

Homage! Human sacrifice! On a scale so grand
the devil almost died of envy before I poisoned him.

Globe-guardians, pew-sitters, pedants and law-squatters,
all custodians of humanity shout me noble names
as iridescently I rise, my huge
monolithic ideal pointing up to heaven.

Aimed at heaven.

Ah, the righteous rationale, the Gnostic good, the savior
syndrome!

Satan merely quoted scripture to his ends; I
write it! Burn it into liturgy, purge the prayers,
torch their spirits with the flames of dedication.
Addiction follows quickly as you see.

They shall have magic and machines, citadels
in Draco's outback. They shall have miracles and medicine
and solutions for death, bastions beneath earth's privy.
Let them find out life, let them make it, let them have it,
but never discover what they have.

I will lend them power, I will feed them with it;
I wear the wreaths of honor, sing the odes of simple service.
I wash myself in love and pass the drippings,
those sweetened cups of drugs.

In God's name, the pose is priceless,
In God's name they worship me!

With Lucifer gone, who will suspect?