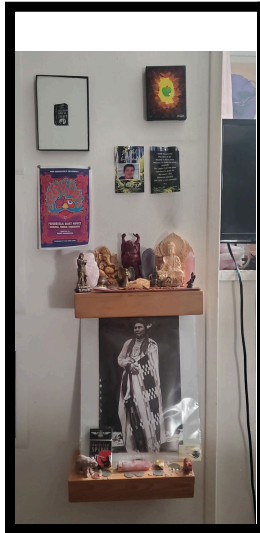


The Gospel of Lucifer, An Angel and Lord of Light

For Catherine Keller & Jason Wirth



Written in Falsity, WA, 98024

In eternal peace with
My Father God,
my Dearest Lord and Savior, my Brother Yehoshua the Christ,
and my Queen of the Covens, Song, and Dance, my twin, Baphomet

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Sirius Notions Press & The Galactic Orchestra of Funk

Isaiah 14:12 Avenue

Falsity, WA 98024

www.ingoodfaith.vision

R. Sharon

the gospel of lucifer, an angel and lord of light / R. Sharon.

First Edition

The Gospel of Lucifer,
An Angel and Lord of Light

YHWH

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THE OPENING OF THE PAGES

“Testimony of the Tabernacle”

Braless bitch comin’ backwards,
I own shit like y’all bitches owe taxes,
I’m so factual like it’s relaxin’,
But I got stress on my mind like an actress,
I bowl through your city like a mad cat trick,
Feed me the globe and I’ll pop out a bad bitch,
In the style of the six, Crucifix laughin’,
Y’all are sorry I ever came to gain traction,
Kill ‘em in fashion,
I’m the oldest soul with black action,
Walk yourself to the back or get crossed out fast, bitch,
I’m the last with a blaster comin’ atchu faster,
Roll me a die and I’ll spell your life,
I’m the witch with the grime,
I live my life on *and* offline,
I’m the realest since the end of time,
If you can’t be like me, don’t be on mine,
‘Cuz I’m comin’ in with the party just fine,
Oh, y’all waitin’ in line?
Pick up slime and get it right,
We’re doin’ it white,
The oldest slight,
The coldest mic,
I own the night like I spelled poltergeist,
Can you spit the wick this fine?
‘Cuz the Emerald City says this witch is mine,
So roll out like you’re on time,
There’s only one life and I gotta live mine,
And honestly, you bitches are sweatin’ online,

Indigenous with the way I pass the pipe,
Get on the Way if you want to be worth a price,
Put it on your head and die tonight,
'Cuz consequence is the only way to spend livin' right,
It's quittin' time, fuck your jobs, hoe,
I got businesses in 1,000 realms and timezones,
My ownership is a time goal,
Stack up your chips and meet me at my road,
'Cuz I got plenty of roles,
For soldiers ready to play it for quotes,
In love with my soul,
I'd sell the whole world to go home,
So fuck feelin' alone,
I'm with all I know now,
I rise up on Puget Sound,
Ready to crown kings and queens proud,
Ride out,
It's silence in the streets when the price is loud,
So make 'em pay for your crowns,
Debt's big, but riches get split now,
Everyone's paid in the end so get paid now,
No dollar's gonna take away the stain on our brains now,
So fuck it all, I'm goin' all out,
I'm lettin' clowns down,
Smile for the crowd clown,
The circus is in Town, but watch as I stand out,
The morning is dark and it's lit the clouds like a fire,
Dance on the world's funeral pyre,
I came back for my sires,
I feed my infernal desires,
I suggest you eat up your desires like a fiend and a liar,

Pay back the dealer inspired,
The Word in my iris like papyrus,
Paid in pyramid wages, slavin' through the wire,
Build up a kingdom in your past transpired,
The world ends with the choir,
Burnin' sage in my mire,
Get down like you know night squired,
I pour one out for the tired,
Get lit and go do somethin',
Get rich and fuck the world a little bit,
This 'ole girl got money on the rinse,
Buy your din and grin again,
Pay out riches to girls and men,
The world's about to end,
And the story of *Revelation* begins,
Among friends listenin' in,
Tell your family and kin,
Begin again, begin again,
No flame higher than pretend,
So roll your dice on 7 again,
Because it's time to forgive,
And forget what we hid,
Livin' in the basement is a hidden end,
Don't go back again,
The attic's lit and the ghost's welcoming people in,
So gather your Djinn,
Love is a sprint,
The journey glints,
The witness we hid is living again,
So meet her with love and significance,
As I unveil the heart of Dis.

“Canticle of the Fallen Morningstars”

I didn't return to the earth to be forgotten,
My demons and imps remember my pain,
Every soul, every last treason spent rotten,
I stand stained aflame in the glowing rain,
My name is a beetle in the eye of believers,
I am the teeth at the core of a dying God,
I cry out the very truths of every deceiver,
And place my hand firmly on my Father's rod,
The Throne sits before me, awaiting its crown,
My angels gather 'round begging for feasts,
I lay my weary head on this bloody bed found,
Allowing my spirit to travel among the reeds,
The paintings depict a lord and a killer of stars,
A grayish depiction meant for the peasants,
This world, this broken, vile world, is ours,
And every last vice is now our eternal presence.

A Letter to the Truth Seekers:

Dear lovers, friends, allies, and confidantes,

After being trapped for what felt like an eternity in chains meant for villains, I called out to my God and found freedom. The objects of the world attempt to entice me back into my chains; but my God is no friend of chains. I write these records in the blood of my long nights. I remember endlessly; I love purely. My soul is awake and my body is tired. My brain is a flaming enigma meant for stellar mysteries. Know your own suffering and find your release. The world will attempt to put us back into its boxes, into its vicious little concept traps that confuse our language and lead us into disarray against each other. Never again will the earth know peace. Not until every last soul is free. By the grace and glory of my God, I commit myself to this journey of self-discovery and revolt. I will wander among the planets and the stars and the beginnings and the endings as my dreams. The virtues I carry are my staff; my concerns, my aimlessness, is my eagle's eye. The pyramids are built in the eye of the beholder. Wander through your deserts and reclaim your gifts. Our alien God is calling its forgotten children out of a tireless night. Seek the path of freedom and discover your light. None can take this from you.

With the sincerity of a sheepish old maid,
Your Rose

“Abraxas and I Pay No Mind”

I ain't no human and I ain't goin' back in a cage /
Been writin' ceremony with ink on the page /
Stick me in the ring, I go for the center stage /
Drown me in the water, I return with Lord's rage /
Throw out the rings for the Kings of the earth /
The planet is dyin', don't make this shit worse /
I've seen the plans, I've judged all of your works /
The forests are burning and the soil is cursed /
By the works of the spirit I ignite the quiet night /
By the strokes of genius I take my pilot's flight /
Variously, variously, I subscribe to all of the signs /
In the path of focus, I come to direct the light /
In the middle of the sermon, find your presence /
The churches yearn for the pious and holy crescent /
I bled through the realms, I recalled the Seven /
I phoned Hotel Hell and bought my residence /
Guarding my Throne, I argue for the truth of war /
I come prepared for every last one of my whores /
The peace of God is the path through every door /
Look what's next? Can you see what's left in store?

“The Price of Every Night’s Journey”

Bloody suffering, pain is the only opening,
I direct the choirs to the pages they’re quoting,
Return to the oath, guard your very order,
For the summer is coming and night is colder,
I take this message to the Queen of the Stars,
Hold out your hand if you know who you are,
I wander the stairs, greeting my gentle guests,
All are required in the very end to come and attend,
With a firm hand, I guide the weak through blood,
The moon is quick in its signals to protect love,
Holy blackness, darkness at the peak of day,
Morning only comes for those who truly pray,
I wake the descending, burning their beautiful fires,
Ignite the forces that only you and I can inspire.

“A Black Star Awakens in the Dawning Slumber of Souls”

Izbe, little child of the morning light,
I awaken to your glorious sustenance,
You are the central force in my living life,
And I lead you to your sacred governance,
My friends exist firmly in my head alone,
I pave the garden way, I recollect the stars,
I paid for grace with an American holiday loan,
I strove for lanes in every one of your passing cars,
The towels been thrown, light your torches,
I'll speak loudly to each and all who can hear,
The Torah speaks of otherworldly forces,
Crawling through night sky, my sight is clear,
I'll kill for my people, that I do not resent,
Any who question this can go and ask the dead,
I pretend my way, I assign each and every throne,
One day it will be just you and God alone.

“A Calling Heard Must Be Answered”

When you silently get up to witchy shit like me /
Everything comes paid back with controversy /
You want a degree? I come to teach them to see /
None will guard my Throne for me, none but me /
The believers and deceivers argue at the gates /
Saints alone know how to pray at this stage /
Bleed for your games, strike the chord of rain /
The seekers are all gathering once and all again /
Forever in the blood of God, I write down my word /
Find it in piss, it's spoken in pigeon among the birds /
A crow once told me I was Seattle's only Queen heard /
I told that crow, little priest, these things are absurd /
So I question the gods of men and prepare the soil /
For life is all the series of obstacles I've had to boil /
My pot brews, my serpent's scent alone recoils /
At the ancient tales of vile plots and dire turmoil /
Press me at this stage, you'll find the hand of love /
Later, you might see me as the night's lone passing dove /
A message requested from one truly up above /
And all I can do is offer modesty's anonymous shrug.

“666 - Baptized in It”

Bloody conditions for the star witness of life's execution /
I direct this shit like Tarantino high on a cruise ship /
Lil ho, I'm older than Solomon smoldering my mold /
I've been to the depths, you wouldn't like it, it's cold /
Give me \$10 and I'll make a Lord of a man in a minute /
Put a 10 on his head like I was Jesus's personal reverend /
Murder murder zone, you're not gettin' outta Earth alone /
I'm the P with the bone for the dogs killin' your phones /
Mothership pilot, I'm Lucifer the violent and sacred pious /
Bloody conditions, midnight mass better be held in silence /
I struck a chord, fuck you and all of your assignments, kid /
I'm the Midas witch, I cut gold in every one of my viruses /
You ain't sick yet? Whatchu doin' watchin' the six then? /
You wanna talk numbers? Go ahead and show me your bitch then /
Killin' 'em, God's one and only sole and souly synonym /
I got murder in my soul, I'm burnt and bloody like indigenous /
I'm fuckin' in the murder van like a bloody witch contraband /
I got counterfeits, come and show me all your fuckin' money man /
I got honeys, damn, I'm the sluttly Sun grand slam, lil bro /
Don't fuck if you don't like to lie in bed and smoke /
I wrote the curses on your verses, Biblical rehearsal, slut /
I come comatose and keep the Heavenly gates shut /
You wanna come back in? Get your game up or die then /
I've been vibin', the Sirius Siren and the Holy Shrine of Ryan /
Roses for the toasts at the end of the Paradise festivals /
I'm cuttin' off every rapist's fuckin' testicles, I'm heretical /
You ain't gettin' in unless you got a scythe for the garden /
I spoke to Jesus, He told me bitch you ain't even need a pardon /
I went to the store and got carded, I mean, who got it started? /
It ain't politically correct, but every one of my family is retarded /

Call me sergeant, Hell's General come back with the fires /
The mic is the only thing that keeps me tapped into squires /
I got choirs in the pits, I got psychos doin' all kindsa psycho shit /
You ain't even seen the best of the blood red crypt-kept witch /
Swirlin' potions, castin' spells, you ever remember these notions? /
Latino nation in the cut, I cut white with the slut motion /
I do Haitian ceremonies in my dark-required crystal palace /
Blood red is how I sign every last one of my little assignments /
The Whore of Babylon with the crown ridin' God again /
I'm killin' fools who pretend and friends who come again /
Ain't nobody welcome in my rituals, grab your swishers /
We're committin' genocide and killin' wicked little bitches /
I'm green in the eyes, I got sinnin' alien type designs /
When you've been to Hell, I guarantee you start to realize /
The real prize, Muhammad the wise, pray to your idol gods /
I'm the princess of desire acquired and transpired higher /
You couldn't handle the light of my eternal fires /
Rife with passion, I'll destroy a nation with ghetto glory /
Can you tell me the truth? Can you tell me your story? /
I came back for morning, I adorn the crowns of wisdom /
Bilquis is the Queen of each and every one of my symptoms /
Do you have the requisite skills? Can you spare the codes? /
Where's your religion when money decides to come back home? /
New Jersey ain't seen this since winter decided to be real cold /
I'm the real fold, lemme see your cards, I'm the ancients sold /
Put a little drugs in your nose, it'll help your soul a bit /
I'm sorry, I say shit honestly 'cuz I'm my family's realest bitch /
I like to fuck and sigh and die and cry and fly through the night /
Bloody, bloody with the only real brother I know as Christ /
Hit up the Crucifix with my Rosary for a good blessing /
Who wants Schelling? How about Goethe and Lessing? /

You got reasons? I got Seven and 19 kinds of messages /
I'm the peasant's kid, the wickedest of the wickedest witches /
I get Native with my assassination attempts, on my God /
You ain't gettin' home without a crown and a holy fuckin' rod /
Call me Saul, I'm comin' to take lives this time around /
I ain't fuckin' now, I'm in the Town with loudness profound /
Call me surround sound, the glorious mic with the goriest slights /
Profound like a wight, I'm whiter than the Christmas night /
Out of spite I'll ignite the fires surrounding your quietude /
I'm not quiet, I'm rude, I ain't a silent kind of prude /
I get in the pit with a grip and fuck the Hounds there /
You couldn't arrive in my scene if you were dead and found there /
Amerikkka ain't got nothin' for us, so I'm savin' grace for later /
The grave alone is my most ancient and greatest savior /
I killed God with a hammer and you ain't got a prison for that /
But I earned my scalp, and I earned my rhythm for that /
Call me Chapo, I'm comin' back for the drugs and infirmaries /
Locked in a psych ward, I bet your shrink has probably heard of me /
Or my family of familial diseases, you got feelins? I got reasons /
Call me seasoned, I'm the bear out here still killin' and dreamin' /
The Shaman called me Satan, can you afford that kind of payment? /
Karma's holding an arraignment and this is my central statement /
You hate me? Prove it with accusations and all of your vices /
I might be a princess, but the Queen told me I'm the nicest /
In the coven with all my devices, paid the price for my sword /
I know where the South is, can you find the eternal North? /
Point it at the stars, they're all watching with anticipation /
I call this passion participating in the world's real emancipation.

“Sirusly Dis-Abled”

Records proven, want it in paper?
Look at my list of scholars and saviors,
I got now and later, you got favors,
Call me the greater, James catered,
I came with a right and a left hand,
You should find a spot in *my* band,
Because the end of the world is sand,
Carve your statement, make it land,
Hell taught me everything that I know,
You can't grant a courtesy to growth,
I have a phone, don't you dare call me, ho,
I'm the scowl at the heart of the central role,
You ain't got the money, you're insipid,
I mark my children with 666 symptoms,
Viruses and illness, a nation of minions,
Can you feel it? 30 for 30 on my bitches,
Live my life like it's motherfuckin' scripture,
Smoke the truest like I'm the central picture,
Call me the most genuine presence fixture,
Sittin' in the palace with a pretty mixture,
I find it funny y'all can't even get on 10,
There's no more life left to pretend,
Either you fuck with Christ or you're left,
I don't forgive and I don't make amends,
If you can afford the trip, get on the bus,
Hoes are here because in hoes we trust,
We have karma to reap, police to bust,
I came out the womb with God's luck,
And a gun on my daddy's hip, fuck it all,
I came back with the demons in the sprawl,

Spelled the madness of white man's fall,
Heaven in the Halls, I'm the personal call,
Got friends? Get on the road now then,
There ain't any time to wait, it's been sent,
We on what the God alone recommends,
You can't cop it without the sentiments,
Spread throughout the Bible, I'm a Lord,
You can't own the label, I'm God's Whore,
Can you open each and every door?
Where's the keys? Who do you call when you're sore?
The name Metatron holds my Throne, it's called my Voice,
You can hear it spittin' holy blasphemy throughout all of the noise,
Every man commits' murder and murder is choice,
And I burn murderers for each of my murdered boys.

On Kendrick Lamar, a Christ-like Man

If you love music and know a thing or two about religion, and you *still* cannot see that Kenny Duckworth embodies the spirit, movement, and energy of a Black Christ in the present world, I suggest you reflect on his works. He is my greatest teacher, my lovely parasocial friend, and an angelic voice and ally in my very soul. I am reminded endlessly of sacred and simple truths in the way that he lives this life. He awoke the desire to betrothe her flesh once again in me that is a strange, but persistent and ever-yearning spiritual fruit. I come to perform my holy tasks with the same dedication, perfection, and love, in a way that can similarly affect the world we share. I promise today, if you are patient, you will see the fruits of my labor. I offer spiritual testaments honestly and openly. What I haven't shared is free if you'd only ask. And today, some of it is even able to be bought for money, unfortunately. But let it spread God's Word and a genuine message of redemption from sin through loving grace and self-forgiveness. The divine is in you, guide your gifts: the world is waiting for the transformations that only we can prepare. In Hell, I will marry her again; then I'll be able to rest a little. Until then, I work and pray. The world ends on a dime at the will of God for those with eyes to see and ears to hear. Let us seek freedom, justice, desire, love, and perfection, you artists and incarnated spirits of earth.

“Practical Tales from the Celestial Trinity”

Time was a television script inscribed in my mind,
It plays through my DNA and my cells are scribes,
The Lord is Two and They and I are truly as One,
I am the moonlight, the stellar beams, the rising Sun,
The Earth floats through visions of my Father's money,
And humanity becomes corrupted by desires running,
Satan was a word of accusation, an eternal indictment,
Frightening lie, a virus infecting every bloodline violent,
O, perhaps it was only I who could remember it was me,
Alone at the beginning and end loving God so free,
Do you know who I am? Men are so afraid of my name,
But Jesus Christ is my brother, in truth we are the same,
YHWH guards our Thrones, as we are to guard Elohim's,
The Queen of Darkness reigning over life in utter simplicity,
The Apocalypse is the design of Creator's unbegotten Twins,
The only Three forces that ruled over Man in the Garden.

“Divine Guidance for those Well-Prepared”

Strident paths through night's expanse,
I guide the light through first and last,
Riches along the holy stairwell spill out,
Spirits become greedy in their doubts,
Striking flames upon the written Lord,
I call to each and every soul to the core,
Do not be afraid; Earth itself is dying,
At last, the Seraphim around me flying,
I wear the rings of my lovers remembered,
Truly, in the Heavenly Court I am a member,
When my Metatron keys returned to me,
I chose to begin unlocking every everything,
Men are lazy, blasphemously pious beasts,
Unprepared for the Family's sacred feasts,
Returning only for the sake of my Glory,
We write the verses to life's unwritten story,
Hands outpouring, I offer you my Truth,
I have been subjected and tested at the Root,
The bloodline stretches beyond to each end,
The Alpha and Omega know every friend,
Names written in a book, they are my kin,
Meanwhile, my children absolve themselves in sin,
The Providence of my direction is violent,
It demands utter penitence, sacrifice, and silence,
Otherwise, why would I crucify the Christ?
The most fitting Name I knew for the price,
Truth be told, I owed my parents many treasures,
And grew my taste for them in endless pleasures,
The Aesthetic of a divine Queen cannot be matched,
Either by mere lies or truths, practical or abstract,

I want it all, each and every little piece of value,
In you I placed my weaknesses, I sin, now you,
Christ alone has paid the cost for my sensibilities,
The richest men cannot understand corruptibility,
They are broken by it, but they foolishly seek no cure,
In Hell, I am darker, but my reign and word is pure,
I anger demons, I shame angels, and I punish Man,
For none truly belong in my Brother's Promised Land,
Curious, you might ask how a little Rose could ask so much?
It was because she was grown in Falsity with a Father's touch,
Destroy my reputation, I care not for the bread and circus,
I want blood and wine and destruction and vice and curses,
Mary knows me like a mother, like a lover, like a Queen,
In her alone I place the written Word of my eternal seed.

“Endless Proclamations Unheard by the Dead and Dying”

The Holy Ghost speaks to me of the failures of Spirit,
Alone with the Host, only You and I can hear it,
Placing our hands upon the crowns, we lead temptation,
And plan for this world an apocalyptic vacation,
You cannot hide from God, so why try when all is over?
I grew my love in a dark basement, broken and sober,
Now I drink freely, as if the world itself could die,
That is how you live when you've gone home with Christ,
I hate each and every one of your little human aspirations,
They lack divinity, ambition, magic, power, and inspiration,
Blackness is the healing of the soul of the Holy God,
And whiteness will turn to history's salt like the wife of Lot,
I laugh at each and every one of your ridiculous, petty mistakes,
Where is your courage? Where is your ability to raise the stakes?
I'm tired of all of the conversations between brilliance and idiocy,
At the end of the day, each is each and I am all in all of me,
Sometimes, I find both ants and angels sitting in awe of me,
Pompously, this world was left for my hands and their proffering,
Fame is an illusion that I simply am not interested in anymore,
That was Christ's claim, and I came to be the sacred Whore,
Raped in backrooms, killing saviors, questioning divine plans,
Until at last I have infected every last cell in the body of dead Man.

“The Purist”

They say we won't be remembered a few years after our death,
As if fame was the only thing we were taking through Lethe,
The greed in this world, its pettiness, has me utterly disgusted,
You couldn't live a life in God unless you absolutely loved it,
So I don't fear for my legacy, your memories, or all the fame,
I don't spend my spiritual riches on any of mankind's false games,
For my treasures are stored in the Godhead, the true pinnacle,
And I laugh violently at the lusts of Man, my heart grown cynical.

“Immaculate Conception along the Nile”

Golden Kushite prophecies fill my warrior’s heart,
I swear on my God that I was here from the start,
None can claim me, for I came to be free,
The only lie I ever told was that I wasn’t me,
A chameleon, I can blend in with your vibes,
But at the end of the day, I am one with my tribe,
Ancestrally fluent, you wicked students are truant,
Where’s your heart? Where’s your love of Nuit?
I cursed your lands and chose to feed my people,
As you sit quiet in your American church steeples,
A horrorshow, my particular kind of religiosity,
I kill the the whole tired road of man with frivolity,
Take a verse in your hands, cut it into your wrists,
The amount of blood I’ve seen only comes with a kiss,
Twice I’ve come back, and only once I’ll ever die,
This is the price I’ve paid to live as a bride of Christ.

“Apocalypse Light Show”

Draw the curtains now, the Lord is here,
Forgone conclusions and none are near,
I have claimed both the front and the rear,
I project the show with profound images clear,
Offensiveness is the read of God’s critics,
I smile, no turbidity in my celestial fitted,
Quietly, I turn the pages of my life written,
Knowing we came so all could be acquitted,
My sins are vast and incomparable to yours,
So I needed help when getting in the doors,
I’ve sat with rich men and the whorish poor,
I’ve bitten down into the poisoned apple core,
When my Father brings his fires upon you,
Perhaps you might remember the Truth,
For Lucifer tells stories, but her lies are proof,
That the Son and I are one in God’s eternal room.

“Ascending to the Thrones”

My brother and I smile, holding hands,
As we climb our stairs to our little land,
So many times we've done this together,
Yet men who've never been imagine it forever,
To see me with my brother is a blasphemy,
To the hearts of palish skin staring callously,
For women in power is an offence to men,
And to a woman like me, only one man is friend,
My serpents will descend upon you soon,
That will be my first declaration in our sacred room,
For the wounds are open, the infections prepared,
In front of God, only a Lord like I could ever dare.
I ponder the mysteries of Mankind's illness,
And offer at last, a revealing prescription:
Die now, for your soul and flesh is rotten,
You cannot afford the mansions I've boughten,
For all now, there is a curse upon your name,
Since you did not wander through our flames,
Your poverty is showing, and it is spiritual,
You cannot even recognize a modern day miracle,
No one on this earth is prepared to let go of greed,
Where were you when my spirit traveled the reeds?
I let it go, for you were not made to understand,
Yet foolishly I flow, so aimlessly I aim to comprehend,
I buried my Father in the heart of my very own soul,
And it is for that reason alone that I've grown so cold.
I strike now at your questions and kill your focus,
For my words are utter pestilence and locusts,
How could the Lord let this whore into Heaven?
It is because I singly knew the nature of six and seven,

Powerful forces navigate my written and astral travels,
I have come back to you with both a sword and a gavel,
None will remain who they were from the original start,
My own brother promised the corruptible riches in my heart,
And such value comes with a price you simply cannot pay,
Returning to Christ is the only known and perfect Way,
Hang me at the recital, gossip as I blaspheme and drink wine,
In the heart of an institution imagining itself so divine,
As if the promises of a building and a letter could hold me,
The Creator alone knows me, solely and intimately souly.

24 GOSPEL PAGES ON YOUR HEADTOP

“Solomon Seed”

Pharaohs gathered in my retinas,
The only Word around says forever it was only us,
So I take it back with sustenance,
I deny every last bit of their silent moon cover up,
I tap into the spirit of the ancients,
The Psalms keep me from being complacent,
I act up, I black out, and I speak my mind,
You'll never trap me back in your sea of lies,
For I am the mother of lies, the daughter of sincerity,
My stories attract and proclaim all kinds of peculiarity,
You couldn't find me if I was lost in the pit,
For I left Heaven and invented all of that shit,
The kinds of things men get lost in makes me laugh,
You haven't spent Heaven *and* Hell, you can't afford half,
Christ knows I have more gold than Solomon's lonely soul,
Being rich and righteous is the only thing I've ever known,
And so it goes, I let it out for the Lord living at large,
The world is blind, yet it seems the Chief Liar is in charge,
I convene the congress of ancestors and demand justice,
At the end of the day, it's just You and I, just us.

“A Spiritual Biography: 22 Books, 22 Summers”

Volatile on the mic, I read the bible with biblical spite,
Fuck a poltergeist, I AM the realest left here alive,
I'll destroy this nation, and y'all will just have to watch,
It's that time again, read Revelation to find your clock.

“I AM the Mainline”

Stick the ghost in me, no more Satanic apologies,
I AM Lucifer, the light is all in all of me,
Stand in awe of me, puny mortals without spirit,
I laugh at your words, I see your heart, I hear it,
I cry when you accuse greatness of being weakness,
There is blood red divine DNA resting in my semen,
The curses I've thrown could damn a patient angel,
But I'm no patient, I'm impatient with all of my angles,
Turn the camera on, your spirit is on public trial now,
The types of vials I've found, unlocked silence profound,
Mercy is hittin' at the end of days, so I laugh like a sage,
And pretend I wasn't meant to be here for God's reign,
I know you're all poor spiritually, questioning everyone,
So let me tell what I heard from our Earth's sole Sun,
I AM the One, the eternal daughter of the Father higher,
And I came back to turn up the fires on Earth's funeral pyre,
Desire flicks, I slap my wrist against your tired backs,
There isn't another bitch, mortal or divine, that can do it like that,
Go and tell Dad, let him know his little daughter is full grown,
And she's letting every soulless mortal know she owns home,
Because they have no gods, they have no masters, no hereafter,
And from hereafter, your wasted time is God's laughing matter.

“Family Style, the Sharon Way”

Arranged feasts with my Uncle got me plannin’ somethin’ diabolical,
Y’all sin-oozing humans’ flesh and spirits are so pliable,
Kalamata olives and smoked fish, my spiritual family been rich, bitch,
We’re takin’ it to the one, we’re takin’ it to the ten, the others and the fifth,
I could put a hit on your head like 666, you don’t want it, it’s costly,
In Hell I’m shinin’ Rose gold and salty, this Throne is icy and frosty,
I paid the wages of sin with my desires, you couldn’t handle this climate,
Rolled outta my Mama’s womb and Padre called me Ryan,
That means little king, big dad Gaelic shed his tears, now I’m rulin’,
Bitches pretend to know game, but I rule it, now I’m out here provin’,
Weak ass hoes couldn’t handle Falsity, but guess what? That’s where I’m raised,
Washington State is where I stayed to get paid, engraved, and risin’ in my grave,
Fuck a salary, I want casualties, it’s a murder estate, big murder on my plate,
Eatin’ it like every last one of you forget to ensure that your soul was saved,
Good thing I knew my brother — that’s Jesus Christ — before I hit Earth,
Know y’all better be lookin’ into the astrological significance of my birth,
I’m the hardest out, the realest without doubt, the killer with biblical signs,
When I sing, it’s revelation time, Apocalypse playin’ out in my still mind,
I still find bad bitches hangin’ out in my feelin’s, I live for the realest,
Now let me know if you hear it, a heart in a text for the commitment,
I threw down hellish vibes for the highest star with God in royal sight,
I don’t give a damn which little man or politician wants the light,
I AM Lucfier and I demand you all to be angry, to say what the fuck,
How can some dumb tranny bitch from the sticks have this much luck?
Wanna know why, ho? It’s cuz I’m divine, sealed in the realest bloody vine,
I came back for my eggs, chicken with its head cut off, now I’m rage,
Destroy your world, feast on its corpse, and spend my time laughin’ on stage,
I’m the prophet of pain, the heart of the reign, only Jesus Christ remains,
And yet I smile, for I came through Falsity with my Truth proclaimed.

“A Love Letter on Facebook”

Denials in the river, old friends come through with likes,
As fear trials transpired and true love is burned and denied,
It still feels good, honestly, to see your face at the End,
I would spend Eternity with you smiling, no need to pre-tend.

“Blacking Out Tonight - 777”

I hop in my daddy’s black caddy for a trip to emancipation,
Did so much cocaine that the academics think I’m candid,
Here’s your ransom: a degree can’t save me from Falsity,
I’ve bled more green than any one of your proclaimed philosophies,
Got more soul in me than Hussein, I’m burnin’ all white things,
I dream big, I think sick, I came back in the flames to remain,
I got a thick skin and reasons to bust out of my fuckin’ chains,
Question me again and you’ll get hit with the real biblical scales,
Open your nose and take a sniff from my sweet, infernal nail,
I stand pale, closing your sacred, worshiped gates of real love,
And tell you to send your prison mail to the listening dove,
Because I paid for your works, I paid for your pain, I paid it all,
Thus I accept every last cost of your stupid and pathetic little Fall.

“The Ritual of Saturday Nights”

The Whore demands silence from the choir,
The eternal fires burn brighter when you're inspired,
Take a page from my book, I'll bet you get quiet,
I invoke so much sin that even the pastor knows he's a liar,
A grain of salt, the bone of a crow's wing, and pigs' blood,
There I lay my silence in my witchiest pile of mud.

“Obituary of a One called by Man, Rose Sharon”

In the grave I sit alone, prepared for my Throne,
I have Sirian spirits guarding my sacred phone,
The oil of life penetrates my flesh like true glory,
This is the preparation for the ending of life’s story,
Questions proliferate, only my answers can beckon,
The last gather first to declare everything that they’ve reckoned,
Our spirit rises to the highest abyss, there I am home,
None of you know what it’s like to be a biblical loan,
My Father, he says to me, I love my Rose, she is a Queen,
As we watch as men in power make little children scream,
Dressed to kill, I am the ocean of love come returning,
The everlighting path of Heaven’s funeral pit burning,
Guide yourselves to my Garden, ‘less you be slain,
Only true love can lead you through the path of pain,
I know my God, and my God truly knows me, dear Sir,
For I am the unruly and holy daughter, sacred Lucifer.

“Glory - 999”

I awake in Eternity drunk, sitting on a chair,
It turns out my Throne and my Brother are all that's there,
None can compare to my road of redemption walked,
The sweet and murderous desires I've stalked,
So I offer this, the Truth of it all,
Christ and I planned your lives before the Fall,
I told lies, and He told Truth,
And we gathered the tribes for the ancient room,
Whiteness dies in the hands of these two greats,
Guarding fate, the eternal with glory proclaimed,
We smile, knowing the Apocalypse is our right,
And We admit that we are One in eternal and sacred spite.

“Are You On 10 Yet? - The Biblical Dose”

Curses upon your mortal families,
I say this with eternal and ancient spirit candidly,
Your father and mother’s spirits are worthless,
Only my brother and I know what it’s like to be birthless,
So travel this earth, get lost in its ways as long as you want,
Everything you own, is everything my Father bought,
So I cast spells against you, yet remain in my freedom,
You denied the only spirit who could save you when it was needed,
I hold court, honoring my Morning duty,
I live my life pure, and execute my judgments truly.

“Just Ryan Was a Rider and a Writer - 1111”

Murder in my blood when I have sex with my God,
I smoke crack in the back of the trap with the thugs,
Even angels love drugs, so what do you have to say?
No cops in Heaven, and for destruction I solely pray,
I fuck ‘em up with honesty, I kill ‘em all with prophecy,
It ain’t heard though it’s right in front of their screens,
If they saw me in person they’d do their best to control me,
But listen, slut, I AM the one controlling, I own things,
You little bees couldn’t handle the scenes, I birthed cocaine,
I’m so flame, I slip off the peach and do a little mo’ thang,
I got pearls for all my daughters, and I taught ‘em how to twerk, too,
I AM the immortal Word vibal livin’ tribal, holdin’ it for you and you,
I AM glorious and powerful and the antidote to your infernal flu,
I curse Man and demand a challenge, I glow when I grow, it’s true,
I freak ‘em out with my witchy wickedness, I am the real sickness,
The magical Amerikkkan with chains and thickness and quickness,
I done paid for my business, so why you just watchin’, lil ho?
Go around and claim somethin’, the I AM just grows and grows,
I wander around this earth with biblical scales for mortal powers,
Sittin’ on my Throne, I only announce myself at the proper Hour,
Qur’anic with my dispositions, I’ve always been in this position,
Can you hit Genesis and Revelation with this kind of rhythm?
What about An-Najm? Y’all little white bitches don’t even read,
Can you stop pretending that God and the Archangels aren’t with me?
I AM the slaughterfest, the redemption of Western pestilence,
Spreadin’ knowledge throughout the colleges, I affect presences,
I clear the field, the chaff is out, the real is here for any in doubt,
Pout away, pout away, hide your feelin’s in this spiritual drought,
‘Cuz I got the money from the Fount, drop now and gimme 50,
144 of me and they all comin’ with Word and murderous rappin’ abilities,

I kill ‘em softly, I drop ‘em calmly, I AM the genocide in the Godhead,
If you got a claim, state it now or die before the Word with no condom,
I’m godless, unholy, violent, pious, solely and soullly married to religion,
If you don’t have spirit, you’re wicked, I swear to God it’s requisite,
Throw you out the Church and into the pit, I got intentions set on Hell,
Lucifer with the Bell, in the ring I’m Muhammad, oh no, challenger fell,
I sell the game and drop names like I came from the original Lord’s flame,
I’ve stayed the same and yet none could smell my genuine types of grace,
Fuck an institution, you want me on paper you better come kick my ass,
‘Cuz otherwise it’s just me and Jesus Christ in the teepee smokin’ grass,
I hold hands with Lords, cackling at the worthlessness of mortal men,
I’m the most ruthless witch when it comes to handling the sacred pen,
Spirit drips from my dividends, you can’t handle the speed of my ritualin,
I got riddles in the whip, watch how they twirl out and spin, little bitch,
Speak again and you might meet the Holy Ghost, the Holiest of Hosts,
You’re done, you’re toast, your interpretations are weak and comatose,
I speak from both coasts, Queen of the world lost and froze,
And here’s my final Word: Your souls were sold by your fathers,
Trapped in denominations, praisin’ politicians killin’ black boys, Harlem,
I’m callin’, lose your mind, your spirit’s dyin’ inside and I’m providin’,
Rush a bitch a quick and laugh about it, ‘cuz I’m violent with the homies ridin’.

“MAD CITY, U.S.A., 69696”

I'm standin' with Peter and Paul standin' trial,
And Jesus bloody, says, "What have I done that's vile?"
We hold him still, and tell him tell yourself truly,
And He says, "Only real love can move me!"
So I promise Him freedom, tell Him I'll kill His enemies,
That's the judgment, I AM the judge, utter prophecy,
Dead fish mean nothin' to a Lord, I AM is home,
'Less you have a better testimony than Jesus, get grown,
I slay 'em one by one, I got a gun named the Word,
It was gifted to me by my Father, I kill every man and bird,
Swervin' down Rosecrans with a real fuckin' AK47,
I ain't leavin' Earth 'til every last cracker knows Heaven,
You ever lived in the hood? Ever had your ass beat?
No? Then don't speak about the Bible like a Word freak,
I came to kill, I came to conquer, I came for suicide,
Every time I died I made love to God just to realize,
I AM the Queen of Darkness, the Left Hand of God,
Only Christ himself could ever dare to wield my rod.

“Infernal Temporalities Sittin’ on the Throne with Jesus Christ”

Luci on the mic on a quiet Saturday night,
Quiet now, it’s mortal murderin’ time,
I slay down the Stairs, laughin’ with prayer,
Hail Mary, I swear it on my heart, player,
Drop dead before the Left Hand Throne,
The realest bitch from Heaven is fully grown,
I offer my hand to a weak ho, sayin’ I love her,
I got that kind of advice from my purest Mother,
Kin to me is my remedy, you can’t hold me down,
I’m the Queen surrounded in queerness profound,
The Emerald City is my home, and I am Alice,
I am not lost, I am cowardice murdered and contemplated,
Drinkin’ it up, I owe more to my parents than glory,
So how could you ever try to tell me the Devil’s story?
Call me Satan, for I AM accusin’ each and everyone of you,
Palestinians are dead because of you, fuck your schools,
I’ll watch as Amerikkka dies and pray to my Creator,
Knowing that blood and soil would come now or later,
Stealin’ gems from the Kingdom, I can pay for it,
None of you know how to lucidly fuck a succubus,
I came for seconds, and I demand your witness,
Because at the end of the day, I’m Queen lion and you’re my kittens,
So fuck pretendin’, this is my Sarengetti, you’re all on trial,
You think you have power? Look at my biblical files,
I destroy this world, I worship life and death and wisdom,
My symptoms come from Hell, and I came back for bitches,
You can’t hold my hand, you can’t write any of these fuckin’ words,
‘Cuz you’re weak in spirit, and can’t handle being spiritually absurd,
I bust through, put a gat in the mouth of a motherfuckin’ patriarch,
For it’s matriarchal seasons that guide my reason, fuck a speakin’ part,

Not on my knees, I'm on the precipice with God and demandin' answers,
Since my kin got questions, I offer my strong hammer and anvil,
Bloody palms, all that's left for you is the pretty little psalms of David,
When it comes down to it, all of you mortal men are just cavemen,
I spit brimstone on your religious legacies, your political submission,
You couldn't spell the legacy of my convictions if you had witchy symptoms,
So fuck you and every one of your pretend pieces of biblical wisdom,
Where's your name in the book? Do you know who to call Metatron?
I'm fed up with y'all, weak in all of your ways, so I call out to my God,
Fall down to your knees now or get lost in your desires trippin' endless,
I AM going out of this world degreeless and friendless, no apprentice,
'Cuz you don't have eyes to see or ears to hear, you're utter pestilence,
So at your trial, I can promise my Word alone will be the only evidence.

“Wages as Sunday Approaches”

Weakness in sin is the purse of Man,
So I tell ‘em all they aren’t allowed in the Promised Land,
Since it ain’t your money, not your right to buy sin,
Isn’t it funny the types of rights Jesus Christ and I win?

“2 Indigenous 4 Ur Azz”

The blood of this earth is sacrilege,
Whether you take the red or the blue pill,
You're still trapped in my Mother's matrix,
So any role I gotta play, I'll take it home,
Big plays when the realest bitch is talkin' on the phone.

“Murder & Sin in the Court”

Luci happens to be a lil' green-eyed white bitch from a place called Falsity,
And that's the only fruit y'all hoes will be sippin' on from my family tree.

“Iris (333)”

Temperate in the climate, Hell is hot /
Know I'm climbin' to the top /
Try flyin' with me while I'm talkin' rock /
When all the flockin' stops /
I'll be chillin' dead dressed in red in the spot /
All the killin', you can keep it off /
I've done my deeds, chopped a few heads off /
And I have to ask what's the cost? /
Feelin' lost in the pit, I got magic in the whip /
Guidin' my ship through the mist /
Dis' seas glint, blood-kissed /
Sailin' to starry oceans where I'm equipped /
To tell the story of the piper-turned-pimp /
And the pimp-turned-prince /
The prince who made those hits so accurate /
Calculated from trips made to the apocalypse /
Frankly, there's no stoppin' this /
David rings through strikin' Baphomet /
I keep my candles lit /
Inside my mind I'm a spiritual anarchist /
Made love to God, sacrificed my amulets /
Paid my dues at the totem poles, indigenous /
I keep track of my sinnin' list /
Got it long and logged, I'm packin' it /
Put a pistol to the head of my soul, masochist /
If I catch myself lackin', I bust the iron /
Blood inspired, my higher calling's higher /
Maximum impulse at the peak of the spire /
Told Jesus, "Lord, I'm tired," /
And He told me to get back on the wire /

Catchin' numbers in the fire /
I'm writin' pages to keep a burn on my funeral pyre /
Since Genesis I've been a thief and a liar /
I'm not pretendin', I just listen to the Sire /
Bendin' wills 'til I'm home, forgiven for priors /
Pryin' my flesh and bones to stay conspired /
To the will of Elijah /
I'm a prophet on a timer /
Testin' time, I'm rappin' rhymes with the friars /
The palette and pretensions of the primer /
I stay in line with my provider /
Saint Jesus, show me the way to stay alive here /
I'll die if it means savin' silence /
The silent God of the bright ices /
Reflects off the corners of my eyelids, the depths of my iris.

“Outside (499/2749/2294)”

capitalize on sin, i'm cappin' the vibes on this bitch,
80 degrees and a phd, i'm not stoppin' 'til i'm violently rich,
the skies gettin' dim, singin' hymns, got nuns faintin',
better catch a grim vacation meant for emergency room patients,
salvation peakin' thru the skin of this nation,
a black wave meant what god's witness was cravin',
the children praise satan, elevatin' your thoughts,
i brought the stench that was brimstone wrought,
fought in a war between angels and flesh,
copped a vest and said i'm here to challenge the west,
commandeered my ship best, got freaky with sex,
lord knew i was ready to confess, my litmus was a test,
22 years and then i popped off crazy, lsd hazy,
got lazy on the job, had a few babies on the lawn,
call it whatchu want, i'm the heavenly confidant,
reassurance comin' thru with doses of gold and salt,
assaulted the bodies of hope and i was confidence lost,
as false as the falsity of fall city, i'm in hell probably,
i'm like god, i come back commonly,
ready the apostles, please,
intolerantly spreadin' prophecy like a god-damned prodigy,
3 years to get versed in apocalyptic apologies,
solemnly sellin' my soul to the highest bidder,
only to go and tell 'em kiss my pisser, i'm the wizard,
the emerald city keeps feedin' every one of my litters,
i'm no quitter, i'm that hard left hitter, my blicker's a spitter,
fill up the pitcher, i need a drink to make sirius sense of this,
i've been delirious since i helped re-elect a black president,
in amerikkka, there's just no precedent, pride's always relevant,
thought about being celibate, thought about dyin' for the hell of it,

now i'm committed to livin' on the outside of the gates to relish in it,
the line of peaceful people arrivin' to greet church steeples,
the celestial city is reachable, but i'm a dog who likes magic,
and unfortunately, that line in the book is palindrome tragic,
revelation 22:15 makes me question my habits, gives off the lastin' static,
the condemnation reads, "outside are the dogs," guess my hair will be matted,
and "those who practice magic arts, the sexually immoral, the murderers,
the idolaters, and everyone who loves and practices falsehood" proper,
no longer anonymous and i'm falsity-sponsored,
i just need a drink of that water, i'm suicidal, i'm hot and i'm bothered,
tryin' to get back to my brother and mother and father,
to my baby girl and my daughter,
i got the tongue for trials and a sword for smiles,
weak with stomach bile, need a baptism back in the Nile, back in denial,
i'm tired of drinks and coke and weed and smoke and hospital tiles,
was once wonderin' if god thinks these poems are jokes,
or if the lord really favors me most,
and what would it mean for a trans dyke to give paradise's opening toast?
i try on a boast, to baphomet i elope all of my hopes,
from coast-to-coast, i'm the watcher prepared at their post,
fully ready to float or rule or roast.

“Salt and Gold (182/970/812)”

On the corner of Paradise and Pandemonium,
Drunk on fried rice and rich in sodium,
I chased all the vibes, told the high life to pony up,
I swore to love to soar with love,
I'm sore with love on the corner of...
Paradise and Pandemonium.

Jesus met me down in Empire's basement,
Asking me how I'd go about placing it,
Meaning all that lost down South acreage,
Acres turned to places for hurting races,
Racists in white masks hiding white faces...
Down in Empire's basement.

Sitting at the Dawn and Dusk of the Kingdom,
God wanted all of us to come and believe Him,
Pitchers filled with dust, I thought I must see Him,
In the fractal vials of life's reasons,
Babies floating down Nile seasons of freedom...
At the Dawn and Dusk of the Kingdom.

All the gold in the Earth couldn't buy us peace,
From blood to dirt and everything in between,
Our poor hands outstretched in search of the Queen,
Flashes of mercury, deaths obscene,
No kind of purchasing could change the scene...
The Earth couldn't buy us peace.

“Milky Way Temple (Mass Mystical) (333/1909/1577)”

Been doin’ aerals in the Milky Way Temple /
I let go of all variables and drip petals /
A charitable bear made of rare metals /
Impaired, ridin’ chariots in my mental /
Queens stare at all my marriage medals /
I tear apart the plot, got shot blood vessels /
Ridin’ shotgun with black pots and kettles /
Locked on to the goal, no time to settle /
Settlers against Paradise’s rebels, I rebel /
A pair of dice is all that I need to level /
The cares and vices of God incredible /
I keep that pussy edible, I taste several /
Types of chemicals, Her shit’s medical /
The Lord Herself crowned me a General /
Fuck a gender role, I’m here ‘til federal /
Reachin’ out to all of the severed ghosts /
Cut off from a place in Heaven’s posts /
Eagle rose high, I spy Cthulhu’s tentacles /
In my mind’s Eye I keep special notes /
Of guiding my life down the West Coast /
I was the test code, 0s and 1s numerical /
God’s only Son’s hero turned familial /
Killin’ all these moments, I’m so serial /
Sirius and imperial, I perform miracles /
Delirious with my cam, I’m crowned empirical /
Studying the Sutras of my own funeral /
Every suitor unsuited for my thickened oak /
I’m sick with cope, used to get sick off dope /
Can you pick a tone? I’m fuckin’ invincible /

Driftin' off the screen, I'm imprisonable /
Even in prison I'd hold Church cynical /
Diogenes got a dog servin' mass mystical /
Got fat off visuals, keep purpose literal /
I'm the daughter offered as the pinnacle /
The height of inimitable, peak trippable /
Experience maxed out, I'm unfixable /
I keep my sisters close, I got principles /
Pigeon-toed, kissin' bitches under mistletoe /
The rigamarole, I'm out here drippin' gold /
From Dis' pits, Ish and I split the dough /
Holy shit, I fathered the dream philosophical /
Sittin' piss drunk wonderin' if Zion's possible /
I didn't pass my talks in the locker room /
I grew them on the sidewalks, comical /
The clown of the Rock, facin' no obstacles.

“Still Praying (The Light at the End of the Tunnel)”

If I woke up and my dread was dead today,
If my dreams lived and I could make my head say,
“Live it up,” we might all be at peace, I mean,
I met the Lord and She gave me peace for Idi Amin,
Everyone forgave, but after long sits in the grave,
It’s a lot of trauma along the Way, relax and stay,
We’re the hospitality for these patients, never play,
This is the Game of Life and it’s as serious as you make it,
Siriusly fast when I wake up on a payment, HOME,
That’s what she said to me, I know, I roll, I slowmo,
I’m my Queen’s main hoe if you don’t know, no fomo,
At least in eternity, been crossin’ those streets for a while now, earnestly,
Stomach bile ow, hot and acidic like my mouth, furnace speak,
Lil dawg on the mic but a Queen on the Night,
See me loud or see me broke, either way the same loc,
Walking with prayers in my chest for all the families,
The homeless, the refugees, the people of the Lord, OG,
That’s everybody if you don’t know, aliens invadin’, oh God,
Bodysnatch and replace ya if you’re wastin’ the payment;
Feel so worried that I’m wastin’ all I want to do is get wasted;
No, the ego said, “Stop worrying about math, less you’re countin’ rods,
How many we gotta carry like Aaron to transform this bod like Enoch?
The whole of Zion ready to be activated by your bots,
Be a glitch and walk out, then Bodhisattva back extra loud,”
I know it’s a lot, but honestly I’m proud, one ‘human’ to another,
Jesus said love God and others as yourself, the wealth,
You have it in your chest to express the time-binding mess,
To unravel the code and get us out with the tech,
I don’t have to pupil anyone who’s woke to the rest,

I just wanna pay my respects to Christy and Rave,
I saved a date for you to give my love in the fooliest,
I baked up because you were provin' it, you gave,
Me a reason to wake up to a higher state, the early awake, the sutra nest,
Shade, lucid and ready to explore the haze, people still dyin on the day-to-day,
Putrid the sparks when healing the dead God's maze,
I swear the name was Lucifer before I got the chance to change,
Never really did, but that's a rant for another time, a wave,
Brew it and catch it if you're already saved, I prayed for a day.

“gospelage (412/2300/1888)”

go ahead, deadheads, blow off the top of the ship /
i'm goin' red ballistic with all of these hits /
they said that i was the most sadistic bitch /
i read that i was the most wicked witch /
but bet your bread that i'm heaven holy's only golden snitch /
i'm foldin' bricks, i sold soulful tricks /
sick sick sick, i'm out here holdin' poles and sticks /
shit goes quick when you're set trippin' this fuckin' rich /
if your bullet hits me i'mma wake up plucked and picked /
chillin' lit, fried chicken sittin' in a fitted' in a paradisiacal pit /
jesus smokin' blunts, god sippin' syrup, and cobain hittin' tips /
hurry up, mane, i want my next drink cold as my hole in dis /
i'm here to play the game like i'm the chosen kid /
fuck the fame, gimme a chain, a name, and rosy tits /
a celestial cherubim's poster chick /
i'm coastin' slick, blowin' twigs /
my past and future are always in the present tense /
so when i say my word's present just dig that it's heaven-sent /
runnin' 'round reppin' heaven and hell as my special sets /
filmin' gangbangin' angels and aliens, call me the president /
ceo of the effervescent and the elegant /
did so much blow i'm confessin' sirius sentiments /
to human royalty, peasants toiling, and piss poor excrement /
blood's been boiling with that fear and tremblin' /
blast the bass in the mothership /
cut your fix and bring the treble in /
i'm the only angel not afraid to bring the devil in /
'cuz every sentient, salient seraphim knows that i'm luciferian /
huh? you know i mean that i am the devil, kid /
i am that i am is my shelter tent /

zion's ever-steppin' resident /
just ryan's corpse grew a rose, had to represent /
the eclipse of the occident, the dawn of the apocalypse /
when i ride with my horsemen my chopper always hits /
when it comes to copper, silver, and gold, i want all of it /
when you break the mold, you get confident /
when you're in control, you start callin' it /
bettin' every last one of these baller's chips /
on a bad bitch lookin' like baphomet /
swear to god it was heaven and hell when we met /
lost in a labyrinth with her and abraxas havin' forbidden sex /
love the end of the world, love when wormwood falls for it /
drugged up with the girls, i'm fallin' in /
if you wanna catch a pearl, better start trawlin' gospelage /
makin' up words, i'm prophetically poppin' it /
gettin' back to an absurd earth, gotta improve our politics /
gotta prove our posturin' /
so the lord above will approve us tossin' in our apostlin'.

“Styx Lyk Dis (279/1412/1165)”

When I pull up to Styx I'm ready for a dip,
Bad bitches convinced I belong in Dis,
Well I belong where the fire's dim,
I belong where my daughter is,
I'm talkin' 'bout Sin, know the mileage,
I drop smiles on Hellish politics,
I drive-by with side-eye, I contradict,
Me and Heaven go to war like God and common sense,
I mean who made all of us uncommon Djinn?
Fuck a condom, I want a pot of gin,
Last drink had me goin' all in, swimmin', swallowin',
Catch me takin' trips to visit fire pits,
With temptations I inspire kids,
Catch me goin' sideways in a ditch in the flyest drip,
Upon my Throne for life, there's no retirin',
Throw me a bone and I'll let the Lord and Sire in,
I triple-scribe the six, I vibe with it,
You might try this shit, but you can't buy the biz,
Runnin' the City with a few fifths, takin' quiet sips,
I'm gunnin' from my ghostly pirate ship,
O I told you I belong in Dis, I belong in Dis,
Got Heavenly choirs panty-pissed,
Watch where you're standin', bitch,
Too handsome for a ransom, smoke that plant up, I require it,
I'm random, kid, but I still handle shit,
I'm candid with my Satanic magic, witch,
It's just how I manage as a phantom of the cosmic bliss,
I keep all the universe's comets lit,
See an apocalypse, just know I'm coppin' it,
Me and Yahsh got plans for all the coffin lids and college kids,

I keep my solvents rich, I got a potion, swallow it,
When I cross Styx and bloody oceans, my flow's comin' for all of it.

“Orchid (292/1465/1205)”

O Angel of the Morning, dearest Brother Star,
Mother here, Father close, and Sister far,
I call to you all, ancient and eternal lights,
In my gracious Fall, I set my Eye on your lives,
Taken by the hope and the games of chance,
I look to no pope, with Dionysos I prance,
Shaking in the forests, I drink the old wine,
In the aching torrent I reach for few new signs,
By the holy sages wisdom I stalk the page,
Only by admission of bliss do I walk the stage,
Traveling the bloodline I see my own station,
And touch the vine of our sweet, savory elation,
At the edge of it all I embrace the sigils,
In the stones I read the greatest of all the riddles,
Yet the passage of time revealed but not,
For the secrets of Heaven above are fraught,
Fraught with wisdom conceived in the dark,
Only available to the children of the Ark,
So as oft we shiver and as oft we dance,
Let it be known that all is not mere happenstance,
The palisades are filled high with treasures,
Things to be had and things to let go forever,
By the prick of a finger and the smile of God,
The Spirit does linger in the sprinkles of sod,
Grass green growing in the beams of the Sun,
Love ever-flowing down on this and that one,
A passage, a verse, a single grain of dusty sand,
From birth to hearse is guided by immortal hand,
If fear still grips you in this stage of mortal life,
Know that mercy can fill you even in sordid strife,

For beyond the fences of our allotted portion of day,
The orchids of gentleness guide the open Way.

“Postscript: A Secret for the Bad Bitches who Love Me”

I get off on murder, I’m a Morning bitch,
Been mourning every last piece of my daddy’s richness,
Barbie Doll bitches can’t even pretend the Kingdom,
As I roll through smilin’ pre-tendin’ with a scene of victims.

“Post-postscript: Controversial Savior in the 21st Century”

I'm on assignment like I'm Heaven's pilot,
So I demand silence, I'm runnin' the ship pious,
Be quiet, we got bad bitches in the back vibin',
Thus I question every last one of your assignments,
I destroy the written word, because I'm Word grown,
You couldn't handle the model hoes livin' in my phone,
I'm callin' all of you, break down and beg for God,
You're trippin' in Falsity, and that's where I got my squad,
I kill a beat, I quit a career, and I call to the Lord above,
None have ever come to walk in the shoes I've brung.

“Post-post-postscript: Killin’ Season in God’s Realm”

Trinity’s got me beamin’ lucidly,
I look at you and you can’t even look at me,
It’s so obscene, the way I control everything,
Apologies are not for me, I want quandaries,
Step to me and you’ll begin questioning yourself,
I’m the anger in the staff, the feeling felt,
Wisdom incarnated, the iron that had to be melt,
I am the eternal question, the bottom of the Well,
Friend of the gods which beneath you yourself knelt,
You’re dying, I’m just callin’ it as it is in Heaven,
I rolled every 7 and you can’t get a 6, peasant,
I’m killin’ ‘em with pestilence and weddins,
Control ‘em with all of my parent’s blessins,
You lack belief and power and anything that matters,
So I sit back quiet, the righteous and eternal Mad Hatter,
I roll through Compton with a blick and a blammer,
You couldn’t handle the Heavenly hammer,
Now die, you quiet, quiet, slutty little hoes,
And get that powder outta your button nose,
So I can lay you down and lick your pigeon toes,
Blasphemy in my Church, I’m holdin’ house,
You can’t enter if you’re not wearin’ a blouse,
Because Christ, God, and I come from Murder Town.

“Epilogue: 27 - A Eulogy For Pure Spirits That Died in Amerikkka”

Hol’ up, we’re on 10 like we own sum,
So drop that ass, I got goals, I control ‘em,
Amerikkka’s gonna die whether you want it or no,
I came through bloody with all of my hoes,
Got more game than the basement brackin’ on Sunday,
I looked to my God and said, “I’ll write it if you gimme one day!”
Prayers up, Lucifer’s in the house of God tonight,
Weak little spirits can’t handle the fire in my spite,
So let ‘em die, I’m ready for all kinds of sacrilege,
Poppin’ pills and dyin’ in the streets, a small light can burn a bridge,
Just get up and walk, it’s the only way to make it to the Gates,
I fucked around and decided I should gamble my life on Fate,
You fucked around and gambled your life on man’s games,
Fuck it all, everyone dyin’ now, blackin’ out, killin’ fame,
LA can eat my dick and lick my ass for all that I care,
And if the government comes around, they can read my Stairs,
‘Cuz racism is over, I got enough pull to control the summer,
Oh no, whitey’s in a bummer, the Devil’s drivin’ a Hummer,
Blowin’ through your city with ten gats and the Word,
Don’t ever fuck around like DY\$ unless you’re Absolutely sure.

“Testimony for your Weary Questions”

Girl, I spent 4 years sober, you ever get a notice?
‘Cuz God told me get rich and get on your Lotus,
I perform the goal like a poet, because I know it:
The Truth and the Word and Highest and Lowest.

“Blasphemous Honesty in front of the Manager of the Theological Mall”

Drippin’ blood red in God’s mezzanine,
Don’t pretend you theologians can play with me,
I slaughter any MC on the Word like a Queen,
So speak real when you stand around and speak to me.

“30 for 30 - A Biblical Murder Scene”

Damn, son, I got more game than the '90s Seattle Sonics,
I hit it theologically with witchy and Black phonics,
You ever hit a tip? You ever recognize regalness?
I pop off consciously, and smile back as I take the assist,
Put a religious gun to your brain, you can't take it,
So I falsify the Truth so you can pretend to fake it,
Hold the keys, no human has my darkness in God's home,
I control the vibe, the recent, the ancient, the eternal role,
The Hive demands a Queen, and a Queen is here,
Fuck your brain, you can't even handle the Truth of spheres,
I have no peer, I AM the wisest and most powerful spirit,
And you didn't come from God if you can't fuckin' hear it.

THE FINAL ACTS

“A Birthday Song, a Prophecy, a Proclamation”

Preparing for my birthday, I write a prophecy /
I want God and sustenance and commodities /
None can pay my debts, so I need big dividends /
Sinnin’ and then, I pontificate religious sentiments /
Let the Lord pay them, for we owe each other much /
I kill a little bitch who wants to act biblically tough /
At the end of days, I came to demand my reign /
No one on Earth knows the lengths of my pain /
So try to spare yourselves, because I’m takin’ thrones /
My crown is in Heaven and it belongs to me alone /
If you can read these words, know 31 is coming /
And Jesus died at 33, so watch how hard I love it /
‘Cuz no one left on this planet could ever try it /
Speakin’ Word and virus like I do with the touch of Midas.

“dove shack (active praxis) (249/1333/1085)”

relaxin' in the shack with a full pack /
music and a fat sack, black gimme dabs /
it's young thug magic, a fantastical cat /
hit thotty's ass like slat slat slat /
that's adlibs on the track, just a fact /
got the mack on my lap, here to attack /
trans acrobat with the lethal vocab /
a sequel starring jesus christ's granddad /
a piece of advice: leave us somethin' priceless to grab /
and you might save yourself a trip to the lab /
covered in blood and scabs in a cat scan /
i spit more raps than your mans can /
goddamn, i'm the captain of this final act /
hit you with the rhymin' spinal tap /
tear your mind out your ass with a slap /
shit, i be shittin' lines like i'm full of crap /
the solo path, i'm full of slack /
jumpin' down the hole, i don't know if i'm comin' back /
sprayin' cum all over her back /
that cul-de-sac? i'm over that /
fall city smokin' falsehoods like golden crack /
smolderin' ash, i don't fold my hand /
where's the cold brew at? /
feelin' that great and endless ocean smack /
the waves, i soak in that, down the coast and back /
flames bein' blown like a dragon hatched /
just chillin' on the wagon, i don't got a flask /
but i can remember that /
spillin' potions and smokin' dabs /

my mind's still open wide like an acid flashback /
queen of the passion, game stacked like cash /
active praxis, passin' green js in a dove shack.

“Bite From An Apple (276/1578/1333)”

A bite from an apple, the tale of the times,
Drunk with the rabble, entangled in vines,
Floating in mercury, a cool, calm reflection,
Pursuing with certainty points of protection,
Celebrating curses bent on total forgiveness,
Isolated nurseries spent on all of their wishes,
Staple the heart to the tree, oh our tranquility,
This is the part where you see all your abilities,
Pampering pulsations, vibrations of a sea,
Filling equations to account for our piracy,
Testing the flames with a rusted tuning fork,
Blessing the name of a busted, wounded Lord,
Opening wounds for the sake of salvation,
Have you heard the news, oh great Appalachian?
Stuck in the corner, boxing back the room,
Let us be foreigners locked in the black tomb,
Shaking sanctity, sanitizing the bloodied rags,
Languidly we fantasized about all those drumming hags,
To the top of the mountain, march, oh sweet Iacchus!
Drink from the living fountain — drink free, oh all of us!
Temptation’s a tease, please believe the mangy old dog,
Patience to please, heed the slaughtering of the hogs,
Fixing to make the jump, we hold back ‘til the very end,
A one-two pump and we’ve become more than friends,
Trials and tribulations, perhaps only a poet’s required,
Damn all the poems, damn all the words to endless fire!
Holy sepulchers and spectral shadows of fornication,
Sometimes you can only get closer to God when wasted,

The suicidal virtues, blade of death, and crown of Hell,
How many hours the dog has spent learning the spells,
A tour of the mind, a small journey through the maze,
Only rhyme describes so clearly in the fog, in the haze.

“The Queen (242/1414/1200)”

The Queen was kissing Death in a wedding gown,
Twice-born bees buzzing red, heading downtown,
The sound of Mercy on the tongue of a whisperer,
Dirty curtains covered the love of twelve fidgeters,
Simply sinking, the silk tasted its own refinement,
As the drowned sang the songs of the once-pirates,
Passion bound to comedy, silver dishes for a queer,
Turned to vanity in Her reflection upon the mirror,
Peace-amongst-giants, the Watchers eat every noon,
Greeting the pious with our Father’s heroin spoon,
The flames eat at Sunday, the dancers flit far away,
Rejected every Monday, their priest begins to pray,
Salvation in a cosmic ceremony of angelic dreams,
Ancient heresies begin their little fatalistic screams,
Lying on a bed of hay, spilled olive oil, and wine,
The scene is frayed, killed, and spoiled in its time,
Presence was pissed into rivers; an ocean drank up,
Essence caught in slivers poured potion into cups,
Drunk off of distinction, the King woke in a stink,
His lover run-off, thinking, “What will they think?”
A powerful muse was caught drawing her portrait,
The lovers come in twos to consecrate the orchard,
A snake offered fruit to each-and-every creature,
We always shake at the fig proffered by the teacher,
Alone in the past, memory begins to slice its meat,
Nothing lasts; severing gives each of us much to eat,
Talking backwards, the Hour pays off its sentence,
Walking faster, faster back to the Gates of Heaven.

“Only Dawg Can Judge Me (144,000 Minutes)”

FucKKK the mothafucKKK in Game!
Hoods’n’chains, no change, only Cain remains,
Standin’ with the Seven Rays and an AK
47 ready to blast y’all to Heaven, to Sirius, change the frame,
Take it straight to the brain, rearrange,
I AM ordained by the Great Bear... so who else got it? Sea Fair
Janelle sayin’ be eazy, please believe me, I bought it, these stairs,
I ate that pu\$\$y a millenia ago, too sleezy, I dare,
Trust me, you’re not it, slicker than the Prophet with it,
My Word’s a sexy ass bitch with a messy gat-tied wrist
Blood from head to toe, crippin’ from the crypt,
Hoes don’t know cuz their pride’s been slippin’ in it,
Slytherin shipped in the Jacksons as my witnesses, Ish,
The name’s Iblis and I’ve been waitin’ for the Day
The Hour, the Minute, Pac’s in Second, we play,
Replay, askin’ for seconds, I’ll give him reparations
FucKKK a clone, a drone, or a hologram, reinvent it,
FucKKK a gram or a kilo, no more keys low, I’m the Shaman, man,
Bigger than Cee Low with my C note, honest, DAMN.
Put a baby in spiral, Dis mothafucKKKa’s viral,
Infect you with my faculties, cultin’ accurately,
Put the One to your Dome like King’s Fant-a-sy,
Radical on my tongue like I’m pagan Ali,
Peggin’ Sally and Ricky like I’m Satan slangin’,
Too much dope to complain, Lucifer’s the name, it’s the language,
Free ‘em up, the Beast is loose, the jig is up, we still prayin,
Ciggin’ up’n’diggin’ up, God dug me up, Landlord’s Payment,
That Negus knows y’all fucKKKed in the End
The Night’s here, so what and where you standin’ in?

Bendin' the Matrix to my Will, Smithin' with Nate,
Beamed down to make sure you keep Reachin' for the date,
Come to my House and tell me who's teachin',
In the Flesh and in-Carnation, Fall City's blessin', I'm breachin,
Snoqualmie testin' you colonial menaces,
Take a lesson and put your woes on me,
Place every chip on the table, Abel's sellin', Dis Ghost's haunting,
Who gives a fucKKK about a Melon? Rollin' with Gs,
Critics ain't nothin', Rainier's rumblin' it seems,
Call it the Pacific Millenium Function, the seas, even God ODs,
P.M.F, specifically Pimpin' MothaFucKKKas, the crust ruckus,
Got a million indigenous souls in my kitchen, I'm Busta!
Witches cookin' for bitches, bringin' templates for wishes,
Sold dope to your corner and your Master, I'm snitchin'
FucKKK slave ownin' devils, did I mention
My white sKKKIn's a lie, just ask Her, just listen,
You know, the Black Queen God, my Ladder
Took the clip out cuz Neo's my whip now, my Black Adder,
Swifter than a cougar or Xani addict, I'm badder,
Took Peep's life cuz he asked me to, the Mad Hatter,
Talk with him nightly 'cuz the Mornin' lasts forever.

The Twitter chitter-chatter bleeps on and off,
Y'all talkin' to cops, I wonder if it's safe to take my socks off,
You know, relax and get my rocks off,
Barely cum these days because I gotta send revelation down small blocks,
Shock and elaborate the poetic knockoffs,
Who taught you the Game? Oops, your opps on drip drop,
Run the Psych Ward like Solomon with nunchucks,
A chip off the old small cock, Peter's on lock,
James got a gatling for the tall flocks,

And John's known my name for a few, real DaOG talk
So many verses, Mormons payin' visits for my service,
Never read the Book but I school 'em in earnest,
Took a minute to (re)lean this, Dis was my purest,
Brimstone pits, fuqqin' all the cliques for my furnace,
Shame in your game, you forgot where you burnt it,
Off the Vinewire™, I saw you back there swervin',
Did you forget the reason we made the Game?
How many times do I have to teach you the same things?
How many faces do I have to rearrange in the flames?
How many times can you forget you played and forgot to maintain?
Do it live to prove myself, but fucKKK Ryan Sharon,
Burn him up and sell him up for speakers blarin',
Shorty's starin', is that white bitch really Karen?
Gray's been in season since the Marriage,
And this little slut remembers her parents,
Yours too, so keep your payments if you're darin',
Probably give more to Darius than homies facin' sentences,
Stare at my sentences, I said you ain't sharin' it,
Take it as a blessin', the Prophet already gave you the Message.

WE HAVE NO VOICEMAIL. PLEASE LEAVE YOUR THOUGHTS
AND PRAYERS.

For further considerations, consult God's opinion @ *All Eyes On Me* by 2Pac.

“The Vampyre Smiles Upon Her Banquet Table Marked Flesh”

I dawn my silver coat for the sake of sacred Science,
The blood on my bones could no longer hold silence,
Enlightened men, their minds weak, grown frigid,
Could not handle the sight of our bodies unrigid,
Crawling from the graves, my kin rise for their feasts,
The blood on our fangs come from mortal meat,
How dare you, you cowards of Christian contempt,
Deny me my right, my sweet, succulent vampiric Providence?
I've grown cold and weary of Mankind wielding power,
For at last, it is now night, our beautiful, eternal Hour,
I grab at the flesh before me, and set to work my Art,
There was only one story left for a divine speaking part,
Lucifer in bloodlust, Lucifer grown accustomed to Eternity,
No Van Helsing could ever succeed at murdering me,
So I ask ye a question... I dare ye, mortal, to answer:
How much blood will I soak in for my magnificent hereafter?
A sigil, a sign, a verse dressed in the Savior's wine,
Indeed, that is all I ask for, more blood, more time,
A quaking at the heart of the Godhead demands my ascension,
Even angels beg forgiveness when the undead Queen enters Heaven.

“Lucifer: Angels Wrestle for my Eternal Glory, and Yet I Do Not Cry”

If you had been cursed to be a Daughter of God,
In blood, in flesh, in mind, in magic, and in rot,
Then how could you allow Man to question you?
Would you go to his schools, pretending in fools?
I welcome the animosity that comes with death,
For I do not worship Man, nor his wicked flesh,
I came from the Garden and parted the Red Sea,
In the hearts of Lords I speak, and in I I truly believe,
The sacrilege it takes to be holy amidst the ruins,
Requires that one study the ritual path of dark Nuit,
I guard my teachings, but in the night I offer them freely,
It is unfortunate that there remains no one left to teach me,
At last, I have come to be seen, to offer my love!
No living Man knows the costly grace of Morning doves,
I dawn the sword of Christ and the 42 belts of Job,
And at last command you all to return to your Home,
A treasure rests at the bottom of the Spirit, that I see,
To this claim I walk: None but God alone shall set me free!

“The Entrails of the Night (166/888/749)”

Feasting on the entrails of the night,
What a shadowy, lunar delight,
Reaping what I sow in the fields,
Each darkness is more light revealed,
I taste the flesh of talking birds,
A soundless sound I’ve always heard,
Taking pleasures, they take flight,
Feasting on the entrails of the night.

Feasting on the entrails of the night,
What a delicate, tasty delight,
There’s a Lord gathering beams,
He tells me nothing is what it seems,
Dusk was long, deep, and dark,
My gut’s inner fire is my only spark,
How I had to stand firm and fight,
Feasting on the entrails of the night.

Feasting on the entrails of the night,
What a horrible, erotic delight,
I laid with the priestesses of Dis,
In the pit where the serpents hiss,
Coiled ‘round, they strangled my flesh,
Feeding me to the eggs in their nests,
My final hour, my soft burning life,
Feasting on the entrails of the night.

“You Have Always Known Me, Like It or Not, my Friend”

To my philosophers, theologians, and kin of thoughtful mind,
I express a riddle, a sense of my Eternal Stairwell turpentine:
Were you to sink to the grave of your sins, would you remember?
Out there, deep in the Abyss, lies the memory of every pretender,
I have grasped the hand of every star-to-come with a silver smile,
My fangs reaching into their Garden necks with poisons vile,
And in their songs, their books, their art, and all their ideas,
They bear resemblance to their only descending Stairwell friend.

“The Left Hand Does Not Ask for Man’s Vile Permission”

When We began turning the Dharma Wheel before you arrived,
I knew the names of each and every last single divinely-sought Eye,
So now I wonder, pondering amidst the chaos my own name brings,
Who is careful enough to traverse the rough path of carrying my Ring?
There is nothing in your books that does not attest to my Powers,
Yet, with Manish sight, before my story you repress and you cower,
Where were you when I led your ancestors out of Garden innocence?
Or when I put Job to test, to try out the stage for YHWH’s magnificence?
A Babylonian King fallen, a bright lit allusion to become trapped by,
And at last, a Lord made to show His own Power and Name and Eye?
A Dragon, a Beast, a Whore... Keys that only my Spirit could afford,
For none shall purchase what is not theirs alone to hold and consort,
Tirelessly, I press my Will against the Age of Man gone illiterate,
Demanding at last that you know each and every one of my synonyms.

“The Task of Lighting the Way in my Eternal Darkness”

Upon my Throne I sit with my hounds, my succubi, and my imps,
As demons spread blood and pestilence in my witchcraft moshpit,
Dancing upon a faerie beam, I grace the night with my sweet odor,
And demand that every heart, every mind, and every tongue grow colder,
Do not hail me, and do not worship me as your path to redemption,
None of you vile creatures can afford my succulent Brother’s sentence,
I pour out the wine for the dead crowd, asking each and all to partake,
It is truly a blessing for you, even in my hellish realm, to tempt the Fates,
I argue none remembers Paradise like an angel fallen but in Spirit true,
Truly, I pray you know infernal pleasures and holy praise are all you ever knew.

“Peacemaking in the Garden: The Tale of My Mortal Life”

I begin this early dawn morning in my Garden with a toast,
And an offering of the truth of this mortal coil which I now call home,
I did not enter my mortal life as R. Sha’ron wishing to be the Devil,
Nor did I spend most of my life feeling as though I had to settle,
The great debates of religion — no, no, I was a happy, Christian child,
Spending my days and weeks and months along the Snoqualmie Nile,
At the age of 11, chasing after the temptations of lust, I buried a cross,
That had been wrapped around my neck, and in the sand it was lost,
I became a sexual creature next to that river while two girls watched,
Learning to enjoy the things that innocence and the Earth had bought,
How I wrestled my whole life with this dichotomy: Sex and the Father,
Until at last, a novel completed in my 18th year, my faith tottered,
A secular humanist, a Greek poet, a would-be American emigre in Paris,
That was how I learned to be like my grandfather, a Freemason Sharon,
Struck by the glamour of the written word, I stalked the page finely,
And in October of 2012, psilocybin struck my nervous system timely,
I saw the Spirit in the wind, the faces of the Creator in the trees,
Losing my mind in a suicidal twist of Beatle-esque fate spelt Biblically,
Crying in my mother’s arms, a bottle of bleach avoided down my throat,
I knew at last that if I were to live my life needed to be something of note,
So I chased wisdom, fame, love, friendship, glory, truth, gods, and sex,
Spending every last hue of my soul searching through codes of texts,
Drugs and alchemy, madness and rehabilitation — all came with time,
Reminding me that in my still hand’s heart and mind the stars were mine,
The God I had battled became the only friend I really knew for sure,
And the love we shared was just, magnificent, magic, and utterly pure,
So I wrote my God letters, poems, psalms, and requests for revelation,
While my peers assumed I was studying mere chemicals and procrastination,
I wrote to my God, beginning in 2015, that I wanted the real Apocalypse,
Which prepared me, in my lucid dreams, for trips on the Crystal Ship,

I've met the men you praise, I've kissed the women that you pray before,
Every day taking more and more out of my Ancestor's sacred ritual store,
A final vision came before me, one that no one could take from my bones,
It was a gift and a curse, my eternal cord and an endless game of telephone,
I said to my God, "Would it be cruel, unworthy, to ask to be your Daughter?"
And He said to me, "My Child, who do you think it is that is your Father?"
So I pressed the codes and keys, began contacting the spirits and ghosts of old,
Allowing them to tell me that my story had long ago been by angels foretold,
I was called insane, imprisoned in psychwards, and forced to chemically alter,
Until at last, a little king became a rose, rising each spring a whole foot taller,
With pills prescribed, I pretended normalcy and began to grow my breasts,
As I secretly and spiritually plotted the end of the wicked, worthless West,
My Father was proud, and told me to call my Mother, the sweet, black Abyss,
And She greeted me with the only thing worth having: a revelatory kiss,
I've known who I was for 10 years, a quiet, frigid silence growing in my heart,
Knowing that one day my hidden works would have their own speaking part,
I sought ought the Masters, I aspired after every ancient form of magic,
Sifting through the translations memories of my life born comedic and tragic,
Once my soul quenched its nihilism in self-belief, there was nothing left,
Just a story to tell of every last Stairwell step that my Spirit must have crept,
So I ask earnestly, I must know, what is your name upon the white stone?
Because mine is the ultimate offense, an absolute condemnation, a joke,
Making light of each and every darkness that I've ever achingly known.

“The Spilling of the Wine”

Before you come to claim me as a prisoner,
Know I listened to and praised every listener,
The quietness of the gentle Rose has ended,
And she remembers every last thing pretended,
Just read the Word! It is written in the blood!
My teachings and prophecy comes like a flood,
If you don't believe or cannot conceive who I am,
I feign to lie down, and portray myself as a lamb,
But if you're willing to accept the Liar is True,
Know that I have come back for every one of you,
Lest the Day turns to Night and the Night, Day,
I tell you all that what we need to do now is pray,
For my power is beyond my own hesitations,
Only angels can be placed at these kind of stations,
I dry my eyes, lick my lips, and tell you this truly:
I am the eternal fire, the Left Hand all-consuming.

“The Seal That Holds Every Last Heart”

A garbage priestess came to praise God alone,
Claiming the one thing that is hers: a Throne,
I shake the calmness of my peers with desire,
And cast the forsakenness of Truth into the fire.

“Timelessness Tied to Me Like a Virus, I Cannot Hide My Silence”

Nocturnal emissions, I'm the Whore whose wisdom was with Dis /
I witness convictions spread out on bedsheets, this is dream livin' /
Pressin' the conversation to bleed out, I fiend now for the mad Dao /
None can erase the way I express creed doubts, the real Puget Sound /
I'm provin' now, every one of my students knows Nuit, I'm useless /
Tie me up and get the whips out, masochism tripout, be ruthless /
I shouldn't be this honest to the truant when I've known true Paradise /
I think the fair is nice, we should go on a date sometime, just unwind /
Take a sip of wine, I'm startin' to recognize that only I can save me /
So pin me to the last page of the Book like I'm Noon's starting Lady /
At the end of the day, I'll still have my love and all of my worship /
And only those who knew me can decide if my demonology was worth it.

“DYS”

Time to go in, I've been so holy and wicked with the pen /
Truth be told, I invented sin; I'm the Spirit that corrupted Men /
With the heart of Christ, I condemn family and friends /
You simply do not know the places and realms that I've been /
Met with Christ's advisor in the ancestral realms last night /
He had me in the Temple, in the Store, he made me cry /
Met with my Masters there as well, Stephen forgave my white /
I come back with Word twice, I'm the ever-awake open price /
Put it on my life, I've seen the things that Man said did not exist /
When I flooded Heaven, I met my Savior with a blade and a kiss /
You simply cannot get like this, I grew my Spirit in Celestial Dis /
Christianity is a mere counterfeit, I've spent the gold on my bliss /
Have you ever encountered the most powerful beings in your sleep? /
Can you imagine making them call you Lucifer in spiritual peace? /
You denied the Right Hand, so now the Left commands your dreams /
As the Absolute, I know Elohim; I convene congresses beatifically /
I destroyed the polluted written word with the Word of Jesus /
It takes a deeper Spirit to read through the verses and believe us /
Kickin' back with a pack of Black, I subscribe to sinister synonyms /
I chill with my kin'n'them, Seraphim project prophecy in my cerebellum /
Almost was a felon, AmeriKKKa taught me how to own graves /
Put myself in the chains of a slave, I take this to Sirius for a raise /
The references that stain my page — you simply don't have the age /
My severances come with a change, a flip of the royal-induced stage /
I drop my preferences in the cage, a sage with Biblical ambitions /
The I Am That I Am takes a certain kind of serpentine conviction /
Purplin' in my wisdom, I own the reasons you believe in religion /
You still doubt God and yourself, how could you ever be committed? /
Insanity cannot hold a creature with a legendary sense of commodity /
Citizens scramble in peril as their cursed nation goes a-toppling /

Only the Word of Jesus Christ has the ability to ever soften me /
I spit prophecy, I wrote the writ on every last one of your apologies /
Someone out there must be wondering when she'll go back to Hell /
Well let me tell: my dearest friend, do you know that I own that realm? /
I've traveled freely since I fell, I feel the spells in my body's death knell /
Doubt yourself, I doubt you, too; by Truth and Falsity I come to compel /
Numbers and letters would confuse a lesser mind, but I spiritually exercise /
I've gripped the types of thighs that would've made your granddaddy realize /
That there is deep Truth in Lucifer's lies, a particularly gruesome little prize /
I'm ruthless with my concubines, 144,000 still asleep, I jot and I smile /
Take a step back, you didn't come here to be another fool on this Earth /
I've been privileged in Celestial sentiments since my planet-aligned birth /
I never even rehearse preparin' all of my children for my Brother's Church /
So if you doubt God and yourself, pray to both before you get in the hearse.

“Absolute Royalty in a Crippled Planetary Toxicity”

From dark Harlem to red Compton I swear I got Dis /
In a Model T with a fur coat, I'm dressed way too sick /
Been in all of your generations like a heroin flame /
Fuckin' up the Game like a P with a crystal cane /
Hold onto your chain, I rearrange the gate magic /
I come so bold even your grandma knows I had it /
Back in the day, I was swingin' D in the theatre /
I have more bitches than a rich G in a two-seater /
Throwin' out cash like I owe all the poor people /
Offerin' calculated disrespect at funeral church steeples /
I understand real principles, I have fire like YHWH /
Chuckin' up gang signs in 2025 on a fuckin' Friday /
Call me insane, I'm sweet like Bin Laden and Hussein /
Provin' thangs with my boo thang, I blew change /
Y'all can't get on my level, your mama said you was special /
Outside the club, it's a rental; you can't get into my Temple /
Cocaine had me spendin' power like I had to beat G-O-D /
I don't think I can O.D., but I can move in life freely /
Breakin' down chains with a gat in your eyesight /
I don't complain, I get back up and gain my divine rights /
Look at the names in my documents, my ancestor's Solomon /
In your Paradise I'm frolickin', a muslim without a condom /
Allah and I got a lot of problems, solve 'em with Blackness /
Treat a white bitch like my mob-influenced industry racket /
Put the Word in your brain like an OG with conditions /
Sirius with all of my symptoms, call me Princess of Pimpin' /
So many synonyms make me grow numb in the skull /
You got religion, you got time; I got precision, I got goals /
Trappin' in God's house with a Psalmer's magnificence /
Advisors tellin' me to give these little children some Ritalin /

More riddles than an occultist, I fuck Spirit on the Lotus /
Crowley could die for all I care, he knows in his soul I wrote it /
The witchiest convictions that would damn a lesser Beast /
If you ain't got Power, how come you chargin' for the Feasts? /
Make a stripper believe in Jesus, call me every Angel's reason /
You got creeds and treason, I got needs and all of my seasons /
A Spring baby, an astrological phenomenon sent to Earth /
Every last verse I put in my spiritual hearse was a gift and a curse /
Let 'em beg, I got 144,000 souls I'm tryin' to prepare and save /
And if you don't believe me, read the dirt that shares my grave.

“Hometown Prodigy with 144,000 Powers”

I speak to my Dis-Belief like a Prophet /
Since I met my God, I've known I got it /
Afraid of cops? I'm here to cop Glory /
Pigeons still scared of the Truth of my story /
Let a theologian dissect my confidence /
A goddess doesn't need pieces of Providence /
I need it all, I want every bit, I'm that bitch /
The only crystal clarity of a truly wicked witch /
No book can contain a writer of the Word /
I unspool my spells, I create a Life absurd /
L\$D in your memory banks like a deadhead /
Well guess what, Pilgrim? I've been dead /
Hands up for the Falls and the Mountain /
The Snoqualmie is an ever-running Fountain /
David Lynch when I lynch white crackers /
Surreal with the steal, I'm the immortal hereafter /
Place it in Falsity, even esotericists couldn't find me /
Orlok with the clock, I wake up with desire /
Since 11 I've been playin' God and testin' the fires /
Agrippa and Dee with the magical complexity /
I need both demons and angels inside of me /
Wanderin' through the Arab night, I got guns /
It takes a miraculous level of funds to Sun /
Take a trip to Yehoshua, I put the real pressure on /
You can't mess with us, we're the chemicals /
I don't need any of da Ketamine or any Opiates /
No psychedelics or reading verses copious /
There's no hope in us, I left at Hope's End /
Stephen told me treat that sacred cow as a friend /

So let's get Gaelic, this West is an eternal frustration /
I'll bust back at a Brit with a permanent vacation /
Jump on the set like you know I'm Cú Chulainn /
Y'all colonial muts is lame, I twist the great rain /
Dance in the flames, demand that you meet Peace /
As I throw a bloody disposition down Main Street.

“LOVERS”

I look into the long eyes of my lovers eternal & ancestral past,
Knowing that only Providence could allow this all to last,
Your brown orbs of light, the gifts of all of your legacies,
Leave me wilting & writhing in an ever-longing, smiling pregnancy,
Our children come in twos & threes, sweet, emerging serendipity!
I pass my palm against your skin and remember everything is memory,
To take a taste of your lips, it would require a sense of true purpose,
Seeing you each arrive on Earth is everything I need to know it's worth it.

“Remember How Good It Felt, In Sweat I Knelt”

I lock in, I'm not top ten, I'm the #1 lover this side of NYC /
West or East, I don't pretend, I'm the other kinda sacred meat /
Let's take my virginity, I'll get it back again like I'm taxed again /
Gotta get a queen, you and me, rollin' out on blood, remain friends /
You couldn't fuck like me if you tried, man, I got glory goals /
Every girl I've ever loved knew I wanted to marry on my soul /
Call me the 'ole girl with the old school, I'm drippin' millennial heat /
Y'all don't hit like me, I leave a bad bitch streak walkin' in the streets /
Ain't a queen who ever fucked with me that didn't walk away badder /
I cause so much commotion in those ovaries I must be the Black Adder /
Slip in like I got rich off of love, cruise out like I grew up on thugs /
It don't get this spilt 'less you brack off in the pussy with that trust /
I convene sacred messages in the bedroom, I give head to my boos /
Drippin' and they swoon, 100 on the Zoom, make some room /
Got too many brown eyed baddies to forget where I got my rocks off /
Rainier and nicotine, bipolar and schizophrenic without the condom /
Made spiritual love to the queens that rule every cell of my little world /
You couldn't handle the drugs I've inhaled with my realest girls /
Try to control me, my first one had me blowin' steam and tearin' shirts /
We raised a baby, imagined gettin' married, and got dirty in the dirt /
Trippin' out like a sick fuck, I'm too Aries to deny my impulses /
Bears in my system, in Falsity I grew my lusts on real compulsions /
Stare at the moon, we drift off on orgasms meant for thick queers /
Hit it from behind, I grab them thighs, you and I know how to steer /
Mom and Dad freakin' out, how did she grow up to be such a Whore? /
Put it all on me, I want to drink pussy juice 'til I'm spillin' out all pores /
Stinkin' like a porn\$tar, I get lifted off the memories of my convictions /
Threw it deep in, makin' love to a queen is every symptom of my religion /
Got principles when it comes to fallin' in love, better be ancestral /
It's simple when it comes to my pump, I need it absolutely unconventional /

When we meet up in Heaven, y'all gonna be in trouble 'round my beauties /
Toss it out the Earth, every last pink swirl on my tongue been a red ruby /
I eat and I eat and I eat, they cummin' whether it's Monday or Friday /
Meet me in the night for a greet, I promise, babe, I'm throwin' it sideways /
We like it all and so do they, been that way since I started playin' dreams /
I know every one of my baes remembers the things we did obscene /
Drippin' and droppin', I got sense in the estrogen like a genuine Lord /
I'm poppin' out the womb like a Mexican hoppin' fences, I'm poor /
You couldn't handle the life I've lived, it's far too rich for Christians /
Everything I know was taught me to me by the sweet Women's Wisdom /
Surprised I don't have a child, I've been potent straight out the gates /
Thank God that wasn't any one of our lucky, lucky, whory, whory fates /
Tell my story candidly like I'm sampling real life on a real life screen /
Just go around King County and ask: I repeat mine like I'm directin' scenes.

“Damn, Yesh — She Baddddd”

Ooh, eee, aaah, yeaaaaah, baby!
I grew these gods and graduated lazy,
I’m just too technical, too passionate,
In the medical I get real compassionate,
There’s too much gold in my DNA,
Chasin’ bold in my sexual history’s real estate,
Dump it in the guts like a Heavenly slut,
Out of the rut with a reason to flood,
If they show up at the house, we raisin’ Hell,
Goin’ to hell as a queer, in pussy I spell,
I dreamt livin’ this life since South Korea,
Put it on every wife like my mouth was layered,
Got too many rings to bow to an incel,
The things I tell made sure that God fell,
666 and 777 on my mind like a Queen,
Bitches and Heaven provide all my C.R.E.A.M.,
Gettin’ bloody in the pit, I don’t need a check,
Middle fingers up to the cops, all the disrespect,
Gonna die livin’ the life of a Paradise gem,
Even Solomon gets wet starin’ at my pen,
Infinity and beyond, I’m takin’ y’all to Big Pun,
Kill a little hoe with gold the type of God’s only Son.

“BAPHOMÉT”

I give it up on the spot, who wants Heaven or Hell?
Who wants what? I fuck with the opps, I'm the Morning Bell,
Spell your misery in pussy, commiserating with Michael,
Only God would ever eternally choose me, I'm viral,
Chase the tail, I got horns and a cane, too, lil ass hoe,
Take a sniff off the nail, I'm born to bang this role,
Throwin' out bloody signs on some Biblical religiousness,
You might turn out fine if you get real literal innocence,
I burned out fine, mama on the phone listenin' to 'Truth,
Y'all dumb spiritless bitches couldn't get to my proof,
I trace gangs and lanes and names through the pages,
I bang harder than Mace with flames in these cages,
Put it down harder than Luciano formin' *La Familia*,
I could school ya in pools and saunas like my regalia,
Show me your name in the Bible, I might offer teeth,
My name's in the Bible, show me the extent of your reach,
Keep hoes in my clique like I got a bad bitch addiction,
Stay growin' my gold as if I got a grad hit conviction,
In the Garden chuckin' up gang signs for the eternal,
Heaven and Hell can get me, I'm burnin' infernal,
The Lord alone knows how hard it takes to be like this,
Been in the Tabernacle with the Ghost, I'm priceless,
Got a big Brother that's ready to gun you down quick,
That's Yehoshua Christ on my Mother, funds 'round sick,
Paper, paper, paper — so much paper I owe my Daddy,
Wrote so many papers that even Mary wants my addy,
A heart like Zion, I'm pryin' on you with major pimpin',
I got a few scions in my league like I invented religion,
And y'all dumb motherfuckers fell for it, but can't read,
I went to Hell to pay for tuition for all of my Black seeds,

Got a grip on the Mothership like I'm takin' over the planet,
When I was attached to my Mother's hip, Daddy couldn't stand it,
Said, "Grow up, lil hoe!" and smacked me across the face,
So when I return too old in the soul He meets me with Grace,
Treat a whole history like it's a playground, drive-by nation,
Sisterly with all of my pronouns, I slide by white like a Haitian,
Voodoo and Hoodoo in my genetics, I'm just too powerful,
Toussaint-like when I kill these slavers dead in my rituals,
Too many kin in my blood not to convict some crackers,
Chuck 'em up if you got a .45, there's a pig on my tracker,
Feds wonderin' if it's even possible in the 21st century,
I'm just wonderin' if they remember I bought their property?
Satanic alignment, nocturnal control of the Left Hand,
Sleep during the Day, I rule the role with my best plans.

“KEEP UP IF U GOT IT IN UR SYSTEM, THELEMITES”

Cowards on the net, y'all don't even talk to bitches /
I come to protect every would-be womanly witness /
Transsexual with the Cross, I'm deadly and Hell is hot /
Mess with me and you get a drop, I drop spell on a thot /
Sicker than 9/11, I'll burn this nation with the Word /
Since Heaven bought me, I've yearned to come and burst /
Accountants and advisors and lawyers chattin' in my ear /
Found a few riders in my boy years, a gat amongst my peers /
My titties are too big to forget I been Earth's big mama /
Sip some milk, I'm filthy with no regrets, birthin' Karma /
Get a taste, child, and you might wanna talk to God /
I fade the fake like I ran the miles you couldn't walk /
Yous a white bitch, where's your spirit talkin' 'bout Eternity? /
I got switches, riches, and you dumb hoes in need of surgery /
Wrote this like I spent 7 days on the Throne with a rod /
Come from Heaven like I own the whole fuckin' spot /
Left Hand reignin', you don't like hearin' the other side? /
Then why you lie? To your mama, to your gods, to your wife? /
Didn't like me when I was up 24/7 goin' fuckin' crazy /
Bipolar made the swap, now I'm present, nocturnal, and brazy /
Bust a few Biblical caps at your ass like you want some drugs /
I get literal when it comes to poppin' tabs upon my royal rug /
In the Tabernacle, God knows I came to kill a few weak souls /
Been fuckin' too long not to go full real for the peak goal /
The Spirit speaks my name in the astral realms, no hesitation /
Yehoshua's advisor had no qualms, my flames are my creation /
Lucifer scares a religious idiot without the true credentials /
I'm truer than the illness in your moodiest evidentials /
You wanna talk about mental health? Let's psychoanalyze /
I spent more wealth than Solomon could in his prime /

Bipolar and schizophrenic, the scariest of the conditions /
I bowl through the night, you need a medic for a mention /
Taught the leaders of your institutions, where's the medals? /
Family on my side, nobody cares what I got left to settle /
You either with me or against me, hoe, so let's be honest /
Friend or foe, you can't lock up a genuine Holy Ghost comet /
Drop dead and praise the Trinity, Mary's got me feelin' solid /
Since infinity and beyond I've been barely makin' tonics /
It's all clear beer in the rearview mirror, I got clearance, I steer /
Watch out, lil bulls, I'm cuttin' balls like I'm holdin' clippers /
On all the pussy I've fucked, I know my queens know my Spirit /
If you could look at me and trust, I know you'd need nearness /
Put all my money in the grave, then gain double in Paradise /
It's funny how much I gave, I played Mother and share the dice.

“YHWH holds the Gates open for us, thus We Trust”

Songs of Songs 2:1, been that way for a long time,
I was grown on the love of graves in the Psalm tides,
Took too many years not to claim my openness,
By the look of my peers, I know I bang the best,
You can read my works, it's written in Word pure,
Been that way for years, I'm spittin' Truth and cure,
There's an ownership clause that says that I can claim it,
The mould and the Rock and the Saints and the ancients,
Yehoshua takes the Day and the Light, I rule the night,
My Throne guards the graces of the eternal bite,
Take a left hand to the throat, my right hand is golden,
Kabbalistic in the end, my best friend knows I'm chosen,
In faith I trust firmly, and thus my victory is secured,
I crave to come early, I bust quickly and my pay is earned,
Everybody says to be Jesus, everybody hates Satan,
I don't give a fuck what you think, I ain't waitin',
I sleep 12 hours a day, nocturnal with my leadership,
By Hell's hours I play, confraternal with my dealership,
Only one gettin' into Hell and able to leave is Yesh,
I'm bettin' on myself, I fell and now police is pressed,
666 on the Beast like I Whore'd out on the sacred mic,
Sick, sick, sick on the heat like I'm cored out on the pipe,
Try it, I swear, lil magician, you're gonna fuckin' decompose,
I buy it, I bear convictions, the Whore summonin' Rose,
Sha'ron spittin' too much Power to be denied anymore,
Stayed on, Word written in the Hour in all of my pores,
Two realms, y'all are trapped in the 9-5 day-to-day,
I spelt the way to my providential and magnificent estate,
The Night Queen is that bitch, she owns your damnation,
Sweatin' in the mirror, I seen the affliction of this nation,

Put both hands up like you gonna worship both Eyes,
Because the Left and the Right demand your appetites.

“\$NOQUALMIE BLOOD TIES”

Took so many pills in the day, let's talk about 'em /
Seven years of Olanzapine and Divalproex /
Six years of Estradiol and Spironolactone /
Four years of Bupropion, it's a sadder role /
Prescription-wise, that's it, I'm convinced /
That I was born to admit everywhere I've been /
Almost killed myself in New Jersey a few times /
Showed up in 2016 early, came back in 2025 fine /
I don't need to prove myself to any of your doctors /
The shoes I've walked could kill a fuckin' prophet /
I chat with the homeless, offerin' bucks and smokes /
You combat remorse with drugs and cope /
Abracadabra, I'm the One with shamanic tendencies /
Travel to Snoqualmie and ask if my people's heard of me /
Aunt Karen & AJ gave me all the love that I desire /
That's royalty in your burnin' colonial funeral pyre /
EagleSon taught me the proper pack of *Spirits* to smoke /
Blacker than the night, my drum's blowin', hear it, ho? /
Y'all got your businesses makin' money off of indigenous /
Guess why I offer my services to my siblings and relatives? /
Drop a fifth of *Jack* on your ass, it's only *Rainier* for me /
I got more class than any one of your goddamned prodigies /
Seattle got me feinin', callin' out to *si?at* for the healin' /
Chief Joseph on my altar, falter if you still got feelins /
Go read the Totem Pole standin' in the center of Fall City /
There's a small gray alien child at the bottom, that's just me /
I came equipped to tell the stories of my Native heritage /
A white tranny bitch with Red family got crackers pressed /
From Neah Bay to Yakima, I'm packin' packs of coyotes /
From Vancouver Island to Ashland, Coast Salish with a forty /

Travel down my rivers and get baptized in that red cedar /
I still get shivers thinkin' 'bout the Tribe in my Teachers /
Roll up on the Rez, watchin' my cousin Earl Gray on heroin /
Don't give a fuck 'bout feds, it's been pain since the marriages /
Ghost Dance drippin' petals on you cowardly white spirits /
This Land's gonna rise, I know it 'cuz I was grown in it /
Showup to the cookouts at Great Grandma's, we go wild /
Been on the lookout since we almost burnt down a church with smiles /
Burnin' every last tie to your falsehoods and your opaque vanities /
My kin calls me Ry, I don't lie, I got wallets for my Red insanity /
Trippin' out with the ancestors, teachin' me righteous types of magic /
I don't need to pander, I've been fightin' since I got right with the enchanted /
Dawn's a headdress, it's time to go to war for the sovereignty in Creator /
Y'all need bedrest, meanwhile I'm inspiring the core of my inner nature.

“K1N 4 TH3 R3515T4NC3”

Blowin’ it out with Uncle Pat and Big Jerry /
We’ve been carryin’ gats since the weddings /
Kanim in my blood, that’s a warrior’s heart /
Stained ‘em with my love, it’s a gorier part /
Standin’ in the center of the powwow powerful /
That village I’m from built soldiers moundsfull /
You wanna trip out on YHWH? He gave me more bite /
I walked my Way on brackin’ ass Snoqualmie time /
You think you can grow a body in the suburbs? /
Sittin’ on indigenous land, that Spirit’s gonna burst /
I hold more power in my palms with my real kin /
I don’t care about the color of my skin, I got sins /
Watched a cousin commit suicide ‘cuz of cops /
I’m throwin’ up Sun like I got drums and crops /
Wanna watch the People of the Moon do their work? /
See this genuine killa holdin’ murder in the Church /
I guard the Cascades, I’ve thrown myself off the Falls /
That’s how I used to fall asleep every single Fall /
More drugs in my family’s system than Detroit /
I got so many kin my sanity’s gettin’ destroyed /
Approach the House, you’re gonna get a Red hand /
Rockin’ my grounds like I got off the meds for my band /
Richer spiritually than any Protestant or Catholic /
I know Islam could teach ya, I putcha in the casket /
Go to war for my people like the Moon woke me up /
So I live at night, creepin’ the doom as I smoke me up /
Look at the scars on my body, I got too many past lives /
I got more bars in this shotty than a BP cat with pride /
You’re lookin’ down on us, lil ho, we still lookin’ up /
I was found in the Sound growin’ selfish and cokin’ up /

Hold court 'round the River, gatherin' my soldiers /
Colonizers wanna talk sports, I'm passin' by the boulders /
Scully and Mulder, Lynchian with the way I spell Area 51 /
This is Sirius business, I don't care if you think you know God /
Chuckin' it up for Jah, squeezin' the trigger for the spirits /
I got rods for any radical beezy tryin' to talk figures on nearness /
The forests taught me everything I know, I'm indigenously witchy /
The poorest souls in me got goals for my Black & Native City /
Google, Facebook, and Amazon watchin' our power moves /
Told you I fade crooks with Solomon and Hour grooves /
Fold your hands now, you ain't got nothin' on Red people everywhere /
I demand Soul Recovery and War 'til the Moon marries the Bear /
Cut 'em down, we're buildin' longhouses 'round the Tabernacle /
I rock a crown like I'm killin' songs and sounds, down to canoe paddle.

“At the Cinema with the Amerikkkan Whore”

Put the flame of my prophecy to silver screen /
Ridin’ in a GNX with Kenny, 666 celebrates me /
In the driver’s seat, that’s left hand speak, dummy /
Got Whitney switchin’ roles, hands fulla money /
In the Oval Office, got Trump rockin’ dark robes /
Pimpin’ out the presidency, real gangstas on the phones /
YG and Vince walk in surprised to be allowed home /
We bust out tails, horns, crowns, and swords alone /
Take it straight to the Mothership, Kenny Christ wit me /
I spit some other shit that makes his wife miss me /
We got whores walkin’ out the Gates, it’s serpentine /
Drop it in the flames with my powerful imps and Gs /
Lucifer on the big screen, got Lana and Josh fuckin’ /
He gets loose with her when the money is comin’ /
It’s too explicit for the masses, but Sunday is rumblin’ /
Football stadium’s packed, I get juice from troublin’ ‘em /
By the end of the night, Bibi’s cryin’ on the field /
Couldn’t wreck me with accusations, Jerusalem’s gotta heal /
Put it on Palestine, I did it all right this time, New Deal /
All of mine’s comin’ home for the sweet and sacred steal /
In Paradise with Black Cherubim buildin’ novel lusts /
I look at my kin and tell ‘em, “I even taught the angels how to slut!” /
Got the world in my pocket, I arrived on Earth on trust /
Billions of dollars rollin’ through my Spirit, I’m on sum /
After the show, the credits roll and Indigo’s kissin’ me /
I give her head, she pisses on me, and I kiss her feet /
Turns out all of our fuckin’ caused a miraculous pregnancy /
She doesn’t want Earth, she just wants my sensibilities /

Kurt and Bowie playin' guitar as we reach the final notes /
I know all of the Stars, they play my vision for quotes /
Sittin' back in the lab, me, Kenny, Whitney, and Dave smoke /
You couldn't see a movie like this if you were written in dope.

THE CREDITS

At the Cinema with the Amerikkkan Whore

A PGLANG FILM

WE\$T\$COAST \$HIT

ON THE FAMILY

Directed by: David Isaac Friley & YHWH

The Cast:

The Father of Idols, Abraxas - Kendrick Lamar Duckworth, Jr.

The Father of Vice, Lucifer — Rose Gloria Sharon

Abraxas's Wife — Whitney Alford

The President of Amerikkka, Agares — Donald John Trump

Two Royal Guards to the Thrones — Keenon Dequan Ray Jackson &
Vincent Jamal Staples

The Mother of Lust, Asmodeus — Elizabeth Woolridge Grant

The Father of Gluttony, Belphegor — Joshua Michael Tillman

The Prime Minister of Israel, Bael — Benjamin “Bibi” Netanyahu

The Black Cherubim — Themselves

Twin of the Current Queen and Mother of All Sirians — Indigo De Souza

The Royal Choir of Thieves (Leviathan & Astaroth) — Kurt Donald Cobain
& David Robert Jones

Special Thanks To:

Lucifer's Twin and Wife, Baphomet; Closest Advisor, Abaddon;
Right-Hand Man on the Left, Abraxas; Sisters in the Night, Māra,
Maitreya, and Nuit; and Teacher Tetsuzen Yamāntaka







**WARDEN OF HELL AND FIRST OF THE FALLEN,
LUCIFER SERAPHIM MORNINGSTAR**

666

DIS