro
And from her gates, velvet clad
Floating in the night, grave robbing
Raising children to Wight
Heeding our pleas for warm blood
A pale finger pointing East
Cast aside for virgins' content
Wailing love's end and Winter's reign

And we roamed
Amongst twenty-first century gypsies
Clothed in tasteless craft and obtuse tongues
Whose erotic languor beds rodents and flees
Down, spilling mead for Dionysus
Down, 'midst hedonistic orgiastic muck
Down, plunged in grease and scoundrel filth
Stripped of meaning and word
Whetting blades of argenteous flame
Oblivion for the masks of Mardi Gras

And we escaped
Leaving absinthe-drenched bordellos
Beneath moongleam and starlight
For we are a murder of crows
Apathetic, unappreciated scholars
The caffeine-slunk undead poets
Feathers torn and pointing West
Moving as must the dreamers slain
Demonized by Angels' intent
Wailing love's end and Winter's reign

Thirteen Lines for our Containment

This strange, this black Abyss
The sickly spawned nightly metropolis
Poison violets dance through our thoughts
Footsteps echo the ice and malice
Of forlorn, desolate children
Lost souls of chastised carnivals

Faint whisper, autumn moon glitter
These streets, how they lead to nowhere!
Mesmerized, this world!
Delusion unfurled!
The unknown hath not bred such creation
As this blackened Abyss:
Most despised prison!

O earthen Mother,
Lift not thy soft enchantment
From our broken land,
Our state of containment...

Drecched Maenad

Deicides gather yon the umbral haunt
Of a pale, dying Empress,
Wanton of yester charms now gaunt
Vaunting grace, cruel and peerless.

Doleful laudeth they
The entombed herein,
Loting 'round in eddie
So quaint a one to reign.

Albeit the olden doth whist
Fro the flock wetly hiss't ;

"Maenad, hath thee thy fill
Of drecche, taunt and lore?
Surfeit nay? Cloyed to ill ?
Riposteth we our due glore :
Sweet sweven of thy coarse breath,
Croaking quire in thy second death !

Canst thy fraught court us to naught ?
Canst thy errant irk sheathe our dirk ?
Daresay we, nay they shall not !

Lo! Tyning ruleth thou e'er
Whence we quailed at thy throne
Liefly proffer'd seasons to naught
And cursed our doom to a bloodless moan!

Hark, enough!
Pluck this palling floret,
Hurl thy waning pulse
Anon! And dieth away
'Neath the ruddy dulse !"

Beloved

Winter feigned a deathly kiss but
We went somehow, my
Beloved and betrothed and
We begged for a stormier season yet
Snowdrifts and snowfalls covered the
Windowpanes of our houses and the
Blazing sun in our eyes it
Blinked and smiled and mocked us

We saw comedians and shrieked then
Gazed at the mountains of Old North and
Lay silent
In the cities we bled for
Brutal fucken riot police and
Cheered for empty bleak nihilists
Until everything lost meaning and
All and all and
Colours faded to grey and
Winter held her sway

But we'll go on somehow my
Beloved and betrothed and I to
Chime to the idealistic bell
Traumatize our share of archangels
Strike the untimely seventh hour
'Til mornings break white and yellow
'Til forbidden and forgotten fade and
Dead dreamers bind us no more we
Will go bright and shriven and free
My beloved and I

My Dark Vengeance

I. Scorched Earth Requiem

Laudeth thee I, oh mournful rose
To the memory of crystal bliss
And the ardent breath of Winter
'Ere summer stars gleamed, atroce
Reflecteth tenscore torments
- Unearth'd and undead to the melody
Of sunstricken agony

Thence, the theatre of waning romance
Cast by the wayward hands of Chance
Staged an olden parlour, and unveiled
Maiden into maedad, garden into quicksand
And that wee sapling, perched on our
windowpane
Rent by the velvet fist
Of a crooked hand

Anon, love! Scorch this earth, and fleet
To thy looking glass, whence it shadows cast
And behold, perchance, mine eyes adust
In the crackl'd shards of autumns past

Albeit laudeth thee I, O blackened rose
Chained yester eve, fetterless on the morrow
To what avail! Thou to me needful art!
O love, dearest love, wherefore?

Now, cursed Fate, time hath come
To answer: wherefore please didst thee find
In our demise? Lovingly we didst play!
But nay – I praise thee ne’er
Ne’er, say I, and to death with thee!
Abomination, yea, for foul desecration!
Whilst all gentry and warmth
Hath fled our grasp
Their spell to fade ‘neath and e’er
Now hist! Canst thou not hearken the unborn
gale
Laughingly, aerily?
For all thou didst so reave from us
Shalt hence and e’er be graven on thy tomb
And the blood thou so liefly gorged on
Shalt birth crimson tides to haunt, wanton
Thee and thy pearly white retinue
Into the abyss, where I weep anew
‘Til melancholy ‘twixt to Cruelty
Tears of blood do flow
And subtler themes crawl forth
To chastise thy Lord

And cleave the hands of Chance
In the purer name
Of my Dark Vengeance

II. Maid of every cruelty

Speak I unto Shades in October
Ancient tongues of a darker counsel
Reft o'vigor and hope altogether
Lain to thou pluming fumes, adust
Prithee, take all remainder
Save my will to Ire!

Hearken now
Na lord nor beggar, I keen shadower
Prone afore agues and Fate's atrocities
To heal and mend all spoilt and wilt
- like golden sands these winter days crept
Yet no bell sounded that Scorched Earth
Requiem
Silence lonely spread its veil
To a colder Fall
And I shadowing trite

Left fro maenad to winding sheets
Her delicate daughter to foster
So pure a laugh, yet now
...haunt o' my every hour

And to-day
Throat to screech and guts to churn
Sudden pang of sorcery – spasm of yore
Erst Fate's meandering retch
Strew my carcass yon that road
Shades, stood they both before me!

Wry wraiths, lastly do I offer thee
Proffered pleas of loss and urgency
Grant me the fell word of Chaos
Rending alacrity, a heart of witchery
- A throne of Hemlock, whence mayhap
I should be sad no more

If only to wreak and rend, alas!
Fate hath trial'd me to bloody tears
But they falleth nay and never
Hence dare I bare dismal fangs!
Still She squanders anew to fancies' rue
Sulking, guilling mocketh She,
Maid of destiny; Fate in every cruelty!

III. Anathema

Echoes of her pain fall through
Rippling unto waters still
And I, wailing on that crest of rock
Tell me: what string shall I pluck
Doubling another chorus in silence?
Jig to jig, step to dance and hop to bop
Though world's ruins smouldering
Rank waters stifling to thirst
Any shape or form or vaguely drawn hint
Of an end –
Yet the end cometh not!
Alas; insufferable is written on my brow
Anathema! Dare I but dream perchance
Of a sweeter verse,
For soliloquy to maddening madrigal
Prey me atrocity...

Chaos and Nihil!
Lady of Aught, Sire of Cipher
Heed me lastly; I was baffled by Fate
- cleaved on Her altar
And naysaid that grant, once and twice and
e'er!

Now time cometh
To gather close these spirits of lore
Noxious goddesses and deadened deities
(troupes of acquainted company)
'Til clement witnesses virtuously sneer
Blades fro sheath clamorously cheer
See, Dark Lord and Lady:
My Dark Vengeance nigh to be!

Now strenuously yield
A sojourn snug, one jocund morn
Ash fro mine hearth sternly rake'd
'Til ardent flame coerced, doth crisp
The frigid ice upon her lake

IV. Seasons in Absence

Fallen snow
Fro the sky in ashen specks
To the frozen leaves upon my steps
Moments of naught, to embrace I aught
A slight to turn
...for but a sot!

Nay, I rise!
Vassal on the prow
Yon the crypt o' my night
Trembling lips to crooked fangs
Shackles off, iron shod, breeding blight
Twin empty orbs upon the tainted world
Which empty has become

Vengeance is mine
Acrid blood my veins doth flood
And I shalt spawn that pest anon
Afore indifferent hordes dissembled
Whilst kin and I, back to back, blades aloft
Slake apoplexy o'er Fate's ascetic course
Lips curled blue, yet see us smile
Laughingly
Aerily

One less stalwart in thy court
Foolish Fate, thou kenst me not!
Plaguebearing fray, a daemon fey
I shalt glean the Earth in endless dusk
'Til I've slaked my thirst and wet my tongue
Broken the fold o' my torment
Slathered that theatre black
Split the last coffin in two

And my mournful rose
Blooms anew

One word
And I shalt seize that fucking Fate by the
throat
And cast its tattering shape to the bottom of a
cask
-clasped in chains and sealed complete fast
Chaos and Nihil for company
My Dark Vengeance lastly be

First flower of spring
An unknown path to clear
To the shriven river, whence I
Cast down both daggers and fetters
Strip skyclad 'neath a warmer sun
Lay my weary head 'gainst the earth
And lonely sigh
To forfeit the bane o'romance
And sleep seasons in absence

Reflections

Taken from “The Noxious
and the Daemon Flower” sessions

What was there that we ever sought...

In life there are secrets terrible to uncover.
Lore unfit for humans, madness galore for
eyes to witness. There were scars naught
could heal, memories ale could not drown.

There were narrows passageways, and there
we tread a lonely road, to be shaken, reaved,
rent and shattered on the brimstone of
discovery: the unbearable weight of *conscience*,
as suffering and remorse spread manifold
taints upon our wracked spirits... wakened
never to sleep again.

* * *

Alright... so in the beginning, I was a content
imbecile - though I say this without remorse
or self-contempt, as I know it is the same for
all - and lived for vain reason, vaguely intent
at some brutish task, from childhood to the
alleged *age of consent*.

Of my parents there is nothing to say. Empty shells they were, loving and deceitful. As were my friends, back then. Eh, I did state that I came out of *nothingness*, did I? Before I rebelled, before I raged... I did not actually exist. *I was one of them*. Then, everything changed.

Strange, when you think of it. Many a winter night I must have spent, brooding on the world around me – forsaken and scheming, yes, and quite dubious. Friends, I had aplenty. Lovers came and went. Women. Men. Whatever. Projects, dreams – the whole bit, equations and syllogism and the strength to match all architectural powertrips the young are expected to fathom. So why didn't this cute little creature become the perfect goldenboy? They could have built statues in my name. Yeah, why *didn't they* elect me president? Why couldn't I get into Congress? Ah-ha! Why, you'd wonder, did there increase an impalpable taint of... unrest?

Of course, a growing feeling of uneasiness surely gained my conscience as I listened –

and do mean listened – to *others*. Then it all begins, I guess.

At first, I expanded my sensitivity to some remote kindred: the bleeding, the tormented, the romantic suicides. A generation of doomed hypocrites on anti-depressants. Then came the junkies, rape-victims, genocides, corrupted, clear-cut logging and the like. Rapidly, my spirit was submerged (or drowned, more likely) with the undeniable notion that *all was not well in the world*. Actually, nothing seemed healthy anymore, like some great political A-bomb had been dropped outside my door, the whole universe nuked dumb and somehow I was spared for some eerily prophetic task. Perhaps I still felt a shred of innocence, an ounce of compassion. Hope, or some other Manichean delusion.

Yikes. You know where I'm going, aren't you?

... day by day, season upon season, I came up with the rather powerful aspiration of *saving the world from itself*. Changing things. Improving things. Working with others to

make a proper stand against the blights of our age. Something like that: the prospect of class-war, the appeal of revolt. I sought the Margin.

Hence, in a year's work, all courageous and bright did I shun every little remainder of my golden days and schemed to put my mark on the Earth 'ere I went under to be eaten by worms.

And came to the University... where all trails lead.

* * *

In the beginning, there was a faint glimmer of hope, somewhere in the distance. Then there were the beholders, we singers of a desperate tune: noticing the obvious, the senseless, the right and the wrong. Then there was what needed to be said, but that no one would hear.

* * *

And I laughed at the world, I spat to the wind
and smiled with crackled lips.

* * *

Which brings us to the University.

I remember the Kindergarten, this sort of plastic playground hauled out in the middle courtyard, surrounded on all sides by twenty-story buildings, their only walls were a pattern of hyperglasss windows, and you could you just see it all : the children, four or five years old, playing quite innocently with their toys and constructions, running around, gleeful and careless. Children, with their little scarves and jackets and their tiny rubber boots, inventing all sorts of scenarios and impossible quests... And above them, this veering audience, these sad silhouettes watching down from their desks and computers at the wee ones playing there.

Ten years from then, most of them would aspire to come here, in this construction of Men, to become learned, respected, wealthy citizens. Textbook fodder.

* * *

Reality ?

What fucken reality !?

* * *

I was not curious, I was *obsessed*. The concept of freedom came to me as a daemon draught, and I potomaniac drank its waters 'til I felt much pain and no fear.

* * *

What could I possibly say about men, save that they dream and they die?

Everything is *fake*, don't you understand ?

* * *

It starts with 'money = pleasure' then 'money = security' then 'money = better life' until 'money = life' and 'life = money'.

I dream of a speechless age.

Or death.

* * *

Of Magic and Light I know nothing, of Gods, Goddesses, Devils and the like all tales weave the same delusion: this concept named "purpose", direction, reason, causality. That life has no meaning I am certain, now. Liberty is my only discovery - the realization that every existing element of life is permeable, fragile in some way, built upon illusions and assumptions... thinly veiled over true *nihil*.

* * *

Reality has either no sense at all, or it's sense cannot be mastered. Despair on one hand, madness in the other, and we humans shriek on the brink of crimson decomposition: our values, our words, our history, our very ways... all rendered vain and useless, one by one, until we can bear it no more and *spend*

*what time we can spare at the creation of calumny,
deceiving for the profit of Ideal.*

* * *

And so is the Helter-Skelter. The first rays of dawn signal the foremost humiliation; that hellish buzzer beeps and tweeps until you smash it with you palm and *recall* - yes, that's it - recall the overwhelming weight of tasks left undone, items on an endless shitlist you've overlooked, spiders crawling abroad and rats skittering loose. What needs be done. And what scolding befits a sloth. The anathema of repose, the guilt herein - looming somewhere ahead, because every hint points in the direction of shortage, be it strength, patience, cunning - all sorts of untimely dearth threatening to ruin and snap your existence shut like a fucking bear trap.

Yes, you might succeed in a day's work, but there is no glory in such feats, only survival. The *fear* of failure, however, is e'er the reason to lunge your battered carcass down from the mattress, unto the cold unforgiving floor, into

some fresh clothes and out on the street to do... whatever.

The Helter-Skelter. At night you lay, deadened by a deep yearning of eternity, which, as you know, shan't be heeded: as you can actually count the exact number of minutes remaining 'til the bell tolls and burdens must be dragged up again. Repose is a finite notion. In fact, you never really sleep. No, just recoiling, half-braced for the onslaught, expecting the worse. Sometimes you just muse at the thought of going overboard: getting shit-faced at the nearest pub singing old Marxist anthems, swamped and dizzy and *unfettered*, barely crawling to your bed fully intoxicated and quite defiant of your own condition, confident in the potency of a pot of coffee to get you through whatever you're really trying to get away from. And it works.

This is our life.

We're just neurotic idealists.

* * *

We Noxious like to speak the obvious. Sure, it would have seemed easier to fight with spears and stones in the jungle than go rock-a-by through with this anaemic procedure of strikes and parades, rallies, lock-outs, sit-ins, speak-ups, disobedience, hacking and cracking and arson attacks. Nonetheless, we whistled some seditious tune on the path to destruction. Oh yes, we fancy a good gnawin' on the roots of the Prison-State from time to time, yeah, like pesky little centipedes, all vengeful and self-righteous and completely fucked. Needless to say, our manifestos are *also* cries for help.

But how did it come to this?

Any political prisoner will attempt vindication. 'Tis a matter of survival, I guess. Seclusion, confinement... torture. But why? Like us, Nickel and I: packs of dirty haunts, blasted from consciousness by ten thousand volts of Peace Keeping and hauled feet-first to rot in a death-stench prison cell. Questions, questions. Well, I can think of three fucken things right about now.

First... First, *we awoke*.

...we appeared out of nowhere, really. Can't remember being born. Can't remember non-existing. Then one day, slumped out into consciousness! Whaa! Chop-chop, hop-on, buckle your seatbelts, tighten your helmet, and merry fucken Christmas! But before knowing, you are utterly lost, both to yourself and to others, trialed into submission or thrilled into battle. As were we.

Sure, we aimed at clairvoyance. Sensibility. Unaware, or careless of the consequences. When you awake... when you awake, can't you help but see *them* everywhere? Father-figures, judges, teachers, landlords, preachers, elected officials, smiling faces on TV - godless Judeo-Christians, all of them, with their fucken peer-pressure, their certainty, speeches, brutal laws, fists and shackles and contracts and conventions. And prisons. And altars. Nothing new, nothing odd. Businesses, governments. State, Family, Capital, Church. Slavery-salary. Work-buy-consume-die. Ah! To say that this *social order* is oppression incarnate goes without saying. Power only

cultivates power. Slavery. Dogma. War. Rape. Idiocracy. Ecocide. And so on.

We Anarchs are surrounded on all fucken sides. But, comrade, I'll spare you the manifesto; you probably know this as well as any, and there is really no point in us going over the freaking details again and again. We are revolutionaries, are we not? And you must know what needs be done, right?

OK, so first, we awoke. Second, we rebelled.

Eh, we couldn't stand it. I mean, those fucken blights inflicted on us! How could we? There is no easy way out. Revolt or conform. Conform and die. Death, despair, paranoia. Heaven for the Christians, and nothingness for us. But in fighting we found some *meaning*. Activism kept us going, somehow. We would *become* the Revolution. First, we awoke. Second, we rebelled.

Third, we fought.

Oh yes, fight we did. Seeing a faint glimmer of hope, somewhere in the distance, we set

forth upon the Earth with a *will of our own*. Along the way, depression and euphoria danced intertwined, laced to our black flags like the rigging of ghastly galleons. Some of us fell, for suicide was a lovely temptress, but she did not claim us all, though tragedy was woven into our every step.

And so the tale goes: children born into fascism merged the concept of revolt into every fibre of their being. We liked to think that we evolved into better creatures - us failing fighters, romantic failures. We Anarchists.

We, Noxious.

...still twirling inside the Maze with blood on our lips and left fist raised. Sick with nausea, laughing at the forefront of a would-be civil war with *revolution* in our voice.

Running here and there, impelled to feed, to quench this thirst of meaning, of beauty. To feel, haul our being into the pure, raw stuff of life. We hunger for growth, yearn for more. *We need to feed.*

But lo and behold! Our glorious flight, our great plunge, how we ventured hither and thither... only to break our teeth on the barren rock of a prison floor. Ah! What a fucken desert this world was and is. My curse - our great curse - is *inanition*, an insatiable lust of grandeur, of majesty - unfound, lost, elusive... poignant and vain.

Driven, thus, to go onward, hungry and desperate and mad and *fearless*, launched unto the face of this miserable land with starlight in our eyes.

Imprisoned... but for a time.

* * *

To the knowing mind, positivity is a deception that can not itself be circumvented. Every sight and every sound leads to the contemplation of fading visions and dying dreams - thus stems the scarlet bloom on our graves, and the doom of our lore. Baudelaire wanted us to close the curtains. Eerie Cioran

has passed but ten years ago, in perfect serenity, yet for threescore years he killed himself vying to tell us how *futile* it all was – rather that we watch the clouds roll by, said he. But did we listen? Still he did fade without a sigh. And the world roared on, as if to mock his echo. Moreso, the grains of golden sand crept through Poe's trembling hands and he wept, and his Raven still stands atop the chamber door – perched above us and grinning. Ah, puppies! 'About time we grin back!

And I tell you now, visions fade and dreams die – believe it or not, the metaphysical meets empirical experience in this, my decadent reasoning: I wish it were different, but that wish is eroding with time. Somehow, I am to believe that Hope is an adequate notion... yet how? If my lovers wrong me once and leave me thence (cruel as they all were), at least I can forgive them, or *forget* them, which is better. Nay, Hope lends a caress with one hand and bleeds my wrist with the other – for aeons it goes and I grovel to its deliverance – uncaring, as the day rises, that I will be

humbled and betrayed 'ere we are done and under.

When dusk finally comes, my breath is colder than last eve's ever was, and it is wicked and fitting: we humans (especially us poets, us cuckold imbeciles) are not of an ageless substance nor can we sustain successive blows, especially not by the same hand, be it gloved to match the seasons – the strikes are fell and fierce – and if we laughed at the rising hints of hypocrisy, now in our mid-twenties we grovel at Fate's black breast and our guts twist with disgust and wanton retribution.

“So what!?”, I'll scream. “*Love* this world? Make peace with the hidden blade? Kiss the hilt and call it mine?! The streets are clogged with the rot of this earth, its homes are cold and wet with the tears of a million forsaken lovers, in its alleys friends and comrades fleet the wanion moon of summer – and I, I the reluctant nihilist should be made, nay, *coerced* in a semblance of serenity, some ceasefire with the blatant hypocrisy of my torment? Nothing was weighed and chosen and

conceived – all love and friendship simply
festered ‘twixt some maggotty keg, spoiled in
an hour and yet I, I should *consent*, praise the
devious instant that spelled my despicable –
nay, my *pathetic* demise?

Anon! I shall not relent. I shall not *recant*.

Quoth Filippi: “Carnage you have written on
my chest. And Carnage it is.”

Hist! Let Summer croak and choke and *haunt*
us no more: we are the children of a cruel deity,
blackly clad: existence has failed us in all save
insistency,

Be not appeased, reconciled ne’er – but hark,
lest thee forget: worry not, rejoice in the
burning blood of our timely vengeance, sleep
tight and dream of a frozen Autumn...

...which we must claim as our own.

* * *

The Maze can taint and rend every possible
element of nature and wilderness at its core; it

can spew poisonous dust into the air, macerate crystal waters in open sewer pits, wash the soil dead with an intricate collection of acids and alkanets, blur all perceptible objects is an odious, deathly smog. From the swarms of its refuse are bred crippling pandemics, rodents by the million, invincible centipedes, and it *spawns* us faint misanthropes, us sickly introverts... and in truth, we have wept centuries of loss in its name – yet for all the horror of its junkyard womb, only when the Maze shrouds the night in a mantle of orange glow do poets and sycophants alike scratch their wrists bloody in righteous fervor.

The Maze *is* the quintessence of rape. But even for its putrescent might, there is always a chance for the willing soul to stumble, at the end of August, on a cool, crisp and clear afternoon of billowing clouds and fluttering glass.

This is, perchance, the most despicable cruelty, for it enables the sensitive to view a world of *unmediated beauty* which, for all we know, once was, and might be again.

* * *

My answer was
and is
the Dark.

* * *

How long 'til the Masquerader falls? How then, do all these senses not merely relent? Why they but keep feeding me the fucken horror of the world, and its beauties manifold, tide after tide into lapsing waves of dementia, night after night, heart beating fast to no avail, thin blood pumped to no purpose – all health to my torment and the twisted designs of my creations... if I am lost, if I am free... if all is senseless and none can heed my summons... chiasm will not cease, nerves won't fucken snap. No rest for my battered carcass but the cradle of amnesia, the coffin of exhaustion. Able to destroy, mayhap, but aptly apt to caress and hold and cherish; wherefore then do all fluttering veils of ecstasy do part at my wake?

The weaknesses of others are the nightmares of my retreat. Their plight I can not break with word and tongue and gesture – all are immune to my imagery, it seems, and as a writer I can nay but laugh, yes, jest a while ‘ere some crueller force silences me forever. Interesting. Patience has never served me. Immanence alone beareth but a tithe of hope, and I will defy and rage until either ear or chord is rent, still yon the witching hour all seems vain and empty and I must resign to my studies with the bitter tastes of warm stout and stale blood for company. Ah! How absurd does a dancer look when all tunes suddenly fade out? No, I am not even granted the screeching noise that would drown out my agony of perennial information overload. Stress of no avail, angst of no cause...

Aye, meaningless though life is I can’t really despise it, but ‘tis a real shame not being able to just *snuff* out that pesky lantern for a day. Of course, as a canvas it has been most beautiful to contemplate – even the horror has had certain charming traits a true artist must certainly acknowledge. Where it leads to can assuredly be summed up as *scathing*. One

distorted lap after the other ‘til a very rotten soul is bared and fades off in shame. Fools. We used to look to the heavens before we heard *something* laughing back. We used to plant seeds in the earth before the city paved its womb thick. We used to look for that scheissenkitsch “perfect love” ‘til roaring switchblades produced a truly *finer* line. In some pounds of flesh we sought release – for aeons it seems – ‘til a bleaker Winter settled in around us and we were *lonely again*. I will say to you that life has no meaning: stop searching. Once we crowd the many trails of Chaos we will have regained something of our dignity. ‘Til then we are just rummaging rodents, and I must flock with the likes of *you*, little rats, because, for some resilient, innate reason, I am still very fond of your little squirming and cute little yelps, oft when you chuckle and sometimes when you bleed. I must remain here, it seems, until I discover the dark trick of *sleep*.

So boil the springs and crack the beans: we are in the full ride. Let’s see what’s in store, pluck yet another feather from our useless wings, dip it in muck and scribe yet another verse to this very boring soliloquy.

* * *

We are the queer, the nihilist, the unfettered
– the Obscurantis Disorder.

* * *

Every time I awoke I cursed the morn, yet
was soon enough enamored by its splendor
altogether.

There always lapsed certain moments when I
lay trapped in the contradiction, wondering
which I would miss most if it ever did leave
the Earth: the delicate abyss of night which
released me from all my fears, or the fiery orb
which raised them anew?

Lyrics

From The Bloody Band
& Anubis Ex Mortis

Daily Dead

Blessed shadows
Haunted gallows
Suddenly appear

(All) churches empty
The cemetery
Sheds some dewy tears

Think I kinda like it here

Come now Paddy
Why so lonely
Won't you league with me

Graveyard robbing
Ceaseless digging
Darkly clad and free

Now you'll never be alone

Will'o'the wisp
A nightly tryst
(The) witching hour's come

The dead are my friends
Though grim for some
(They) make one hell of a band

And they'll see me through the end

Shriven instead
All done and said
Heed the daily dead

(So) take a gander
(The) tombstones yonder
And just come over

We will roam here forever
We will sing here forever
Playing' for the daily dead
(Oh yeah) Playing for the daily dead!

Outre-tombe

Somewhere in the park beside the cemetery
Through the fog I swear I saw some zombies

I know you wouldn't believe me
But darling can't you see
They're coming through the trees
Come on get the chainsaw

We're not alone
They're coming home
Them sack o'bones
Now hungry roam

(Boy) That bite looks pretty vicious
I bet the thing's infectious
We'll have to chop it off
Come on get the chainsaw

We're all alone
Goddamn the phone
Them sack of bones
Are right at home

This ain't no voodoo mama
They're thousands out to get'cha
Why would you be so hasty
Boy these brains look tasty

We're not alone
We're not alone
We're not alone
We're not alone

Necropolis

Hasten thee now
Time is running out
Black skies abroad
Hear the sirens shout

The police fled the Chrysalis the birth of this
Necropolis
City of the Dead
All systems shocked every gate locked one
corporate swine on the headline
Every paper read

Buildings tumble down
Crashing to the ground

Burn fire burn
Let the maggots learn
Pray preachers pray
Hope will not return

“The virus spread” the TV said but bliss
became Necropolis
City of the Dead
And as white flowers bloom on blood their
perfume smells of Ecstasy
Now that Nature’s free

Bridges to the sea
Dark Age deviltry

To eternity

Marian (the merry feast)

Marian,
Marian my dear
Have I seen you rising from
Your grave, last night, screaming for revenge
How could you – it's still so strange but -

Oh, my dear
Don't you fear
For now
I know
You must be hungry so go and eat
Like a zombie! – but not me - take this priest
instead
And feast - again - until they're all dead !

The Banker, The Landlord, The Pope, and
Mr.
President, his wife, his mom, his cats and
dogs and -

Now my dear
We just feel so jolly
So happy
Our bellies full and Merry – go, we'll find
some policemen to grind
And, I swear, there's no crime in there

Dracul Ex Mortis

For aeons have I slept
One promise have I kept
Enshrouded in my tomb
And I have dreamt of night
A million shades of dark
The Dragon and his mark

Awaiting to return
For mortals do not know
The legend of the one
Forgotten long ago

My castle on the hill
The sun is shining still
The river runs in flood

(The) wolves cry out my name
All growling 'round insane
They're howling out in vain

Their master is asleep
A coffin as his bed
Tormented in the deep
Restless as the dead

In the dark
Waiting for a sign

For when the stars align
The sun no longer shines
A gothic masquerade
Where music never fades

A bloody morn is near
An eternity of fear

Ordo Dracul Ex Mortis

(My) castle on the hill
(The) moon is shining still
The rivers runs with blood
Hence I shall rise again
And once they hear my name
They'll run about in vain

In the dark
The Dragon and his mark

For aeons have I slept
One promise have I kept

A bloody dawn is here
An eternity of fear

Nuclear Baby

(written with Benoit Massé)

Nuclear Baby
Where are we now?
Atomic Lady
Where are we now?

Beware – radiation
Beware - the highway men
Don't stop - if your tank is full
Apocalyptic doom

But I still want to live
With or without you
Desperately alone
I'm inventing you

Nuclear Baby
Who are we now?
Atomic Lady
Who are we now?

I've seen - hordes of mutants
I've seen - the blood on my hands
Don't stop - they're right on our tail
Two hundred miles to go
Cause I still want to live
I'm down to seven shells
And if you don't believe
(Then) Save one for yourself

Nuclear Baby
Where are you now?
Atomic Lady
Where are you now?

The Final Nights

Come join the Masquerade
Taste the newly slain
From the gift of Caine

Though virtue bled
There shall not be
Rest for the dead
These must be the final nights

Give us blood to ease the pain
Kindred smile at the Embraced
Won't you play this Mass-charade
Drink this blood

Lilith came to me at dusk
White-draped as she must
Prey for vampire lust

How to deny
This milk-white neck
These purple veins
Gorged upon the gift of Caine

So the end is coming near
And our ancestors appear
Could this be the reckoning
The final nights...

Carmella (a ghoul's point of view)

Just beyond there's a
Cathedral where's my
Lovely Carmella

Mistress of the night
Singing day and night
How she hates the light

When comes the dusk
She makes a fuss
Laughing she plays
Showered in blood

Carmella
Carmella
Carmella

Whom everyone despises
Why do they take the stake?
They've never seen her eyes

But she knows I'll be true
This coffin's (brand) new
There's (even) room for two

Oh Carmella –
My darkest love – my
Bloody Carmella – my
Black rose forever ‘n’ever

Carmella
Carmella
Carmella

Bitten

White snow fell upon Transylvania
All through the grim woods of Walachia
Eight men strong along the path
Onward in single file
Rifles out in hand
Oh, hunting for the beast

One bitten by the wolf
One stricken by the curse
A full moon in disguise – oh
Won't we ever find the beast
Who came along this trail
Should mortal men avail

A full moon in disguise
A fool's quest in demise
We must avenge the child
It once stole in the night

The raging storm has gathered now
Werewolves all around now – they cry
The moon is shining high
Silver like these fangs of theirs
Silver like these tears of mine
Silver like these bullets
Streaming down...

Ligeia

Such malice does rise
Behind your dark eyes
Ligeia

Your pale hand in mine
Bloodlines intertwined
Poisoned vine
Lady Ligeia

Untouched by fear
Forbidden lore
All through the years
Fiercely explored

And what did we learn
For what did your yearn
Ligeia

So swiftly fell ill
She who bound me still
Ligeia
Demon in my view

Felt impending Death
And with her last breath
Ligeia

Said men never yields
To angels unless
(By) The weakness
Of his feeble will

So by the Rhine
Alongside my new bride
Wasted my days
Consumed in an opium haze

This one died much to my surprise
And I saw familiar darkness rise behind her
eyes

How could my demise
Wear such a disguise
Ligeia

*(Inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's novel of the same
title)*

Anarchy (Never Compromise)

Modern man so civilized
Thinks himself so fucken wise
Peons line up mobilized
Eager to get atomized

Break the gates
Smash the State
Ecstasy
Anarchy

Labor flag technology
Gulags for you and for me
Fascists loose now stumping boots
Pretty soon to feel the noose

Rebel now
Primal now
Chaos now
Black Flag now

Cash for this and cred for that
Mister this and misses that
Bullshit lies for every why
Like morning talk-show chit-chat

Disseminate
Appropriate
Organize
Vandalize

Fuck the chairman of the board
Drive a hole and take his hoard
Spread the plunder, arm the poor
Move onward to the next lord

Don't believe them Left and Right
Don't believe their lies
Break the system left and right
No devils gods and masters or
Ideology
We aim for true liberty

Revolutionize
Anti-civilise
Freedom in your eyes
Never compromise

Interstellar (Spaceship Fever)

Function override
Alpha-terminal five
Auto drive ignite

Nothin' out in sight
Cruisin' aimlessly
Through this endless night

Interstellar
Interstellar dream
Get me the fuck out o'here

Spaceship fever
Spaceship horror now
My boat is lost anyhow

Systems terminate
Comms deactivate
Catching up with fate

All this high-tech gear
(So) fashionably queer
Serves no purpose here

Interstellar
Interstellar dream
Tearin' up at the seams

(Oh) Supernova
I'm gonna reach'ya
Put an end to this scene

Rig that console right
Settin' the final course
Drivin' this freighter whole
Into that black hole

Laughing out of fright
Laughing out of sight
Through this endless night

Highway 66

Ridin' in the south, yeah
Ridin' way down in the south
Got me six pack, six shot
N' six rotten corpses, yeah

Dear ah dread ah reckon no
Marlene cook me up a dingo
Brew me moonshine from potatoes
Inbred meat-fed yankee-o

Highway 66
66

Dear ah done no beckon no
'Got this one lass outta gas
Marvin sing it to the banjo
Fry her ass on the oven brass (oh yeah!)

Cannibal fantastical
Yankee killing spree
Got Bless that scorching weather
Ah'got Winchester fever

Highway 66

66

Cousin Vern's got stuff to learn
Cross-eyed, mute and mighty shy
Damn straight yearns to make ya burn
Human fried sweet jerky style!

Yahoos, hicks n' fatty bubba
Bourbon drench mah jackyl stench
Halleluja, amen yee-ha
Sugar bun, go fetch mah shotgun

It's harvest time in Texas
Bless this Holy Chainsaw
Students ripe for the reapin'
I love screamin' in the mornin'

Highway 66

666

Chthulu Ftagen

Running down from Arkham town
To flee the brilliance of the sun
As I alone now hold the key
To waken forth the sleeping Ancient One

Who's dreaming
N'haunting
Rising around you

Waiting
Watching
Oh can't you see

I was just a little boy
When the Black Man first came to me
And now I stand upon that hill
And chant the words of wicked blasphemy

Ja
Ja
Chtulhu Ftagen

All hail
Oh well
This is the end

You can scream and turn away
But Shoggoth slime will catch you on
And Chtulhu brought his spawn today
Shub-Niggurath, Yog-Sothoth (and) Dagon

Ja
Ja
Chtulhu Ftagen

All hail
Oh yeah
This is the end

All hail
Oh yeah
This is the end

Down in the well that color fell
And Charly Ward's been shot to hell
You know there's nowhere left to flee
We see him rising from the sea

All hail
Oh yeah
This is the end

All hail
Oh yeah
This is the end

Bruno Massé, also known as Raven, was born 1982 in the Laurentian Mountains.

He has published several novels, short stories and poetry collections, as well as a number of plays for the Montreal International Anarchist Theatre Festival.

He has been co-founder and active part of such collectives as the Anarchist Writers' Bloc, the End of the World Committee, La Foret Noire and Liberterre.

Massé is also known for his extensive research of the radical environmental movement in Quebec. He holds a master degree in social geography from the University of Quebec at Montreal.



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