

Supervillainous specters

Supervillainous specters know only one occasion.

Synchronously big bang borne

and eschatologically extant.

Immutable choice for vice. Embracing envy and vanity

against eudaimonia. Sinister shadows know non-locality.

Equidistant and intimate to every square and intersection

upon which the bishops and knights deathly dance with kings and queens.

Pyscho-parasitical wyrms have no body

to slay. Whispering noetic toxicity with their cardiodegenerative venom.

Nonparticipants in the principle of individuation: every one of them

as different from each other as us from chimpanzees. Numberless numina

judge being itself criminal. Hateful hearts devoid of love,

even for themselves. Their gospel is anti-life:

a “*life*” that *is* death. In the guise of light spiritual sodomites sadomasochistically set snares shrouded seductively. Never-ending scaphism, the Diabolical vision,

without respite is their want for you: To drag you through the event horizon of Tartaros: The night terror without exit or end.

They cannot create,

so they destroy.

They cannot form,

so they deform.

You are not strong enough,

to fight anthropophagic archangels.

You are not fast enough,

to escape diabolical devils.

You are not smart enough,

to outwit Lovecraftian loas.

Hail Mary, full of grace, pray for me, a sinner.