

Poetry Series

Shireen Ramadan
- poems -

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My name is Shireen 'Mocka'. I'm 23 years old & Egyptian, I graduated from Faculty of Arts English dep. on 2011. I worked in call centers field for 2 years & now I'm working as a customer service advisor in Sony UK based in Egypt. My poetry is mainly talking about those themes 'suicide, misanthropy, mythology, anti-religions, nature, cosmic dimensions, despair, darkness, evil, revenge, ...etc'

Aborted Ism

Death has cursed us to live
In simple phases & automised lines
Bulimias upon the name ov labour
Eating upon my own from sameness
Feel me death, why've you cursed me?
With your electric shock in wrong systems
In flesh I be the word ov machinery
I raised from death to eat me conscious
Why've you spoken a spell ov globes?
Elites dismantled from the first living
Living organisms in the grand tree ov death
Fading zigzags in a gradual electric
Electrolysis having smaller traces
Again & again until your termination
Carbon fades from strong to wrong
To end at last in the line ov nihilism
We're nothingness upon a decomposed
Which raised in blackness ov a splendid ending
Voluptuous fiery & split to death vomitting
Becoming bacterialised in rocks & entities
To spin the chemicals & breed the elements
Rotting from an abortion to oxygen
Smaller traces to begin until an end
As if death is a patient overcoming illness
Whether illness ov will or whether by consent
But not consciously systemised nor maneouvred
We're suckles looking suggestively
Vertebras ov legacy & smaller sensors & limbs
Cavities to devour in a matter ov deduction
But don't believe in them nor their lies ov becoming
From hence I conceived our maladies ov living
Not from their Eve nor the curse ov Cain
But as we come from a surviving dismantled
To feed the same greed ov remain.
The pleasures ov breeding but not adour
Aborted ism in a saga nihilist
Holding blood ov fear from a real cause ov creation
Which is decay that we abhor
Organisms upon immense globes ov name

Complicated in every sense ov hidden
Black circles absorbing credibilities & matters
To suck us dead & slaughter another shocks ov living
That when we die in no truthful bond
Smelly petrified to nourish maggots ov grave
Smaller zigzags again & again
Until all vanish in no useful gain.
Aborted ism do they hold in mind
The real sinful phantasm ov hurtful creeds
Adopting diversity ov better & worse
The chosen disciples & God's deputies on Earth
Claiming upon humbug ov crimson devil
But THIS IS THE GREED OV LIVING TO REMAIN.....

Shireen Ramadan

Abused

Their dark anthems breeding turmoil
Bleeding tumours to my listening
When they observe me leprous
In public, abusing me

My wars approach in chains
Knives plucking ears sourceful
I watch me deluded comatose
I conquer...

I bleed the lakes
Above infants excrement
I bleed their cities & regions
A crow in verse

Their dark towns moth-eaten
Eating ease in gas-chambers
My screams ov flesh, I cook them leprous
Holding weed ov lily witches

I sweep all mundane lives
Ov hate anthems in the sun
He cursed & swore my name
Shine a plague godless cartoon

Moribund misanthropic
Morbid scenes crying fat & tar
Drink me whore to please Medusa
Breeding chambers ov Holocaust

They're singing curses sadness feminism
Upon my name forever abused.....

Shireen Ramadan

Acid Akbar!

Burn in nematodes, be a Byronic acid.
Holy wreaths to boil the vomit twin.
Moses, father, I lost the spectre.
Their sacks under skin to evoke Magus.
Claws are snapping the acid Akbar.
In flames, I rip to raise the names.
Nails, nausea, I'm the numb ov nemesis.
I wrote their manuscripts to wake the matter.
Devours in sacraments, burn in nematodes.
A testament ov shaping the valley in them.
My letters in the wind ov noma, to curse the Earth.
The cup ov Eucharist, I lost the spectre.
For epic trees to bleed in Shahada.
I fight the crust ov illness in hypnotic cloth.
Casting the bible, curses eternal.
Strings, stitches, the milk over threads to sew them.
A calm psychosis to write the history.
To multiply in cockroaches, to cream the nasty.
I lost the spectre, I woke the matter.
Calamity in creatures, their legs in shatter.
Lies, Christs, crosses, coffins.
A carrion death ov nematodes in the shroud Akbar.
My devours in sacks, above the noble.
My girdles ov torture, to cut in cells.
Nerves, fleshings, phlegm in throats.
Whores, fingers, the carnal remains for aristocrats.
Black identities to curse the Earth, to revolve around the script ov god.
Initiate his acid, their wake ov globing.
Materials, machines, industries, fair lexical to twist.
Sew their skin to hang the nobles.
I fight the crust ov illness in hypnotic cloth.
In phlegm ov time, in a solid ylem.
Before the chemicals, in raw elements, aba evolution.
In whipping iron ov prostitution, the sufferings are crawling in cloth.
Blood bottles ov victims, the cause, in scripts.
A global cell to multiply prisons, my devours in sacraments.
Semen, altars, epic trees are bleeding the fluid.
From the red bottles ov carnage, their walls to sew the void.
Casting the bible, a black in eternal.

I lost a noble spectre to breed the nematodes.....

Shireen Ramadan

Amen Painkillers

In aspiration Europe, to climb an empty vine,
Guns to debate, in gore grape election,
Monarch miasma, pee the needy weapon,
Suckling electric ossa, incest in anarchies,
Abort a nation by self-induced, the pregnant tomb,
To hold the under-killers in decomposition,
A raid smoke scene, to dress the obscene,
Criminal congress in warheads to fight,
Their famine painkillers to judge golden urine,
Amen! Halloween Amen!
Spit their poison, to split the vote vertebra,
The cotton in flames as we cast out flesh curses,
Soaking knuckled in sucrose blood,
Powder tunnel systems, corpses in mute,
To kill jail pains in cadaver election,
To slaughter the real on bruises & dolls,
Amen the obscene!
Deceit in space & matter to commit the knowing,
Out ov the walking through, machinate the lecheries,
Prick their meat on spell, concede suicide for injuries,
Commit the masses, the paper lame to carry on,
Retarded in mute, incest in anarchies,
Elect the phlegm, the chosen one,
Surrealed in drugs behind bone famine,
In blessings ov tomb to pray the tyranny,
I curse to starve the lies in grape painkillers.....

Shireen Ramadan

Ants Ov Haram, Thy Spell!

Chalk, sulphur, blood, hair.
Black eyes, North & South.
The dry dust, the house ov Satan.
Flesh, flesh, oil, the weak.
I don't believe.
I don't believe.
The black on paper, the needles, the alphabets.
I write from tumour, I invoke her.
The black ov spell in five directions.
Domination, North & South, above religion.
Sow the wickedness from lime trees.
The trees ov sins are rusting on my land.
For her sake, the sore ov lime.
Rusting, echo, holding the infant.
To the tomb ov teeth.
To the blood in narrow.
To the nooks ov candy.
Eaten by them.
In dust, I invoke her.
The whisper in sable squares.
Ants ov Haram, thy spell to fall.
Tiny deities, imposing arms, in eight legs ov cancer.
The death in words, the unspoken I overrated.
In every tone ov shroud, deafening the nooks ov candy.
Fall thy blazes to the undivine bloodline.
Bleed their vengeance in squares ov divine.
Spreading masses over nooks to come, I hark the Allah to shut their Haram.
In flowers ov mind, in grease ov danger, the black ov spell in five directions.
Chalk, sulphur, blood, hair.
Wax dolls, black eyes, pantomimes, I unleash the postmortem.
I invoke a phobic yore, in heights ov Allah.
Thy sides, moving, hark my awe in nooks.
Fester, moons, gore plagues, the Kingdom to come.
Frail the unity, deafen to seize & choke.
Stare, Solomons, sly, slaughter.
Crumble, subconscious, chromosomes, breed her tumour.
Give us our daily bread, thy chronic sap in profound.
Thy presence, in eight legs ov cancer, His infinitude in pomes.
Wax ov dead, black eyes in nooks.

Drug to dig in flesh ov Haram.
Inversion, grand, colonies, squeal the ants.
Around, around, our spell to come.
In content ov germs, in shrouds ov illness.
Their drums, in tunnels, to dig, to us.
I harked their tumour to squeeze the firmament.
Hurricane ov heights to digest the lost.
Consume, conquer, corrode, catamite.
Hew the lust in ants ov Haram.
Whispering, suffering, suffocating, pricking.
In dead motion ov larva, in apoplexy.
My fall in chromosomes to digest their Haram.
Their drums, in tunnels, to dig, to us.
Her hooks, blood heaves, graveyards, the black on paper.
Exorcize, above religion, distort the dolls ov infancy.
In flowers ov mind, in grease ov danger, the black ov spell in five directions.
Stagnant, extinguished, menstruate on white.
The guilt ov omnipresence, the hollow, the needles.
Consume, conquer, corrode, catamite.
Bleed their green, burn in catarrh.
I terminate thy spell in flesh ov Haram.....

Shireen Ramadan

Apple-Eye

The apple-eye in core ov sinful
The crap ov external worlds in me
Lingering on a planet ov walking
Free me from the eye
Vulnerable.....
Shackled with their presence
Extinction & delusion
Drinking my downfall in abyss
Wounds ov a world we live in
Ashes, blood perfumes in my veins
The apple-eye is watching
Spreading black disease ov sinful
I vomit the earth ov mankind
Drowned in sewage ov sins & hair
Flees in blood ov male intimate
I'm eyeless & facial paralysis
I'm the end of wholeness
Vulnerable in ashes
Watching sins, beggars & needy
Lies, all lies.....

Shireen Ramadan

Cataclysm Wordage

Artistic sickness ov doctrine, words constructing judgment.
Empire owning massacre, clean sense ov death from below.
Damage in head, growling gangrene.
The new strain to kill livings, for cataclysm wordage.
World wars in sentence, to be sentenced, to necrosis.
Strains, aghast, reconstructing damage.
Swarms, moving, penetrate their guts ov knowing.
Gut their shapes in me, I lived in words to inter their theme.
They're the moisture fat to deal in theory.
Damage in head, growling gangrene.
Devastate in nucleuses, in caskets, to procreate infected.
Sucrose ov death down to Apocrypha.
Poesy decapitates, to word the damaged sermon.
In sickness ov water to swarm the artists, I bleed wordage in me.
Cataclysm burning surface to core fleshing, to breed their awful scene.
Cocaine poetic, killing pulse, crawling blows to head-grave.
Optics to watch sizes surrounding, in tools ov slaughter I keep livings.
I seize their tongues to growl gangrene, I watch them burn, I be the word.
I breed them dead to be infected, I kept to squeal the burning cocaine.
In pestilence ov artists, in oil sickness, I wrote their epitaphs to enshroud the
real.....

Shireen Ramadan

Diary Nosebleed

Is it supposed to be ME unworthy
All what's spinning in nowhere & no cause, reasonable
Supposing 'REASONABLE'
No walking ov value
No mates ov genuine rhyming world
No preciseness, no lines nor boundaries
No stop signs on the road
His image echoing & sweet sulfur voice
Am I supposed to die now, NOW?
Am I supposed to choke, in lies ov momental everyday
Day, after day, after day moving zigzags
A phantasmagoria nightmare
Am I human for the meantime
Or just robotic fading vision
I feel the horrid empty every hour passing
I'm feeding on failures
False expectations, loathing clocks
Lost in space & time just gazing
Ticking again, again irrevocable
Cannibalised my Muse became, wrinkled
Not sitting on banks ov rivers as claimed

He promised to stay
But fled from my inside
He promised not to leave me alone
But eating his promises continuous
I curse a nosebleed sickness
I feel like mean jokes & dampness
Holding hands with death always
Hand in hand, just walking
Every day, inevitable...
Every quantum & weight & length
Every tiny particle ov my sore existence
I nosebleed their promises
I don't claim a diary on you fellow
But just inquiring about it
If you're here, just tell me:
You're listening
Is it abstractness, stupidity, lunacy structured in my frame

Is it reality inverted
Or simply Matrix
Maybe we're humans & humans we eat
Maybe we're puppets in bondage bizarre
Maybe he didn't fancy even, evenness
Or simply LIED
I don't take that
Nor my diary nosebleed for granted.....

Shireen Ramadan

Diary Nosebleed II

I dreamed, I slain & fed upon flesh elegance
I matched their odious standards for a second
I was matched in amoral matrimony
Without question I walked through men
Not asking permissions nor blood favours
I nosebleed utterings ov apocalypse
I killed their chief tribe whore ov karma
The whore chief has slain the king

Demanding beds & rod to rule them
She blamed herself upon the mass
Feeling orgasms in pits of macabre
Smelling me wounded, selfish, gory

All those years
All those memories have been you
Walls & dungeons built in rib-cages
You passed through me swagging
You passed me through time & disease
We passed the grim image ov Dorian
We killed the mighty whore ov capitalism
All those memories inflicted

Tribes, germs are masses, belts over
Contaminated my systems, digestion, elegance
Dissecting, falsifying in physiques ov mothers
I nosebleed hallucinations

What I have smoked this morning
& drunk this daydoom
liquified, volatile, diluted in wine
Red blood purple dooms ov subconsciousness
Hanging over epilepsy abhorred
Demanding his sweat embraces

Cancer treatments he painted
A false Dorian Grey sculptured
In my brains planted weed & morphine, poetic
I smashed their heads to dismantle

I soaked cracks in blood-ink, catatonic
Gathering remains ov mass in a diary.....

Shireen Ramadan

Dreamers

I felt combining, born to sneak
Beyond heavens, deities & dreams
Beyond lost wisdom to be unshackled
To smoke leukemia preconceptions
Bars of disease are priceless
Virginities are sleeping subconsciousness
Eating lungs eating hands undercurrent
Vomitting blood & aspirations
The dreamers are nosebleeding in a hangover
Marlboro signs to smoke underwater
Underpressure, over pressing lungs
Seeking tyrannical over leeches
Smoking spotless minds creeping trees
Watching secrets to burn flowers & cigarettes
Authenticity cocaine pulse poetic
To damage hearts of blinds & combustives
Under beards are flees & lying secrets of heaven
Fleeing dumbs of politics in a gore community
Our moribund look under pressure, floating over sins
Possessive paranormal pork posting procedure
Marlboro virgins are burning
Slithering under white coffins of sex cocaine
Loosing hair smelling flesh liberty
Purifying slaves & smokers
The dreams of toxic twisted machines
All grateful hands of communism
From a lying labour vision in grave-full
I dreamt once to sleep
To crumble, to sweat their blood & choler
Digging earth exhuming truth breeding wings
For dreamers to float above existence
Beyond cosmos, predicting death inevitable
Predicting vision of female kiss
Eating bowels, virgins & tough men
Digging impetus, cranium, momentum
In cores of humans are gaps of hunger
Eating greed consuming ultra-simple
Wardrobes, walls & dungeons precompassion
Beyond heavens, deities & dreams

They burn, they smoke the dreams ov us.....

Shireen Ramadan

Eyes! Lakes! My Phantoms!

Longing for death, the black sweetness in candy.
Taste my blood ov so sweet suffer in pain.
Open my eyes, watching the grace in vain.
I stabbed the way ov treachery, I'm the ugly.
I'm the orphan ov serpents, I'm the blasphemy.
I'm the phantom ov a liar in veins ov chronic long.
I'm the eyes, watching my tape, chronicles ov wrong.
Phantasmagoria, I redefine, I'm the nightmare ov chant.
Awake to see my downfall, my flaws, his harlots.
Chewing the flesh & fat ov leech, drawing black lakes.
& awake, awake, clean the hands, orphans in shakes.
Humility, the Saviour, the Redeemer, melting in treachery.
Jesus or lover, I'm the more, I'm the entity.
I was born to demise, to be sombre, to be ugly.
Have the pleasure in pain ov diluted, half-lived, my crucifix.
Anaesthetics wearing thin, the bloated leech in my cemetery.
My Dracula kissing omnipotence, snapping my lust.
My only way in beyond, meta-pleasure, I greet thy entity.
Lost the dreams, the subsistence, sowing the evil.
Harvest ov gore, gathering germs, germs ov leech, bloated core.
Immortal eyes, lakes, my phantoms ov war.
Beyond my reach, on the edge ov precipice, adoring my wound.
Longing to whores, black sweet filth, excrement ov sore.
In my chamber ov hysterias, ejaculation, depict the Dystopia.
Writing a spell to catch his aroma, his watching, his panic.
Trying the lore in his bible, my mazes ov hysterias.
Hoping the dote in fiends, preferring the Sapphic.
Orgasm in Lucifer's embraces, incubus in prolific.
I'm rising from bed in a burial, incubuses rise, I'll rise.
Let me have the end, catch the throat, smoother my phobias.
Squeeze the real & coil, the serpentine dance ov cells, my mortals.
Fancy more, sleep in gore, nymph in bed, mad virgin.
Immortal eyes, lakes, my phantoms in obsess.
Under wrath, I'll rise, I'll haunt, inextinguished flames.
Above mere deceiver, but I'm longing to be deceived.
I'm content to treachery, to my suffer, to be ugly.
His lies are so sweet, the black candy, my sepsis' pus.
My nectar, the sap ov apple, my first sin keeping the breath.
Stop my breath, keep the chronic, take me from abyss ov loss.

Keep my elegant way ov death, keep me pretty, I'm the victory.
Cult ov sowing, keeping victory, an inextinguished memory.
The burial scenery, I'm in fire, fornication ov worry.
Taste his sin in blackberry; take me from my maze ov loss.
I'm real without his lies, I'm here, but I'm the most lie.
I'm lost in him, on the edge ov precipice we cry.
His dote in my blood, sweet liar, volatile death, falling from high.
Smothering a reality, the black sweetness in candy.
But don't tell me where? Eyes, lakes, my phantoms.....

Shireen Ramadan

Feed Me Opera! Thugs & Lycans!

Keep your eyes on the ground; I'm the force ov empty in your system.
To germinate in a royal cavity, waste ov human gene.
I'm a fleshy activated weapon in chains; I'm a slave to Shiva in mass
destruction.
Set me free; remove my shackles, in thunder ov bowels, for the cannibal deity.
We don't die often, to console with animals & beetles ov hunger.
We're not your tamed, we're the vision, we're the Lycans.
Wolves ov Ezra as children ov night, in dreaming eyes ov lost sapphire.
We raise in fire focus, in force ov betrayers, to handle us as dolls ov devil, as
Seraph in higher level.
Order must be kept in chains, luxurious fraud in force ov mice.
Collapse your order, rebel for cursed wants, your rights to behold, YOU BELONG
TO ME.
I'm the empowered reflecting hold in fangs, to snap, to suck, in shackles ov
price.
But I'm a gun ov blurry to resist, in massacres & waste, humans to shrill.
Building my army ov privileged class ov Lycans, to fight in chains, to nourish
from skin.
Let me grow inside your bones, to inter your inners, to germinate within.
I'm an absolute monstrosity, feeding from your bowels' immortality.
Seize my shapes in silence; feed me thugs & Lycans.
In opera ov wolves, in shackles & yells, my screams ov Kali, in bowels ov
vampires.
I'm growing in chains; I'm eating their ruins, like burying alive in few feet under.
You gave me slavery in a womb ov grotesque, exotic tainted pride with glory.
In victorious chronicles ov ancestors, black history to climb the vine, in their
black balls.
My red focus in termination, baptism ov dusk in visions ov old Seraph.
To organise their decay in light, turning to ashes, insubstantial vampires.
I'm a germinating Lyman within belligerency, pomes ov red, anthropophagus pest
from inner recess.
To torture me, in thirty lashes, to capture worshippers, to distort & obliterate.
Curses ov breed, destroyers in anarchy, to inter their castles, to submerge a
royalty.
A council composed in thugs' intellect, to manage in recess robust affairs.
Circumcisions, multiplying, multiplying, ripping a Lyman to be the dusk, in painful
thralldom.
Taking your suggestions under advisement, dictator Dracula as a fraud ov art.
But ART IS WAR, multiplying, multiplying, circumcisions, incomprehensible

massacre ov myriad infants.

Feed me opera, thugs & Lycans, devoured by servitude, in bowels ov fraud.

In leaves ov head, to decide an end, FIGHT OR DIE, We're the Lycans.

Hearing the loud in children ov Bethlehem, their yells to grow, massacring the masters.

Our red focus to multiply wolves, for opera ov thralls, for the art ov Lycans.....

Shireen Ramadan

Gallery Ov Moses

For the art ov mankind inside a gallery ov suicide, to spread the mange, for beings, solitude, in a childhood, to eat their children, Manna from heaven. In a wicked sorcery ov resurrection, For Muses ov gift to water the lands, soaking the knuckled in blood & words, depicting the era ov philosophers in dark, gallery ov angels, in Diaspora. Manna from heaven, in ashes ov raven, for the opera ov dark, crusts ov dry Moses. Sorcery ov Pharaoh, holding his rod, converting serpentine, magicians in loss. Splits ov wide reflection on seas, Moses in opera, for the art ov man. Wings ov lasting prophet to the song, foreseeing the breed ov angels from light. In the lasting day ov ending gallery, to depict an Eden, in shadows ov chosen. Anti-Christ's to fight, stable in a scale. From each gallery ov cosmos, we choose the philosopher, to judge a destiny, to draw his cult. Exposed at last, from the bounty ov Israel, inside a gallery ov suicide, to spread the mange, for beings, solitude, in a childhood, in Bethlehem cradles. From Moses to a cursed, soaking the knuckled, in blood & words, in deserted loss, we seek the angel, to shelter their Manna, to ruin in peace. From wet to graves, from knuckled to the image, from icons to a world, from rhymes to the opera, in myriad curses ov cobra, from faith to a God, blasphemy ov rod, converting serpentine, magicians in loss. For the art ov mankind in my gallery ov dead songs, my tones ov knuckled violin in a miracle, splits ov wide reflection on seas, Moses in opera, for the art ov man.....

Shireen Ramadan

I Passed The Cornfield

I passed my aeons ov chastity
I saw the beast within
I wrote cornfields in my brain backwards
I wrote them & doomed the end
Crocus virgins appealling bed
The crow chose me, you're so dead
Within auditory, the sore ov fruit
My Dalloways died in me, suicide ov adultery
Lost gender in their field, wrote poesy to be redeemed
Saw struggle ov tubes, everlasting, unesteemed
The apple indeed, in deeds ov chamber
Beyond circumference ov my double-vision
Radio waves conspiring, overweight revolting
I swallowed every tiny tool ov their repulsing
My gown is slipping to show a grave
My brain is swimming curious unbrave
The crow chose me to possess a slave
I saw greatness within...
A grail undoomed...
I wrote cornfields with folded hands lingering
I saw a Gorgon beheaded
I watched them loathed unnoticed
Blackholes are obsession ov mine
I doomed intimacy ov beds & circles
Causing physics unending shrine
Plankton in nausea ov graveyard games
My brain-injury, playing chess concussion
My chastity ov crania in a horologium
To slaughter a jabberwalky ov dreams
I pass through...
My gown is slipping to show a grave
My brain is swimming wasted unbrave
My dreams ov staleness are safe to bleed
I slay my noise ov bones & values ov vision
Distort the trees ov lustful end
My prostitutes are screaming, you're so dead
They never sleep, drown them in water
To send them back haunting carnivores
Their noise ov souls, my sore ov Jehovah

I doomed my chastity upon a cornfield.....

Shireen Ramadan

I Was Dead Before

I was a concubine in the sultan's harim
I was dirt in palates ov eunuchs
I was united in one spell ov chastity
I was on the edge of precipice

I pleased the sultan to eat decay
I cursed a fortress catameniac
I called the wind in seven directions
The horrors ov women cadavers

I'm his gun disease
Upon a crowned head ov torture
I'm a gross injustice
For a black fly concubine

I ate the gore ov eras
I was left behind putrified
They left me behind ignored
The stray abandoned lame

I was told that I'm unglorious
I was stabbed the stepwife victory
They told me that I'm an omen
They told me to die for all

I sought a living on planet
But didn't find except monsters
With all shapes & sizes haunted
They haunted my brain to feed

I was told that my mother erred
Ov breeding me to them
I was told that I'm a mistake
To adore their hated & claim

I was dead in them
I abused their living
I watched them unnecessary
In staleness dreams I was dead before.....

Shireen Ramadan

Incinerators' Era Ov Vermin

Sculptured in hands ov Christ, stigmata séance ov ruined spirits.
Restricted in chaotic whisper, ov piercing divine, in gore & slime.
In rot & slime we lose our hold, my holding vermin, backbones ov small.
Slaughtering the small, incinerators ov war, I'm the fiery blaze ov phobic in close.
Wars ov Agb in rotten dead words, in exist ov slacker antique.
Ov ivory & horns, my banquets ov norms, ov lost culture, suckling.
In dungeons & burdens, in Scandinavian ruby.
In myriad hunger caves ov plague, in era ov lions, in decease ov famines.
My slime in burn, my phobic in close, exposing internal, ov sovereign nocturnal.
Calculating nerves in realms ov horror, my zenith ov vermin in blood ov eternal.
Slaughtering the small, incinerators ov war, I'm a stagnant zombie in bloodguilt abnormal.
With sub creatures being involved, erotophobic masturbating deals.
Humans ov rubbing, buried in limbo, in cores ov beings, my sower ov evil.
Sprouts ov fertility, watering to grow, growing in fear, with burying disappear.
From springs ov summer we lose our hold, in past Sodom winds, old warriors ov conscious.
Shallowing mermaids in the water ov God, to demise in limbo, ov stabbing crucifixion.
In pods ov the Western sea, ripping hair ov nymphs.
Black mermaids in winds, in Sapphic water rings.
Calculating evil in water ov Gomorrah, baptizing virgins, my era ov vampire.
On battlefield we sing the chaos, cultivating fear, ov magnet disappear.
I'm a lost vermin in magnets ov hatred, wilful to die, incinerators in near.
In magnets & vermins, overwhelmed in nerves, recollecting fire, in dancing wars ov higher.
My vanity ov sane in whispers ov wane, my murmurs ov wax, in virtues ov tragedy.
I'm a damned aggrieved in rotten bound, I'm a stigmata séance ov ruined profane.
In grieves ov long we sing the chaos, cultivating God, in sacrificial dame.
In dungeons & burdens, in Scandinavian ruby.
My dragons ov crusades in a black age ov gold.
In dungeons ov sands, beneath my rotten hands.
My golden age ov stony demise, in dungeons ov wit, beneath worshipping ground.
Mediaeval banquets ov crunching royal, misanthropic Caesar, in figures ov might.
Eager soil in spoons ov gold, in vermins' dead spawns, my era ov vampire.

I'm a meagre tribute ov catharsis, Purgating Jesus, sowing diabolism.
Catharsis ov lore, in Tophets ov war, purgating hell icons, biblical symbolism.
Diabolic in eager, incinerating skin, nodded to sub, subhuman vermin.
Enslaving the green, in my dead beauty, virginity ov mean, maternal obscene.
In naked heads ov forbidden, forbidding hearts from touch.
Suffocating angels, vomiting the black, in sable they cry, in white sludge.
Handling essential to no essence, begging for love, ov absolute above.
For no crimes we sing the chaos, culminating fear, ov virgins still here.
Slaughtering the small, incinerators ov war, with axe ov denotation.
Disturbance ov waves in silent noise, awaking zombies, my cult ov pollution.
Restricted wars in secrets ov whisper, from underneath we murder devotion.
In dungeons & burdens, in Scandinavian ruby.
In sad purple ov young, in roses ov high, we long to die.
Burying Yahweh in my divine, in burning graves ov heaven to crime.
My shades ov Sodom in rotten dead words, escaped from might in sacrifice ov
time.
Removing the spoiled in arms ov revenge, fixing dead carrion, in flesh ov serene.
Sculptured in hands ov grave, in virtues we die, my era ov vermin.....

Shireen Ramadan

Iscariots In Fade!

Coma ov wakefulness, for deceit, reading fortune, in a palm ov gentle sword.
Lacerating, to the centre, Armageddon, our battle ov craft.
Solutions ov immense, creating destiny, in Argus' focus, watching sole princess.
With hundred eyes ov oblivion, transforming ogres ov warlike.
Art ov Beowulf & all the monks, to amass lasting devotion.
Static arrows to stab the senseless, on roots ov concubine, to deceive a genuine.
In gentle palm to decipher labyrinths, ov craft & trauma, for Judas, the deceiver.
Healed the white to execute a redeemer, for a confess, upon the cross.
Crucify the goat, compose barbs ov sharp, for the long suffering king, in sacred
chase ov puppets.
For Satan to manipulate, or Jesus to wait, engraved in black, towards severity.
Sacrifice the Lord, by swords ov atheism, unhallowed Iscariot by infernal
conspiracy.
In a humble truth, crucified, frayed for puppets ov Luciferium.
Deserving ashes in tragic palate, to whisper procreation ov toxic seeds.
Their aborted fingers ov carbonized, drowned etherealised, for sweet plague
insides.
Candy taste, in a wine chest, our misery ov Jesus' beloved, as a soaked bride ov
cave-head.
Captured by invincible dead, in hammering hallowing handling fist.
As words transformed cadaver, to worship emptiness ov distorted, procession ov
crucified, exposed & loaded.
Lies in epidemic, penance to repent, amorphous poor countenance, in famine ov
cursed paradise.
Carrion in deceit ov hierarchy, for Kali, the ogre.
Nursing myriad Iscariots, to feed us the false.
Low sovereign in a pubic oath, catastrophic, claustrophobic, catameniac,
apocalyptic.
As a grub to swallow her own flesh, cocoon to smoother the bliss.
Pure catharsis in lie, power indulging their throne ov slaves.
Aborted larva in decadence, cadaver Argus to breed bulimia.
For a damaged innocent Christ, purgating toxic seeds ov ogres.
His shrieks ov buried angels in us, in veins ov clustered sepsis, we yell his
wretchedness.
Suffocated carols to a lost life-form, soaked in restricting cords.
Failed to elevate our infants from earth, from hammering hallowing handling
fragile.
Cockroaches multiply in apple sin, for the primary evil ov Samael.
His haunting cancer ov wisdom, evoked by humble silence.

Serenades under beings in narrow, to foretell mourning prophecies.
Spontaneous screams ov mist to obey, on my command, raw clay to create.
Their sanctuary in fray, procreation to terminate, for Satan to manipulate, or
Jesus to wait.
To twist the slay, God's grace ov jewels, Mesozoic in rules, Triassic to concede.
Judas is eager to please, to yield prostate pressure, fetus in form, Satan to
conform.
Apocrypha in the holy begin, to shrink the holy, to swell fornication.
Standard ov Iscariot the executioner, feeding from his tissued dictates.
Intensifiers to invade, testosterone feeding drone, increased by sole breeder in
raid.
Meat hooks to penetrate, the welcoming grave in his throat.
TRAITOR, BETRAYER, inverting to untamed, appeal to activate.
Lord ov Triassic, before procreation, trembling to enslaved, by chase, in chains.
O father, your reason to leave me, why? Why've you left your core?
Ungraceful by lizards, in hazards, in forests ov curse, enslaved in gaze.
Abhorrent, repulsive, artificial series ov prostate gods to hate.
Judas the usurper, dwelt in phase, a liberated savage, hungry to Ten
Commandments.
The prey has to pray, to salvage, crosses to rise, like phoenix from palatal grave.

Bear the flames, you're banished from holy, our insides ov Malakout, from a wise
throat.
You let the famine chew the infant, feeding from carbon wicked.
To distort verses ov sacrificial God, dismantled in lust serenades.
Fatal disaster to be allowed, for stabbing ogres, ov the false visual.
Invoked by Judas, with hundred eyes ov oblivion, our human hair in bound, to
hang a Christ in reason.
In coma ov wakefulness, to feed the Iscariots, to feed from Lord, his ogres ov
Armageddon.....

Shireen Ramadan

Lady & Sins; Over Siege

Affairs in deep to shape the apnoea.
Vomit two parents.
Vomit the orphanage.
The exhausted sins over siege, the nausea.
The world in a lady, to suffocate all veins.
Breathing clouds as pests to spin the air.
The unknown is ME.
The existence is ME.
The heavens in HE.
Homicide in fume.
I eradicate the beauty, the flesh ov men.
To knock their woods, to absorb a sleep.
To wake a flock ov useless, to kill the sheep.
Vomit their vanity, their machines are forming.
In brains, the million organs, coming to end.
Pass away to the other.
Another, but where is he?
Fancy under siege ov masses, their microbes ov wisdom.
Resisting, role ov heroes, rustic, for chemicals.
Homicide in fume, burning the leprosy.
To smoke the last & keel over.
I keel over.
I keel over the scene.
The sheep is ME.
The rod is HE.
Their faith in a portrait, to model no sin.
To pass the load ov digestive system.
To normalise a liver, to heat their wax.
To see the worship ov many, but where is ME?
I erupt the orphan modelling, to burst two parents.
Merry-go-round, drowning to spin.
I'm the spoiled feminine system ov history, I buried the necklace.
A matrimony ov no exist to hide their delusion.
I keel over, the sinful lady ov the scene.....

Shireen Ramadan

Libertine

Curse on me, eat me the hearse,
I'm the doom libertine to hold dim space,
To swim in hollow, to crust their double face,
Ov toxic vain in rhyming disgrace,
Victoria's wraith to haunt my place,
Suffocate the free liberated in flesh ov females,
Their vaginas are cursed in Satan's embrace,
Released in grim to write their maze,
Devours in misery for Nazi full blaze,
I'm the end ov a world in doom libertine.....

Shireen Ramadan

Memory Light

Unworthy, where my corpse corrodes in decadence.
The light ov ending in shadows ov morrow.
In his weight, watching disease, to cite the whiteless.
I creep to rot the affection, to wait unable.
My blessings in the pale where your aura lied.
Your face ov ruins in dreadful pretence.
Grieves ov lost sight where your aura hides.
In souls ov fatal repugnance to my shades ov remembering.
To caress my prayers ov a bruised sun.
For morrows to pretend in despair ov watching.
See! I allowed the dead to come, to stay in you.
Behind the seven suns ov end, above the cripple.
His walk to shift the seasons, to rest mimesis, to sob the summits.
A lasting lament to the unserenades, to the rhyme ov beams, where your aura falls.
I blessed the light with lost prayers, to remain the dead & pass away.
To the loss ov rhymes.
To sob the damned.
To hew a bruise in cripple.
To hang the incapable.
To feed a disease.
To be unworthy.....

Shireen Ramadan

Metal For Them!

Metal is my mental orgasm to cum out my thoughts.
A musing obsession that you reach the spiritual circle in a song.
The lyrics are souls ov fighters, holding their names.
The growls breed a gladiating fury.
The guitar rhythms are the sound ov swords.
The drums indicate lunacy from a battle to begin.
Metal is my liberty ov soul & matter.
A religious ceremony, my warlike bondage, worshipping weapons.
A knife without blades, cutting to heal the psyche.
The inner self, the life force, the tendency ov free wits.
A point ov realising what divinity is.
Holding no end to rot inside me.
That I cannot sense the pains in my frame.
The inspiration, the injuries, my poems in many faces.
My flesh is numbed with its drug & atmosphere.
That this music never dies as it's a phase ov death itself.
Another coma ov life, spheres ov ghosts, to separate the externity from your own.
To have a full & ultimate notion ov who you really are.
Nourishing infinity in a new world, feeding the plant ov truth in you.
& it'll never come to termination, to breed the symbols.
Metal is the entity ov all your ideas, perception & grasp bonding all in sole focus.
Without conscious you initiate the sacredness ov arts.
The pride ov warriors.
The surrealism ov minds.
The energy ov natures.
The brainstorming ov spooks.
All together, bleeding.
Having a full control ov what lies beyond.
Holding harness ov letters to resurrect a muse.
But in utter, with compos mentis.
Metal for them is my isolation.....

Shireen Ramadan

Noble Savages Are Brains

1)

I went in lunacy, lingering through
The mob ov madness, in lustful dreams
My animal stench is grownig foul
Who might be right in taverns beer

hello hello hello, how low? -3

-(chorus)

Noble sufferings are my proverbs
I'm in them & they're cursing
Osbornes, walls & bloody sisters
The frailed slaves are meat in hook-rings

2)

Over my bed ov noble savage
I knew swines valued beyond surreal
Building temples in ribs abused
In cores ov madness coke-cage & cream

hello hello hello how low? -3

-(chorus)

Noble sufferings are my proverbs
I'm in them & they're cursing
Osbornes, walls & bloody sisters
The frailed slaves are meat in hook-rings

3)

Who rose the flames in my brain?
Who killed my emptiness ov frame?
Who slain me in sovereign murk?
My slaves are drawing nerve octane

hello hello hello how low? -3

-(chorus)

Noble sufferings are my proverbs
I'm in them & they're cursing
Osbornes, walls & bloody sisters
The frailed slaves are meat in hook-rings

4)

I went mad thoughtless decapitate
Eat me raw nakedness faith-waste
Godless, mortals are dying grace
On my bed ov mud-blood sour dreams

hello hello hello how low? -3

-(chorus)

Noble sufferings are my proverbs
I'm in them & they're cursing
Osbournes, walls & bloody sisters
The frailed slaves are meat in hook-rings

Watch up ruthless

Watch down growning

My animal stench

My mean sovereigns

ARE BRAIIIIIIIIINSSSSS.....

Shireen Ramadan

Paper Doll

I Look At her In That Paper Dress.
I Wonder Why She Won't Burn.
She's Just A Paper Doll,
Thats All, Just A Paper Doll.
I Dress Her Up She Knocks Me down
I Dress Her Up She Knocks Me down
They Try Her On For Size she Fits, Nice.
One Size Fits All
One Size Fits All
Now Her Soul Is Dead, Now Her Bodies Raw,
You Can Numb Her Pain
Watch The Blood Run Down Her Face.
But Dont Take Notice.
Watch The Blood Run Down Her Arms.
Please Don't Take Notice.
I Know You Have Her Soul.
(and) I See It In Your Eyes.
She Knows You Have Her Soul.
(and) She Sees It In Your Eyes.
Now Her Soul Is Dead, Now Her Bodies Raw,
WASH AWAY HER PAIN
She Wants You To Eat Her Pain.
She Wants You To Eat Her Remains
She Wants You To Eat Her Remains

Shireen Ramadan

Poseidon In Morgue

She slapped the spheres of existence
With thunderbolts escape
She married Poseidon for living
Shaping the morgue in everyone

She & I are sculpted in ME
She is the grand tree ov life
Her ghouls ov lost gods in tissue
I felt Poseidon dwelt in limbs

Ruins & morgues
Sentenced in sea coffins
Temples & ancients
In her eye sockets squeezed

She escaped the shores ov Earth
To dumb Poseidon immense
She left Poseidon out her
Waves ov poesy have drowned the god

Mighty Poseidon has passed through me
The mighty in wordage has soaked
I slain him in morgues omission
I sentenced the sea god to drown

She is the mighty Poseidon verbal
She banished her nymphs in ruins
I slapped his spheres ov existence
I am Poseidon in morgue.....

Shireen Ramadan

Puritans Inverting Cuckolds!

Cuckolds to abort, for whores & devoured, our surroundings ov Lord, as Roundheads explode.
Puritan needs in Lilith reflection, devoured in breed, for peasants' chrome worship.
Our labour & self-scrutiny, we're God's deputy, on his sphere ov spread, by strict laws ov realm.
Blocking prostitutes' catacombs, to serve your lust, from arachnids nest, your coiling repressed.
Concubines ov no resist, in grave masturbation lava, for vulvas in beat, black widows to sweep.
In a vomiting pulse, in disgust ov hearse, dominating need, as slaves indeed.
Our insects in creed, as waste ov bishop or virgins to eat, in cloak ov priest, by spooky spidering fire.
To kiss by kerosene, to watch them burn, their iconoclasm to reflect, to let the feast begin.
Let the fire devour enslaving orgasm, their coins, their icons, in black-veiled art ov seduction.
In self-obsessed, in a web ov flirt, cuckolds to abort, our bounty ov hurt.
As devouring arachnids, to weave the physical, agonies in crystal, to release nude Venus.
Swallowed bacterium liver, perfection to hover, for nymphs agora, medieval torment ov virtuous Tophet.
In Dystopic prophet, marsh ov beetles, our crying metaphor in fast glutton.
The seven gifts ov caged pleasure, drawing to a war ov barren, suicidal men ov lecheries, to a devouring punish.
On pagan altar, carnage caterpillar, rhapsodist ov rituals, spells ov ivory in aghast gods ov puritan.
DEVOUR, DEVOUR, speed ov gore-fest, I'm a Puritan war, untamed beasts & leeches to rise.
RISE, RISE, black widows to punish, I'm the puritan to invert a world ov sinners.....

Shireen Ramadan

Ravens In Job' The Prophet'

Surrealed in a prophet, he was the painting, in colours ov suffering, the charred in humanity.

To forbid the curse ov secreted bile, inside a sable liver, to devour my ravens. In colours ov humans, surreal to heal them, in recess ov Job, to grieve the seven.

Up to up, conceit ov sockets, forbear my bones to evaporate in him.

For tales to cite, liquour to swim, cutting to eat a lower grim.

Suffer in colour, for sons ov devil, shedding black in Job, rebuilding shambles ov heaven.

His aspiration, interred in Job, for ravens' scrutinized disorder, maggots lacerate.

Mad heads ov leech are creeping in me, in liquor ov brain, to surreal my intellect.

Gorgons' false illusions, I abdicate the holy, my scars in sockets, to grieve the seven.

For ravens to exhume, to the scarlet prostate, in shrouds ov menstruation, for Job to entomb.

I mesmerized Utopia to surreal his prophecy, theatres to the empty, to become the lost.

I grieved the seven to feed upon disorder, I sinned to redeem, to exhume my intellect.

Gorgons' false illusions, I abdicate the painting, to inter in Job, his etherealized plagued wings.

Once I saw theatres, to act his forbearance, I cursed a secreted bile to devour sable ravens.

Exellence ov rot, to inter his aspiration, I dealt with scarlet in grave ov menstruation.

To masturbate the thousand, in crypts ov leeching kingdoms, in colors' decapitation, mad maggots to slither.

Once I soaked his church in sockets, the pus ov red eyes is creeping to depict.

Mesmerizing, in shambles ov heaven, I climbed the vine in Job, to decipher a prostate.

Swears ov holy, his scars in sockets, I sinned to redeem the scarlet Job in me.

Surrealed in a prophet, I sculptured in the name ov holy, in sockets ov seven, to char his ravens.....

Shireen Ramadan

Resolution Ov Tide, Far Mansions!

For the tragic creation's mother ov drama, queen Melpomene, in black arts ov wicked.

Far from your smell, bricks & layers, brimstone in fire oceans, for hovering mansions.

Hearts ov sprouting gore, wings ov Pegasus, springs ov bleeding tide, failed to resolute.

In Faustus' presumption, mature Mephistopheles, a queen ov tragic fall, for her abortion.

Melpomene ov tragedy, saving an angel, his fall from mansions, as grace is far attained.

Faraway, a dreaming goddess, ov consumed life, vengeance ov slow decay.

Angelic corpse, egocentric seeds, ov dreaming god, authority ov kingdoms.

Your hands ov gore, feeding the lust in goat, from bounty, animosity.

Ov flesh to chew, gave absolute powers, far mansions from tide, my sanctity.

For holy mother, Melpomene, save your talents from Aristotle.

In virtues ov tragedy, catharsis ov no dead, theatres to the end, actors to be.

In tide ov Oedipus, sailing to the mother, marrying incest, downfall in wrath.

Animosity in a flaw, acting to be, the king ov lost curse, for moving pageants.

Oedipus Rex is the sin ov me, purgating the filthy, parricide ov demand.

Devotion, destination, burying the seeds ov orphan, burning curse ov thirsty.

For a need ov streaming blood, to suckle from her, the maternal essence ov drama.

From Melpomene, a goddess, to promise, far mansions, angelic corpse.

Far from tide, ready to resolute, Faustus to be, Oedipus to a falling god.

Bleeding in his sense ov dramatic, cursed to the ending filthy.

Crystal corpse ov actors, for curtains to remain, fell to embracing mother.

Fell to resolute, Faustus in his same, hanging in tormented firmament ov pain.

In winged arms ov dead patience, failed to attain.

Crystal bliss ov white fate, above seven heavens to be.

Oedipus to see, in splits ov maternity, married the forbidden flesh to penetrate.

Holy mothers ov song, Muses to attain, rewards ov authority, kingdoms ov wondering Greece.

Ov seven hearts ov sprouting gore, wings ov Pegasus, springs ov bleeding tide.

Far mansions from tainted bound, my sanctity, self-scrutiny.

To seeds ov orphan in a curse ov thirsty, banned in a law ov demand, behaving the light.

For a sun ov dull ethereal, acting the son ov drama, resolution ov tide, black arts ov devotion.

Heroes faraway, mansions in theatrical aroma, ov catharsis' dreaming gods.

To a wicked song ov collision in fair, resurrecting the buried, heroes to act.
Melpomene, far reality, to gain sanctity ov origins.
For lost dreaming gods ov drama, hovering pageants, in my legend ov tide.....

Shireen Ramadan

Rose Married

Blood mattress, bloody married
To the fragile in his rot ov stench
Bloody ruby for futile under cheese
Scalp menstruated, I be the waste
Turning & twisting, his love machine is groaning
On mattress I be the virgin queen

Bloody Mary, bloody-married
To death in hands ov cold vengeful merry
Sweep sulfur, winter leaves & bloody genitals
On sheets ov occult I wrote blind immoral
Crows are knocking my brain to smoothe
Smoothing brains ov electrolysis

Decomposing epicurean, stabbing my tummy
To break hell in loose strains ov cuming
Under my gown, I watch the immune
Petrified in tubes & cockroach Baron
Vaporising my walls in moral self-consumed
To pay respect for his squeezed eyes ov doom

Locking me in elevator & I grow the handy
& membranes are swelling sepsis in stench ov vanity
He removed me in skins ov watchful infernity
Victorious from skull to feet, rosemarrried heathen infinity
Earth pythons are coming to embrace the mistress
On mattress she was the mare insanity
Mutton fat boiling disease to sweat
On her bloody genitals like a Bloody Mary

& my ruins Utopian are massing everlasting
Scalping bible immune & children are drowning
Under my gown ov virtue we're drowning
Under my dignity, over the heavens
Over & over to lose their trace
Rosemarrried in blood & earth over the weight

Blood mattress in his smell ov urine
Eating me throatful to his dig ov semen

Digged in semen & his rod oil ov stench
To dilute a virgin queen & smoke the heavens

Squeezing psychiatric in mental disorder
Pushing flesh 'in & out', slaughtering her breeze
His carbon angels are wounds & needles
Maddening justice from pains ov being real
Maddening mistresses over the hearse
From larynx to genitals to his shut eyes ov grave

I'm leaving his tomb forever, without thoughts ov eternity
The lost room ov Rosemary inside a virgin queen.....

Shireen Ramadan

Shakespeares Unfold!

*Characters: Iseult, Victor.

Act I (Sabotage Anthem)

Iseult: Rot has made systems, more rot the flesh ov humans, more & more their psyches.1

Victor: Why are you such depressed? 2

Methinks that life is flat like all around,3

& flat is perfectness as well as all God's creation,4

We don't have to shape a circle to consider the entity ov life & creatures.5

Iseult: We're part ov something great, so we've to be great.6

Victor: How could you achieve this thing? 7

Iseult: I read to achieve divinity.8

Victor: Is it through theology? What's your theory? 9

Iseult: I think that religions are the most effective fancies ov human minds.10

We follow them because ov our mimic natures not to get lost.11

Victor: I'm not convinced about it,12

As it shows unreasonable atheism & wickedness.13

Iseult: Your time is a blind path to grave, the blinding effect,14

You throw good deeds on both sides to grow from the soil ov excellence to relieve destiny.15

Victor: Do you mean not to waste it? Even through sleeping? 16

Iseult: To sleep is to keep your hands from grain, & still walking, to leave the empty.17

The blind maid in her path to earth, from earth to earth,18

The pyramid is living,19

We rise in mild, to stay awhile, & to waste it.20

I wasted essential, the virtue for cousins & the same offspring,21

They slaughter to stay, the order ov sin, half-siblings squeezing a hostage,22

Half-blood to remain, to stain a lost beloved in me,23

They don't know that death betrays, past & throughout, the continuous effect,24

But healed what they were in hands ov flashing grave.25
Their faces are kept, still in brains which long to bend, the false illusion ov
deceit.26
Burning in life, a short watch ov divine, but we don't conceive what lies
behind.27
We're a tiny specimen ov a great living, lies beyond feelings, but a large one ov
err.28
By mistake, we come to stay, eating to live, but death betrays,29
Betrayed all who long to bliss, the unworthy.30
Hark what death left, to sweep & cleanse both minds & deeds,31
Leaving faeces, shape & size repugnance, ugliness to grow inside,32
A false lifestyle to predict no omen or what hides in sin.33

Victor: Ah! You make me think terribly by putting your mad mask ov wisdom.34
I prithee, feed my conscious, or inter in oblivion.35

Iseult: Hark to the heavens, in your gaps ov oblivion, that sleep it's,36
The dying effect ov flashing white in races,37
Hark to their awe in arms, in the same function,38
Much graceful in mother heaven, but we don't deserve.39
Your ape orisons develop in measure,40
But because gods don't bleed, you're mistaken.41
My core is eating, waking me bleeding,42
In dreams ov achieving, unable to be a thief.43
Their sabotage anthem beyond a grave, walking progeny in womb dimension,44
An everlasting scrotum in which I'm split in,45
In which I'm promiscuous, floating in heaven,46
Undoing in misery ov Darwin, in the rot ov progeny,47
Whorish sacks in psyche, I'm a sabotage anthem.48
Sleep is momentum fancy, our hope to be divinity.49
Mother heaven, hide me in your circles,50
From more blackened offspring ov trapping deed,51
Your gaps ov oblivion are the blind maid in sin,52
Where she walks a cripple to leave a desert within.53
Hark to the gods in up, they're keeping in,54
To let their sand to be moments, but please the minutes undeserved,55
Every tiny to feel, not to lose your conscious,56
Nor conscience ov pyramidal virtues to bleed,57
Ov what's going to occur & elope the lass to squeal,58
Without catching her screams, but the grain is in,59
Unvoid to seize & keep her short feel ov divine thing.....60

Act II (Existentialism)

Iseult: The tree of life is crying to wake the existence,1
In time of slow obey I lost my wisdom,2
Beyond sable circles there's another claiming realm,3
Where natures are upon the hands of hymn,4
Above origins, behind the minds of a world of cells,5
Made from green slime for them.6
In a sparkling tear from the tree of life,7
We watch it startling within,8
As a black endless perspective unreached,9
But this isn't the end to cook a creed,10
We don't know what God is, but not a man,11
Nor a woman of enslaved beauty in green,12
We shackle them as reptile predators,13
"Woman is the devil & a curse of Creator",14
But the truth is she's the source of benevolence,15
& charity of love for no processed evanescence.16
I hold the soul of God in a frame of rocks,17
Which is falling apart through a chance of microcosm,18
To be God in minutes to achieve what you need,19
Caressing companions of unpredictable above,20
Crushing Machiavelli in the base of lower,21
You're not the end of God; you're just the beginning,22
To tell what you've in careful existentialism,23
In verbal wit of Shakespeare to unfold,24

Victor: You claim that your mind is a womb to let words nourish,25
To let it be a fetus of knowledge,26
So if I'm the wording sperm, then you're the empty,27
You let it grow, but you're void within,28
You cannot resist the coming if it was death,29
Or a mere sperm of life or a wink,30
Of God within you, but it's just a wink,31
A God in bowels, or death to corrode inside.32

Iseult: All I can do is to resist death, in every momentary fancy.33
Reading is a dream, & I'm the coal burning,34
Corrode in hours, so I've to feel the burning,35
Flames in mind, the Malakout inside,36
Watching worlds as tiny spots,37

Becoming more tiny & I become more wide,38
But life is a silly dream that slashes away,39
In every hope I imagine, but I've to resist,40
The cannibal time is eating my flesh to feed no guest,41
The cancer mind, to gain his trust through knowledge unrest.42
The eye ov God is open, on Earth in single wink,43
The strawberry mark is in, the sin ov evolution,44
Species exotic, but we're developed within,45
The cursed gene is to know no end,46
The sin ov developed ape is growing to last,47
Growing void in brains, not to avoid,48
Not to erupt as I thought, but to absorb what's left.49
Your life is a silly dream to marry the soil in me,50
To become one entity, but I adopt what's above,51
To cast the beast & set the heaven free,52
Where I should belong, but not just a dream.53
Apes are crawling in my orisons ov higher,54
They're feeding me filth, in brain to plant a liar,55
But the tree ov life is crying upon me,56
Upon a lost wish ov watching divinity,57
More than a dose or momentary imagining,58
But what should I do to resist these curtains? 59
Or reject the gift ov moments with them? 60
Or where should I be in this stray-abandoned? 61
If I'm close, I'm hung in morning executions,62
The advices ov the most dear in me,63
Instead, they smother me in flesh,64
Where's then the love ov heavens? 65
Or did they mean the blackened adore? 66
In odours ov grave & nasty smell ov loving hearse,67
To marry a coffin & to be as one,68
Body & soul in sole shroud ov matrimony,69
To unite who should belong to it,70
To disgust their disease ov creeping wisdom,71
To butcher what they left on the white ov infant,72
Amorphous madness ov an orphan with many,73
Among the many, but still an orphan.74
Am I cursed or haunted by Oedipus? 75
To penetrate forbidden in flesh ov mothers,76
Or a homicide in offspring negligent,78
Homicide negligent in womb dimensions, in existence,79
The strawberry mark is in, so I've to feel the burning.....80

Shireen Ramadan

Shame! Oil! Metamorphosis!

Exorcise the shrine, metamorphose, I invoke the worms.
I'm the shame ov lord, I'm the exist in a spawn.
Shrine, shame, oil ov brain, hymns ov death in cocoon.
Torture screams in void, the more in meta-scene, the obscene.
I'm the narrow life ov microbe, leprosy, exorcise the oil.
Get it out ov me, choke my fantasies, leprosy.
I'm the trauma, I'm the bulimia, I'm wings in the narrow.
Shaking larva, shrinking, my phase ov death in bizarre game.
Shrine, shame, oil ov brain, my secrets ov change like him.
I'm his needy chrysalis to blame, suffocating, moving, evolving.
Open the splendid, gluttonous bulimia, obsessed with oil.
Vomiting filth in their heads, disorder ov phase, bulimia nervosa.
The trophic life ov faith, I'm the butterfly ov grave.
The sanctuary ov my skin, I'm the narrow shame ov 'JESUS SAVE! '
Inside the no-escape, exorcise the jail, I'm the dead wings.
Bugs in the narrow, prayers ov hollow, in the shrine called life.
Shrine, shame, oil ov brain, my bulimic life in pain.
Seeking sanity in the insane, eating the remain.
Infection, increase, inside, what's left? My end in bizarre game.
Bulimia nervosa, obsessed with eating, the uncanny in his same.
Committing end in light ov no fair, no secrets ov divine care.
I'm the shame ov lord, I'm the noma ov word, I'm not unique.
I'm the secrets ov his slayers, but I eat the weak.
Metamorphosis ov divine from Almighty to son.
The light ov sepulchre, moving the stone, let me die with him.
Buried beside God in void, the more in meta-scene, the obscene.
The arena ov his screams in open, but I'm afraid to cry.
Pretending not to know, stay in hollow, retreat to try.
Create a load ov cross, my symbol ov loss, ultimate death worship.
In the shrine called life, lacerate leprosy, exorcise his nails.
Dig your line, my worm, to the abyss ov grave, take your shape out.
Your holes to survive, you're inside him, drown to the ending down.
Take your shape under, to the core ov torture, to the end ov shame.
To the secrets ov grave, to the plasma ov brains.
To the secrets ov Trinity, to the realm ov noma, to his soul.
To the secrets ov virgin inside her conscience deep hole.
Don't utter her prayers, KERYALYSOON, choke my fantasies & fall.
The changing phase ov Lord, came from the word, in volatile.
Shed your oil, exorcise his nails, to the womb ov earth in fertile.

I'm the shame ov lord, bulimia nervosa; I'm the worm ov noma.
Reluctantly, hungry, the blood ov lechery, on an alter ov stone.
Reliquary ov my sacred words, preserving Trinity.
Religious beliefs in my church ov cancer, lies ov calamity.
Scourge ov change, no cult, no end, no majesty.
Bondage ov necropsy, powers ov dead, ultimate death worship.
The phase ov splendours, gluttonous bulimia, obsessed with oil.
Vomiting filth on their dignity, shaking larva, divine causes.
To my exorcism ov blood, shame, oil, metamorphosis.....

Shireen Ramadan

Spartacus In Concept

Raising deacease to slay the Head, Spartacus the plague,
He hung his masters to breed revolution,
My jars ov killing, in government probate,
Hacksawers ov wit, our maggots' realm is late,
We come to invert a reign, to raise a fume,
Cocaine uterus enshroud hallucination,
Lacerate the luxury, swarm the worms,
I cook their blood infection, I eat their guts to govern,
In contains ov fetus, to consume a home,
In homes we die, the boiling walls to abdicate,
We don't guilt,
We don't believe,
The bullying walls, a bullet in brain,
Burning creeds in limbs ov decades,
I lead cave decay, their shackles on me,
Praying five in legs ov pentagram,
Kneeling millions to please gods' disease,
Crowning ruins in arms ov menses,
Apocrypha holding AIDS ov humans, their Caesar under me,
The laws below disorder, I distort their flesh to feed,
To plant cancer BLACK, to inject decades in creed,
In sockets ov president, the vomit ov heads,
The pus ov red eyes, in bloodful choler,
My slaves ov intellect to hold the war,
I revolute in them,
I breed the dying,
Their womb to be hanged,
I decapitate the concepts,
Hatred feeding strains,
Slaughtering the cannibals,
Boiling the Caesar,
I be a Spartacus.....

Shireen Ramadan

Strawberry! Death Masquerades!

Cannibalized, dead, strawberry, in red.

I crawl to start the slay ov men, mortalised to end.

Murder down to bend, to dust we return, to culmination we send, our victims to be slayed.

In rows, the black crows, croacking like demons.

Demons ov rot inside my mirror, a flashing God for my horror.

Hacksawers ov endless, graveyards in hands.

To worship dead bondage, we slaughter the dark.

We creep to a womb to be born again.

In godless embrace, we lost our route.

Our wideness to see, the light ov old funerals.

We slaughter our sable to be gods again, metamorphosis ov Pharaohs in gold carnates in vain.

In coffins we shriek, we scream to be heard, to godly spiders, in deaf guilt ov rotten bound, to obligation ov their skin or carnage to bleed.

Crawl to my berry, red in tissue, in blood goblets ov massacre, cannibalized so sweet.

I sing with meat, I bleed, I eat, men in rows, virgins ov holes, creeping on knees, crunching my bones.

Our bones ov fruit, in black seeds ov worship, for harvesters ov dark, dead, ruined.

Slaughter, slaughter, terror ov sweet.

I send my men to the hang ov tree, a fruit or a misery, upon my rack, to the flesh ov strawberry.

Masquerades in performing bruises to heal.

Dig, dig, to the last ov earth, from solid our birth, for butchering we mirth.

Drown to the deep, sink in their skin.

Over my walls, leaving pain, in slow fluency, they grow, on cross, nourished insane.

In hang, their sore, from core, in more, in cremating funerals ov lasting black whore.

Come, crawl, stab, out, my brain, to eat, to snap, to shout.

Masquerades ov burying faces from light, alive, in deep, with naked faces to hide.

Behind the smile ov graves we return, cannibalized, fruits ov rot, in corpse smell, smell the blood.

To their deep underneath ov lying faces, feel the beat, ov stink in meat, down to your feet.

Upon themselves, we eat ourselves, from the flesh external, to the blood ov

eternal.

My funerals ov strawberry, culmination ov fire, cremation ov a liar, horrified in coffins, to a butterfly in bound, our scattering carrions, with death & sound, in deals ov soil, in shrieks ov ground.

We send the Pharaohs, my reapers ov silence, in gruesome coldness, for angels ov death, for the solace ov dark, for monsters ov divine, for slayers to the end, we fight to send, bending to worship.

The rape ov beast, I'm the beast ov fear, for butchering we shriek, in sacrifice ov wrath.

In screams ov forbidden, in rituals ov ultimate, in bones ov fruit, cannibalized, dead, strawberry, in red.

For lips ov maidens, from soil they were born, to coffins we send them, to the lasting earth ov guilt.

We send our solace to the dark, to heal their smiles.

Beyond the smile ov a virgin, a grave is born, locked until the end, behind their veils, a scream is born, beyond their reach, disgust ov mourn.

Miraculous funerals ov decapitated, . to slaughter the monsters.

In raw flesh we burry them, burning wet virgins, for demons they're croaking.

In transformation, in mirrors, their bones, bones ov fruit, in heavy stones, upon their breasts, suffocators, the black craws.

In slime I was born, to graves I'll crawl, to the end I'm alone.

From cannibals in flesh, from pus ov beasts, in fangs ov virgins, their shrieks, their creep.

I'll raise my orients, to scream the horror, unleash a scandal ov no crime in fire.

I'm the murder, I'm the suffer, I'm in vain, I'm ALIVE.....

Shireen Ramadan

To The Death Ov Malakout!

Before the become, infection ov cum, my dark air inside a sable ov womb.
Slithering inside, a grotesque serpentine, carving Bibles in flesh for a history ov dumb.
Pulse in ripe church, embryo in pus & choler, fleeing Babel Tower in my gene ov blood.
Predict the sex ov parasite, my crypt in earth, before my birth, I was alive.
Way-out ov goat, pushing walls ov flesh, my blood-room ov dwell, Belial ov more.
Frowning God more higher, in doom gore ov sire, smelling rot ov maggots in my shaking cult.
Calling him in my day ov trouble, orisons ov suffer, delivering to soil.
I'm the tortured light in fetus; I'm the walker Glorified, to the end ov Malakout.
I'll lock the gates ov Cerberus, smoke ov Ishtar, I'm the redeem in goblet.
I'll heal your crypt to the day ov judgement, clocks in loud, suicide in pure.
In my bread & wine, showdown ov divine, my mortal God in flesh & blood.
My Sanctum Sanctorum, I'm the being, the lasting immortal in a fortress ov light.
Penetrate my flesh, stab wounds ov penis, sharp tools ov pain, deserve the steal.
Feeling a Christ in court, tormented, his ruins in fester, submissive in fragments.
His rhyme ov pain in fetus ov Cain, his thorns in my head, my Ken3an in obtains.
Her storming womb, my smacks in Mary, his bliss in tools, a child in ovary.
Behaving eternal, dwelling within, in bones ov Jesus, my sable in uterus.
Upon my cross, I'll hold the mercy, to the end ov days, to the suckling divine.
I'm the glory ov beast in a slavery; I'm the grave ov Jesus in cells ov purity.
My wars ov Magog in a fusion ov steal, my screams in gore ov a dead whore serenity.
My walls ov silence, in a fetid chamber, in the egg ov virgin, predicting the more.
Incinerate my walls, my spiders ov perception; dig the aggression, in the womb ov Malakout.
My wounds in Jesus, the dying truth, despair ov glory, faeces ov morbid.
Burying embryo in my mouth ov vagina, my womb in dirt, my Christ in hurt.
Open my Scriptures in the glass-hour ov fate, black rotten tendon, to the blocks ov virgin.
Ken3an in obtain, vaginas entertain, my liquids ov stink, hypnotic disdain.
Valhalla whispers, parasite dominion, smelling God's elegance, my whole shall perish.
Malakout Allah, existing within, my streams ov wine, to the springs ov Malakout.
Orchid mother in bloom, Virgin Mary in doom, my morbid in flesh, breeding a Malakout.
My realm ov being, in macrocosm, my holders ov four, my feathers in royal.

Decayed bliss in humans ov mess, my Scriptures & holders, holding inside.
Do you mean a sovereign in your eyes, in arms, or a sacred fall ov child?
Holders ov four, holding the throne, when the day will come, obnoxious in cum.
I'm the blind fetus with ebony, shelter in grave, his snake ov rebel in exotic ugly.
Creation ov fools, your bliss in tools, tools ov torment, fraying your flesh.
Ken3an is creeping, suicidal white, so soon in light, to a silent Malakout.
Evoking end in a mystery ov puppet, his angel ov chaos in a sable ov dwell.
I'm the being ov Jesus in doll, rebuilding a hell, cross burning smell.
Lashes ov whip, in the misery ov God, in my microcosm, to the core ov Malakout.
Block my holes to the inner walls, promises ov stable, resurrect a virginity.
In genes ov blood, baptize the creation, my cursed creation in a sable ov dwell.
Candles ov mode, slaying the brood, to the cold eternity, parasiting humanity.
Dancing blood in motion, to my sins' distortion, my blackened wet ocean, slinking
in shame.
In my bread & wine, swallowing a divine, eating bread in flesh, raising blood in
fresh.
My fusion ov steal, my tendon & fat, blocking my holes, to the inner walls.
Drowning to heal, redefine the steal, lost natures ov deal, my soul is the gain.
Before the become, infection ov cum, my dark air inside a sable ov womb.
Slithering inside, a grotesque serpentine, carving curses in flesh to the death ov
Malakout.....

Shireen Ramadan

Unfinished, Am I?

Humping dawn terminates the seven suns,
I breed them circles, ambiguous plague, in cages,
Bleeding a new born, in blood-soup ov the whites' burden,
Blind me sleep & crush me intimidating,
The poor black survival in a seed ov 'I',
The dusk is sinking, my negroes' peace in postmortem,
Splitting to measure their bowels colonial,
In eyes ov becoming, imperialism is rolling vague,
Erzulie underground, the enraged savage in tension,
Bugs & vogue limbs, flowing the swarms,
Squashing me grape, winding up the reaper,
Mother earth is bleeding evil, taking fancy as hostage,
Unshackled by their JESUS or saga ov twisted,
Unslaved sacks, under-belly, their ships ov slave robbery,
Knitting black in dummies, I leashed the humane,
Measuring gold to buy beings inversion,
Indictment in a land ov justice, new-born, unfinished,
Eat me charred in bread & rape me undelayed,
It's my bargain ov blackened, it's my demon the mentalist,
Weeping curses in forests ov torture,
That negoes are breeding pain immortal,
Am I a verdant ripped unblamed?
Am I a slave unfinished sustained?
Am I a mascot in voodoo sneaking?
Or a Nazi to incinerate?
I'm their mud-blood verbosity, the lost phenomenon in pain,
It's my Erzulie pierced with dagger beyond,
It's my demon to obliterate,
Burn me hell & burn them self-aborted,
My odious bigots ov cross mundane,
Their negoes are mine & the earth inflicted,
I'm the lame in leprosy gods civilised,
I cannot relieve the deepness till I've them slain,
It's my own wedding ring in the mouth ov crow,
Bonding eternity with mother earth forms,
Underground mentalists, the Jews are drowning infants,
Babes ov Solomon on their throne ov hate,
Am I a subordinate demi-god ov knowing?
Or inversion ov cross & norms ov frowning?

Communion ceremony, in caves perspective,
Laity ov African exorcised, leashing stones ov sorcery,
My bold far Maories, the swarms ov lost countenance,
The lames don't need their ground nor abundance,
Their cells are twisted abusing gods civilised,
Our mud-blood under surface, under-belly ov existence,
Burn them liquefied in wine & liberal acts,
As Lady ov the Rocks is claimed in painting,
Liberal leprosy ov grape & charts,
To leash me humble psyche or Indian abolished,
My piercing dagger is human, unfinished, am I?

Shireen Ramadan

Womb Rhythms

The only company is my screams in a dark mind ov fear
Mass hearts from ashes, grinding his mercy
Slaughtering me in numb fingers & comatose twisting belief
Brainwashed in nerve fever, ov religious unclear

God's fever in black disease for figures unpagan
As if he's a scientist to cook raw brains Pyrrhonic
Sadism in dark minds over worshipped relief
As if I'm acting experiment ov void ironic

Their world is a tomb to me, sleepwalking lies ov safety
Feminine possessed in ashes ov no return
To a hypnotised in shrouds ov purple dead roses
Crumbled like scripts ov youth in unmerciful dreams

Exhume my diaries in a stream ov consciousness
Like conscious disease in dreadful creep
Maiden roses in wombs & mass pride in burden
To let my desires feel immortal sleep.....

Shireen Ramadan