

Poetry Series

**Samael Wolf**  
**- poems -**

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# Samael Wolf(I'm not sure when I lived)

Born in the land of Goshen, I was a wanderer of the wastelands for a time. I searched the nation for another home, only to return to the cursed land of my origin. I am a solitary creature that wishes for something more, something to make me feel like I am home. Those that I have loved are no longer tangible, taken from this plane of existence by fate, cold as it is.

Enough of the bullshit, I am 51 years old, I live alone with my two canine buddies, Charley and Buster. I like humans but after being bitten a few times, I tend to avoid them. I love sex (with humans) but after some 357 liasons, I wonder what I'm doing wrong (considering some of the rave reviews, I should be happily married) .

I am a hardcore Satanist. No, we dont sacrifice people or innocent puppies or kitties (thats just sick and STUPID) . We Dont worship anything (worship is a christian concept, as was slavery) .

I am a devotee of many arcane and obscure doctrines, which means I am a solitary being. Not that I like it so much, but I live with it.

I have a duality of body and spirit, as we all do, to either a greater or lesser extent. Yin, yang, male, female (you get the picture, maybe) .

Need to know more? Just whistle, , ,

you know how to whistle, ,

just put your lips together, ,

and blow, , ,

-Samael-

find me elsewhere at:

# ' She '

She was born into the vision of a Goddess

all that ever met her beautiful gaze

it was her they wanted to possess

one touch from such a celestial

vision would surely be consumed

by a beautiful fire, whose nature is bestial

for She is most beautiful within

when people try to see

beyond her ample beauty.

For to know her love is to know inner peace, at last.

Samael Wolf

## (i Need A) Brunette With A Mission

Everywhere, as far as the eye can see  
attractive blondes, everywhere it seems

I need a brunette with a mission.  
A hot woman with a

smoldering disposition  
Pleasure can be anywhere

we may be  
Unleashing our Demons

for all to see  
Let it ride baby

Let it Ride.  
I need a Brunette with a Mission

with a 'hop on me' disposition  
Come on, lets fly 'round the moon

Now may be never be a second too soon.

Samael Wolf

**12-22-2012**

The date of the great cataclysm  
the deluge begins

seek not divine intervention  
none will be saved.  
from the last great wave.

Samael Wolf

# A Conversation With 'God'

Why don't you do your own dirty work,  
let Satan take the blame  
is it all glory and no shame?

'He shrugs'

All your 'chosen' fight amongst themselves  
about who is right  
and who are the 'sinners',  
where is your 'divine guiding light'  
to show them the 'true way'?

'He coughs and looks away'

I must be insistant  
to call into question  
your very existance  
since you offer no answers  
this or any day.

'He begins to fade'

You can attempt to evade  
hide in the shade,  
and never claim  
guilt or blame  
for all the things you have wrought.  
As this mind it serves  
me to remember that you  
were created by mortals.

Perfect beings created by  
imperfect animals makes  
for bold claims and abject lies.  
Banished are you,  
to the minds of imbeciles  
and fools  
for they are the ones  
who created you

many years ago.

'He is gone'

Samael Wolf

# A Question Of Sacrifices

Sacrifice, spiritual bartering or accepting the lesser evil

Would you sacrifice your freedoms for safer streets?

Wear a tracking device under your skin

so they always know where you are and have been?

I am not their bought and paid for slave

I will not give up freedoms for safety cravings

Human nature is freedom in essence

a myriad of motivations bring us to the forum

That in life the only certainty is uncertainty

Only in you, should you depend

Wake up sleepers, lest the next time

you wake up in chains

never to see your freedoms again.

Samael Wolf

# A Question Of Time

When is midlife?  
If one lives to 100  
then 50 is midpoint  
70? then 35 is it  
Does age cause spirituality?  
If so, then why?  
Death comes at any age  
or at any time  
Why think about death  
when it can take you  
anytime or anywhere?  
Choose your battles  
even with death  
decide your own fate  
rather than leave it  
up to the cosmic lottery  
It is possible to cheat death  
depending on what you think  
is midlife.

Samael Wolf

# A Terrible Drug

When you get high  
you cant get enough  
more and more

without a care  
like you'll never hit bottom  
(but when you do)

you're so low  
all you see is the bottoms of feet  
broken apart, never to be

complete again,  
mad from withdrawal  
crazy and climbing the walls

People write poems  
and some of them sing  
about this dangerous  
love thing.

Samael Wolf

# Abyss, Sweetly Descend

The quicksands of time  
slowly devours all  
struggle and the descent  
gains it pace

Neck deep in it all  
simply allow it to happen  
there is no rescue  
accept the fate

with a smile  
rather than a curse  
because there is  
nothing worse than

a whiner.

Samael Wolf

# Almost Her

I know that I swear by instincts  
most times they are correct  
but one can override them  
short circuit them,  
as I have proven to myself.

It seemed like a dream  
like I finally found home  
a warm serenity that I had  
never known.

She became my everything  
all I had ever dreamed of  
was there next to me,  
she was all I had ever wanted.

A sweet loving note tucked  
into my lunch, which I read  
with goofy grin at work,

racing home for that hello kiss,  
is some but not all  
of what I miss.

I keep hope that it will  
all fade away  
But it still haunts me  
to this very day.  
Amor animi arbitrio sumitur, non ponitur -

We choose to love, we do not choose to cease loving,  
I chose to love her,  
she chose to leave  
I ignored the warning  
she chose to deceive.

She was almost Her.



# Alone

Alone in the night  
Does anyone really care  
about anothers plight?  
Accept ones fate  
with cold resolve  
is it ever too late  
to become real in  
someone elses eyes  
to truely matter  
not living lies  
Alone in the night  
minds tend to wander  
wrapped so tight  
around the notion  
of being happy  
just once in my life.

Samael Wolf

# Alone Is Never So Quiet

When the day turns to night  
there with your thoughts  
your part of this fragile world  
is settled into their own  
Does your mind wander like mine?  
Retrieving latent bits of broken dreams  
Wondering what would have happened  
if there was another path  
Or would there have been a wall  
to slam against till the pain  
was unbearable, leading to  
yet another sad parallel universe  
But in that one, you die  
Not from violence or torture  
unless one considers that  
its  
self inflicted.  
Alone is never so quiet when theres  
no one to blame but you.  
Laugh with the clowns  
cry with the 'saints'  
Dont cry for yourself  
laugh instead.

Samael Wolf

# Arabic Girls

Need I say

you rock my world

I mean no disrespect

I am awed by your beauty

is that too direct?

let me find your center

with hand, or tongue

you make me forever young

settle down with me

let me feel your body quake

this will not become your

last mistake.

Samael Wolf

# Assume The Position

For some its forbidden  
to some  
it is hidden  
the threshold of pleasure

is pain  
to be savored  
again and again  
with steel or with rope

with leather or firm hand  
even the mild  
is never bland  
its still love

intricate Shibari  
St, Andrews cross  
there never is  
a loss, the

possibilities endless  
fantasy becomes real  
one step closer  
to actually feel

that fabled place  
known to all  
as subspace.

Samael Wolf

# Barbarian Heart

The times may change but this heart  
remains the same, the lonely warrior poet.  
This world is much to comprehend  
for such a simple man,

a world of machine imposed isolation.  
Free this mind from all that binds  
allow me to love unfettered.  
let us bring our joy to that common spring

that we may drink our fill,  
and love until  
the dawn of a thousand tomorrows.  
This life is more than I can bear  
at times it seems so useless.

Yet still I cope  
with sliver of hope,  
that someone will know  
who I really am.

Samael Wolf

# Battle

Fight, whether right or wrong

stand up for your dignity

or simply be led along

the garden path of a fools destiny

Fight for your way of life

or be ground into dust

by the machine.

Soulless creatures with gods of lucre

mindless fools that pray

rather than create their own Sucre

and beauty is a commodity

Much like a fish about to go bad

the price gets lower

No sale, so sad.

Mortality mortality, where does it go?

try not to think about it

but its always there (you know) ,

I enclose myself in my house, my cocoon

maybe it will leave me alone

not come too soon.

Samael Wolf

# Be My Lilith, , ,

Be My Lilith baby,

Be My Queen

float down to me baby

know that I mean?

down and down and down

down down

Fly round the earth baby

know what I mean?

Be My Lilith baby,

Be My Queen,

Be My everything baby

know what I mean?

down and down and down

and down down.

Samael Wolf

# Beast

What manner of beast can be as cruel  
to tear asunder someone that loves them

unconditionally. Drawn to the fire and  
burned by the flame, is there anyone to

blame, the beast or the beauty, or is it  
a lesson in utter futility. Beasts roam in

search of prey, devouring more each and  
every day. Can one blame their nature,

or those foolish enough to think they can  
tame, the beast.

Samael Wolf

# Beginning, End

I dont remember my beginning  
but I'm sure I know  
how it ends

Its what happens in between  
I have no idea  
I cant pretend

to know what pleasures  
or pains  
will deign to haunt me

once again  
One can only roll with the punches  
and smile when its good

this is most  
commonly understood  
that the past is always close  
dwell with the bad  
but live for the good.

The silent spell of love unspoken  
The beauty of spirit unbroken  
Intertwined minds as one  
Love for love cannot be undone  
Come with me, witness the dawn as it breaks  
be mine, let us forsake  
the world.

Samael Wolf

# Beguiled

I looked, you smiled  
still we're strangers  
all the while  
passing fancy

look anywhere  
eye candy  
speak up  
be bold

no is all  
you can be told  
or you can just  
stand there with

stupid grin  
from ear to ear.

Samael Wolf

# Behold! I Send You Out As Wolves Among Sheep...

The mind, the core of ones being  
some use it well, others neglect it  
they are called sheeple  
they bleet and baa, grazing in their  
banal little worlds, finding distain  
with those that arent like them,  
Ahh, but some may look like them  
but they are like you and I,  
lovely Wolves, intelligent and oh so hungry  
They wait with watchful patience,  
not really interested in the bleetings of idiots  
but determined to aquire their prey  
Beautiful vibrant minds that see the real meaning  
of everything around them, they wait for their time  
Their time of revolution, evolution.  
The sheeple are content to stare blankly at anything  
that takes their minds off the emptyness of their lives,  
their vacuous religions and that faux thing they call 'love'.  
They may pray to some unseen deity, but their real gods  
color is green, the one they would die for, and do daily.  
Pathetic simpletons with no purpose other than to line the  
pockets of very wealthy Wolves, slaves to almighty  
corporate creed, it is here that I praise it, for they use the  
sheeple and toss their carcasses to and fro like empty  
candy wrappers.

Blessed be ours, The Wolves.

Samael Wolf

# Believe Disease

For some, belief is their only hope  
for others its merely a cruel joke,

to pray on bended knee to the unseen  
cold cosmos is true heresy,

To me, the only belief that matters  
is not a disease

if one only believes  
in ones self.

Samael Wolf

# Between Two Worlds

Neither old, or young  
rich or poor  
healthy or sick  
alive or dead

pretty or ugly  
intelligent or stupid  
loved or hated  
happy nor sad

good or bad  
is my life.

Samael Wolf

# Black Leather

Black is the color of my heart  
It is my shade from the stt  
Leather is my second skin  
the smell and texture  
Its uses with wailing pleasure  
stern demeanor demands no conjecture  
Rise and fall with each stroke  
bite your lip, whimper and moan  
as each orgasm shakes  
you to the bone,  
be patient my pretty,  
there's more to do  
lets have some role play  
You be me  
and I'll be you.

Samael Wolf

# Blender

Rip my heart out  
then shove it back in  
throw my brain in the blender  
then give it a spin  
cause thats what love is for

make me your junkie  
cant get enough of your high  
your janitor your flunkie  
whatever to get me by

break it in pieces  
then glue it back again

turn it to feces  
it was all the same  
cause thats what love is for.

Samael Wolf

# Bondage

Are the ropes too tight?  
you like it that way, all right  
Let us begin, crop or hand  
or would you like the whip?

maybe some nipple clamps  
will make you damp  
as well as the smell of Leather  
language? Why sure, my dirty

little whore, the rougher the better.  
There is no haste, no hole shall  
go to waste, theres always something  
to fill them, Lets take you down

from where you are bound  
lube up my hand,  
this will be grand,  
You said you wanted

some fisting pleasure.  
one finger, two, three, four  
slide it in, gently of course  
your body quakes,

writhes as I make  
a pumping motion,  
volitile orgasms replace the lube

running down my elbow  
she passes out, my rude  
sweet vixen, she awakes

as I have taken  
her lovely back door.

Samael Wolf

# Booze And Poetry

Which came first?

the booze or the poet?

Would there be poems without pain?

would the sky never weep with rain?

Could Poe have lived without

the pain of love,

could the Marquis have lived

without the love of pain?

You mistake me Madam

for someone else

I am myself

True that I am not 'your' kind

I am honest with myself

born of the presence of mind

to know right from wrong

without some silly psalm song.

I would know how to love you

if there wasnt that indellible

wall of religion that surrounds you.

The one that separates us all.

Let us take our holy sacraments  
our birthright  
as one another.  
drink from the waters of life.  
drink from each other.  
issue into our lives  
a brand new day  
when words have no meaning  
nothing more to say  
when a gaze and a smile  
is all that's needed.  
I may be a dreamer  
but I'm not the only one.  
Samael Wolf

# Bound

Bind me in your passion  
enthrall me with your wiles  
take me to your limits  
better if you have none  
melt this heart of steel  
with your fire of blazing heat  
let me sup at your fountain  
I will drink your warm waters  
while you softly shake  
let me gaze into your lovely eyes  
holding you closer than I have ever done  
this mortal coil transcends the infinite  
for you have become my universe  
my alpha and omega  
yet omeganever arrives.  
Instill the greatness within me  
that I thought had long ago died  
to worship you as you should be  
from toe to head and back again  
Unraveling our mysteries with  
great delight, the delicacies  
that are all our own.  
Destroy me if you tire,  
I could not exist without you  
my sanity would flee with  
the remnants of my shattered heart  
For I could never heal again  
this would be my end.

Samael Wolf

# Broken Toys

Cast to the side  
we are the lonely legion  
of broken toys  
we were once shiny and new  
now we lie in pieces  
Scattered all askew,  
to be picked up  
only to be thrown away  
never again to be loved  
or see the light of day.  
We are the legion of  
broken toys  
We once brought smiles,

Samael Wolf

## Can It Last?

Having been close to those relationships  
that do last, I often wonder how,  
Mutual respect is one,  
mutual submission is another  
Enduring lust, not just body  
but soul, wanting them after  
you think you cannot go on,  
acceptance is a great portion  
because change comes from within  
not on demand.

Loving neighbors for decades  
they were like one,  
one passed on  
the other did soon,  
not knowing anything  
but being with  
'The one'

We live in a world apart  
apart from the tactile  
apart from emotion  
segregated from anything  
that makes us feel  
its a sad world.

Samael Wolf

# Chat Rooms

Chat rooms, I have found  
are for losers and goons  
people with no purpose

other than to be stupid  
or lame, all the same  
maybe its better

they stay there  
than pollute polite  
society.

Samael Wolf

# Check Sum Down The Barrel Of A Gun

Having stared down the wrong end  
of a gun  
is a brilliant way to take stock  
of ones life  
Its amazing how fast it happens  
Like the mind goes fast forward  
but it all is relevant  
even the puny bullshit moments  
are highlighted  
so as to say to ones self  
the alternative scene could have been  
but we never will know what that was  
considering the human mind has  
a great fast forward button  
It doesnt allow for alternative  
scenes.  
As to how many gun barrels I have  
stared down, lets just say that  
one is always enough.

Samael Wolf

# Cold Day

I am not here,  
I am not there  
I am who I am  
I cannot save you  
I cannot control you  
You are the sum of your destiny  
You are on your way  
enjoy the ride  
it wont last long.

Samael Wolf

# Collections Of Hurt

Some things I never touch  
in this house, I try not

to stir the hurt  
Most times its unavoidable

looking for some  
lost thing, and find

the pills that gave me hope  
that my friend, my dog

would live a long life  
only to bide my time

until he died.  
Finding an earring under

the bathtub, knowing whos  
lovely ear it once adorned

and how she destroyed me  
in her own lovely way.

Finding notes from lunches  
she packed so lovingly

for me (sentimental fools keep everything) .  
Pictures freeze moments in time

and finding them brings back the  
moments as well as the hurts

of what might have been.  
Finding her coarse black hair

still in abundance, and remembering  
her scent, as intoxicating

as Everclear, yet knowing it also  
brings insanity and total abandon.

Yes, I try to avoid those places  
those remnants of my

collections of hurt.

Samael Wolf

# Counting The Ways, Counting The Days

Mid point, half way over  
or is it?  
as the minutes grow short  
reflection takes hold

rumination begins in earnest  
taking stock of what is  
and what might have been  
within the frame of half a century

the hustle and flow of lifes rich pagent  
sometimes leaves one by the wayside  
wondering why, always why  
the esoteric and spiritual

gains new importance  
when one feels the tangible slipping away  
each day, the gray replaces what once was  
the lines of time become clearer

and one dreads what they see  
in the mirror, yet life hasnt gone away  
we have merely kept it at bay,  
waiting for what else it brings

that next big thing,  
hopefully a bang  
and not a whimper.  
Go not quietly into the night

stand and fight  
and live forever.

Samael Wolf

# Create The Infinite

Become a god  
the greatness  
lies within  
us all  
create your  
world  
become the just  
make your rules  
rise from the dust  
Heal, give, love, destroy  
it all lies within you  
create the infinite  
the world is yours

Samael Wolf

# Cursing The Light

It comes too soon  
to spoil the night  
this cradle of dark  
in which I dwell  
to me its heaven  
to others a Hell

wonderful beings inhabit this place  
some with beauty  
others without a face  
We live from dusk till dawn  
we derive pleasure  
from where its drawn

Into the night  
we grow strong  
sleep in the day  
then wake, a throng  
of people with purpose  
Vampire night  
on the loose!

Samael Wolf

# Danse Macabre

Writhe with your neck between your legs  
speak with empty sockets  
vomit shit and beg

grovel with gravel up your ass  
beg your god for a one days pass  
from this livid piss poor life

your god shrugs, guess thats a no  
its back to being a bottom wrung hoe  
swallow your piss, take it anal with smile

endear yourself all the while  
it doesnt matter what you do  
you are the sideshow

in this human zoo.

Samael Wolf

# Dark Eyes

Luminous pools that I wish to drink in  
oceans away from me under my skin  
eyes that warm or cause madness  
simply explode in carnal excess  
no beauty to compare with Her  
nothing is like She, to be sure  
no matter the miles or ages  
that separate me from my Dark Eyes  
I will love her like no other  
beyond the day I die.

Samael Wolf

# Darkest Days

The mushrooms sprout  
their radioactive haze  
incinerated masses  
become shadows on walls  
vaporized into gasses  
plutonium sickness  
begins to fall  
metastacising the flesh  
of one and all  
human vermin hiding  
in tunnels and caves  
there are no sides  
your jesus cant save  
food is gone  
only radioactive flesh  
eat that or none  
day of the vulture  
is close at hand  
behold the new culture  
no law of this land.

Samael Wolf

# Decay, Disintegrate, Dissolve, We All Fall Down

Nothing is secure, nothing is permanent  
Build to see it all go away

collect, acquire, hoard  
it still won't be yours some day

attach meanings to things  
that will be lost in the void of time

Fight the tide only to drown  
one thing is certain, we all fall down

Samael Wolf

# Deletion Completion

If you found yourself  
thrown out on your ear

your answer  
will be looking at you

in the mirror.

Samael Wolf

# Departure

Life

Should it end with a bang  
or a whimper?

to go quietly into the night  
or be dragged out kicking  
and screaming, , ,

To die with eastern honor  
seppuku with blade in hand

or slowly waste away  
with reminders of who you  
once were all around

One shotgun blast  
as Hemingway did  
or with a pistol

in a quiet forest glen  
like Wendy O did.  
There are many choices

as to how it could all end  
There is no shame  
in taking the ultimate

control of what one owns  
their life.

Samael Wolf

# Desolation Days

'What did you expect me to say '  
he says to himself  
no one else around,

' On this long lonesome highway'  
' Theres just me, and the faint sound '  
' Of wings, , , , hovering '

Checking the rearview mirror  
he glances at his image  
wondering what else is in store

this and every other night  
has become  
his marathon

Racing his shadow  
toward the dawn  
' I know you're there '

he says to thin air  
someone is there  
something can hear,

'Lets stop at the roadhouse'  
'Get a beer'  
It has time, it can wait

He'll come out  
sooner or later  
Theres no set time  
for someones fate.

Samael Wolf

# Did I Die?

Did I die,  
when my heart  
was broken and  
never more alone?

Did I die,  
when death  
looked me  
in the eye?

I didnt die  
when vicious  
tongues told  
unimaginable lies

We all die  
a little each day  
as the seconds  
tick away.

the sum total  
of our lives  
live a little  
before we die.

Samael Wolf

# Did You See That?

Neither did I  
it went flying by  
too damn fast to see  
went right by me

blinked and it was gone  
could be anywhere  
when the flyings done  
nearly hit me in the eye

what was it anyway?  
Who knows, cant say  
somebody knew, yesterday.

Samael Wolf

# Diminished Capacity

I cant shake off the cold  
it surrounds me, permeating  
me to the core  
this zombie life of the walking dead  
going through the motions as though  
I were alive  
work to make someone wealthy  
not me  
exist because its all I can do  
enjoy the small happy moments  
few as they may be  
overwhelmed at times by the tide  
taking refuge in this small abode  
disbelieving the myth of love  
moving slowly towards oblivion

Samael Wolf

# Dirty Martini's And A Hot Blonde

Well oiled in a groove  
down at the local dive  
shes the only one  
that looks alive

shes lookin my way  
I ask her, ' Whatta ya think? '  
' You gonna let me  
buy you a drink? '

She slowly nods her head  
smiles then winks  
I move closer  
with a smooth 'Hello'

' My names not Joe or Earl  
or Wally or Karl,  
but if you're good to me  
I'll be with you tomorrow.'

She says to me  
'Workin kinda fast,  
aint ya, slick? '  
' How do I know

this aint some trick? '  
' No trick Hon,  
but I looked in your eyes  
and I felt the heat '

' Theres one thing I think is a sin  
to pass up temptation,  
cause it might never pass your way again.'  
' So lets sip our gin

tell our secrets  
and our little lies  
share some kisses,  
before the sunrise.'

Samael Wolf

# Doing Time In A Solitary Mind

This prison of my own making  
this life less lived  
the love I have forsaken  
brings me to the precipice

of half a century of misdeeds  
as I review my litanies of evil,  
Solitary is my mind  
Solitary is my kind

Eschewing the conventional norms  
I am much to bizarre  
for the everyday people,  
yet a part of me wishes

I could be like them  
But I have tasted the forbidden fruit  
alas, I am locked out of the garden  
and so I stay, solitary

in every way  
with none to join me  
in my prison.

Samael Wolf

# Done

After the day is done,  
At home and wondering  
if its all worthwhile  
the empty smiles  
and throwaway phrases  
done in large empty places  
to come home to silence  
more quiet complacence  
Wondering if this is it  
Is that all there is,  
Does it end like this?  
Wake again, do it on the morrow  
Ones joy is anothers sorrow,  
Let it go, you cant create fate  
Simply wait.  
Samael Wolf

# Don'T Ask Me

O don't ask me,  
U already know  
I will die, alone  
My pups will feed  
on my flesh  
dont answer me  
Let me drink  
you with my  
eyes, let me  
sup at your holy  
delights, become  
my lover, for only  
one day, I will  
lift you with  
praise on the other side.

Samael Wolf

# Dreamland

There is a place

I go, I sometimes

dont remember what

I did but I always

want to go back

the scenes I recall

are with a beautiful

raven haired woman

who knows no limits

that only sees me

she only appears

in my dreams

which is why

I sleep so much

I must get back

to her, soon.

Samael Wolf

# Dreary Xmas Day

Nothing to do  
but sit here  
and write to you

I'm not the phone sex  
or computer cyber guy  
I prefer hot and heavy

one on one  
up close and personal  
no holds barred

with no part untouched  
wet sticky wild bestial sex.

Oh shit, I need a hobby  
to keep my mind  
from flipping back

to the sex channel again.

Samael Wolf

# Dripping Off Of You

Once it was love that burst from you  
like a small explosion  
saturating me, keeping me warm  
once that was true, then you moved on

I still think of you  
here in my solitude  
four years gone by  
and still I try

to put the pieces  
of my heart back in place  
you killed me a thousand times  
yet I still cant die

And still I try  
to put it all back in place

I burned your pictures

but I cant lose your face

no horror can compare

to when you left me there

and I still cant die

and still I try

to put the pieces back in place.

Samael Wolf

# Every Day Above Ground Is A Good One, , ,

Considering the options  
I choose to breathe

alone or be miserable  
with someone, I choose alone

hate my job or starve  
I choose hate

tune in to myself  
tune out, humanity

when all it has to offer  
is petty bickering

foolish attempts to impress  
with store bought trash

when all that is needed  
is a kind word and an ear

that actually listens.  
Yes, every day above ground

is a good one, but who takes  
the time to notice?

Samael Wolf

# Evil

There is no evil,  
only stupid human behavior  
we are all 'grey'areas  
capable of either

good or evil  
or both  
Life is never absolute  
it is a puzzle without end

if you do something  
and it feels good  
it is just that  
if you do something

and it feels bad,  
it was bad  
see, you didnt need a  
god to tell you that.

Samael Wolf

# Eye Of The Beholder

To some, coarse language  
the beautiful naked human form  
is blasphemy  
yet they applaud war  
they support military might  
they goad the willing to die

for nothing.  
The true pornography  
is the images  
of the victims of brutal war  
of theocratic insanity

when basic survival  
when life most precious  
is to be enjoyed  
not thrown away.

Call to your god, your allah,  
whatever you call it  
there will be no reply  
just the hate in your head.

Samael Wolf

# Fade Away

Its never easy to fade away  
to be diminished  
each and every day  
slowly into the abyss

of time and space  
lost moments of forgotten bliss  
while from the inside I scream  
I live, I live! I havent changed!

I am still vital, still the same!  
Alas, only I see myself that way  
as I erode, each and every day.  
Its never easy to fade away,

to watch my dreams die and decay,  
that tiny glimmer that once kept me alive  
is slowly fading to nothing,  
fade to black, fade to the other side.

Samael Wolf

# Faint Glimmer In The Night

A small shining hope  
a faint glimmer  
is all that I need  
send me your love

with sweet sincerity  
become my reason  
let me hope you can be  
may you be my last

I know you are the best  
envelope me with you  
become my protected  
become my shield

render my heart unto yours  
forget the world  
and let us live  
in each other.

Such are the subtle thoughts  
of a hopeless romantic.

Samael Wolf

# Famous Battle Cry

' I'll rest when I die'  
is the famous battle cry

Did you ever wonder when  
where did your battle begin

who do you fight  
till the morning light

are they the reflection  
of your lifes defection

that stares back at you  
in the mirror?

Samael Wolf

# Fart Like Thunder!

head in lap  
rip your ears

asunder  
hear the thunder

smell the rain  
it envelopes you

rips your brain  
blast your ass

with methane gas  
I'll stand a safe distance.

Samael Wolf

# Filled The Time

I filled my time  
with alcohol

and rhyme  
just a hint

of desperation  
Awake to yet

another headache  
my heart is another matter

its as empty as my life  
broken bits the winds scatter

stoic is the surface  
belying the turmoil

of this place  
this mortal coil.

I filled the time  
with alcohol

and rhyme,  
and still I search.

Samael Wolf

# Final Exit

Don't weep for me  
please don't cry  
I was never here  
no need for goodbye

This realm was never meant for me  
its better to fade away  
don't you see  
this bitter irony, empty existance

to perish by my own hand  
is the only thing that makes sense.  
Do not weep for me, please dont cry  
This is my final exit,

no need for goodbye.

Samael Wolf

# Fleeting

Moment to moment  
happiness fades to memory  
the smile is gone  
sometimes to return

never exactly the same  
sometimes the path chosen  
leads us to a wall  
insurmountable, rising to the clouds

it envelopes with silent isolation  
this grinding sound comes from within me  
like the gnawing of rats on concrete  
I bleed within, nothing falls to the ground

no telltale sign of alarm  
No need to be concerned  
It happens every day  
thinking about life, beginning to end

mine didnt start well, a brutal birth  
so I was told,  
a small bruised baby  
that already found this worlds

hurt and pain at day one.  
Its a parade of tragedy, this life of ours  
with small moments of brief, fleeting happiness  
the horrible thing is,

memories of those moments  
tear me apart.  
If I could stop my life, put it on eternal pause  
I would return to the smiles, jumping from one

to another,  
never advancing, just living  
for those days, short as they were.  
But I cannot, I must live in this hardscrabble

survival of the fittest world,  
I will fight and live, albeit lonely  
and enjoy, sometimes  
that brief moment  
when I smile.

Samael Wolf

# For The Love Of Women

I need you

I cant live without, more

You are my beautiful stew

Let me bury my face

in your lovely place

let me smell your musk

from noon till dusk

after that lets do it again

slap my face with your tits

arent you the shits?

RIDE ME HARD!

put me away wet

with nothing to regret

gawd I love you baby

all your love for me

FIRE woman, cant you see

its time to do it again.

erotic pleasure, morning delight

do it morning to night

I dont care what the assholes say

its you I wake with

every fucking day.

Samael Wolf

# Four Beers On A Friday Night, ,

thats all you get

such a sad sad sight

you used to debauch

the entire town

alone with four beers

is all you get tonight,

burn the night oil

get to bed alright

with dreams of boobs

all through your head

shes ready and willing

with juicy quim

dream muff diving

ready for any whim

tenderly tenderly

lick and slurp

a slap and a pinch

creamy miss kitty

her cum is a cinch

rolling, biting, squeezing, fucking

lets not leave out all that sucking,

tomorrow I'll be your honey do,

wake up in cold sweat

blankets become a tent

woke up with full bladder

shoulda whizzed before bed

for that matter

who was that woman

in my dream

I know who she is

if you know what I mean.

Samael Wolf

# Fringe Element

Lives underbelly,  
seedy and unseemly  
I have always been hated  
For how is one to know  
when real love arrives  
when one is surrounded  
by complete frauds  
take the unpopular stand  
show your true colors  
let the chips fall  
where they may  
the ones that are left  
really do love you.

Samael Wolf

# From Life To Eternity

There is a veil, a shroud  
from which we cannot see  
yet fools try to describe  
things, scenarios that cannot be

for only the blind like them  
attempt to explain the unexplainable  
with such things like gods and devils  
when we all happen to be both beings

neither black nor white but all shades of grey  
when cast into the void, we do live on  
for the void is just a momentary lapse  
before the reunion.

Samael Wolf

# From The Depths Of Sorrow

Do you live?  
in this bottomless pit?  
Have you lived, without love?  
Can you ever say you have  
When you know its not true?  
One cannot live without knowing  
One cannot be without showing  
One cannot be alive  
Without ever having loved someone.  
Never love something or someone  
so much that you cannot see it die  
even when a part of you departs  
with it.

Samael Wolf

# Gathering Storm

Eroding from within,  
I grow weaker  
as the storm builds

breaking down my resolve  
and making my end more clear  
the slow infinitely painful image

of gun against temple  
pull the trigger, end it all  
sleep. endless sleep

end the pain, die as I live,  
alone. Not for pity, thats for the weak,  
just to end it all, thats all

stop the emptiness,  
the thrills are long gone  
the love died there too

why not join it?  
None to mourn me, and rightly so  
if they cared they would show it

Die while I still look good,  
maybe I better shoot lower,  
take out my heart

Its not really there anymore, anyway,  
born alone, live alone, die alone  
At least I'll make a good corpse.

Samael Wolf

# Get In Bed

Roll like thunder  
lets tear each other  
Asunder  
tear it all down  
and do it again  
you are my best  
refrain  
Stand in the weather  
shake off my cold  
loving you couldnt be better  
Comere, let me drink you in  
begin the begin  
lets find our center  
get back to that special place  
where I met you  
a loving embrace.

Samael Wolf

## Give It A Try, , ,

If you're attracted  
give it a try  
dont let temptation  
pass you by

Who knows where  
its been  
and will it pass  
this way again,

Give me that smile  
look me in the eye  
come on lets  
give it a try, , , , ,

Samael Wolf

# Give Me Your Heart

Let me make it my home  
within each others  
we will never be alone  
to warm each other

when times are cold  
to feed our fires  
and make us bold  
to enjoy each others delights

and snuggle on cold winter nights  
Walk in the sun  
dance by the moon  
play in the rain

, then do it again.

Samael Wolf

## Go On

I have nothing to hide  
go ahead and hate me  
I'm used to it  
The doctrine of truth  
is not a popular ware  
but who needs deceit  
anytime or anywhere.  
Go ahead and hate me  
its what I was made for  
I'll continue my battles  
forever more.

Samael Wolf

# God Took The E Train

God took the E train  
to the station  
hes left and gone out of town

riding with his buddies  
the easter bunny and the santa pooh  
you cant call him back

theres nothing you can do  
maybe hide under your bed  
with armageddon dancing

in your empty head  
Make a pile of sticks and mud  
and wail mightily

to your new god, Elmer Fudd  
or maybe it could be Donald Trump  
for your almighty thunderer

But dont mind the bump  
when he tells you you're fired,  
Silly Human

the god business  
is boomin  
thanks to fools like thee

blame the devils  
for your own little Hell  
even though a fool

created it,  
you know who  
it was really you.

Now lets all laugh  
at what you see  
in your mirror.

Samael Wolf

# Grand Illusions

Smoke and mirrors within our minds  
Grand illusions so sublime  
Dont wake me cause it might go away  
Tis better to live within the dream  
Than see the actual light of day.

Samael Wolf

# Hardcore

Sentimental soul?  
when I'm alone, you bet  
out there in the world

I'm as hardcore as you get  
Leather and steel form  
my outer sheen

titanium smile  
if you know what I mean  
none but the brave approach

this specter  
I could intimidate  
Hannibal Lechter

which is fine by me  
because it saves time  
separating the wheat from the chaff

and those that do find the nerve  
to scratch the surface  
are suprised to find

a sentient being  
with presence of mind  
But most are small minded bigots

whose understanding of life  
comes from the noise on their TV sets  
they get drunk every Saturday night

in church pews Sunday morning  
with their hangover plight,  
Me, I prefer to be 100% real

scary to some  
but I always know how and why I feel.



## Harmless? Ha!

Ah, the sweet youth has come of age  
out there in the world, yet they display  
a funny dismissal of those of us  
that are seasoned,  
Let this harmless old guy begin  
to tell you how much blood  
squirts from a face thats being kicked in  
or that being shot both  
stings and feels warm  
a sharp knife cuts fast and clean  
a dull knife hurts more,  
if you know what I mean  
if your girlfriend says  
'Its ok love '  
know that it isnt  
and the best advice  
I can give you tonight  
is never take a knife  
to a gun fight.



# Hate

hate is the reverse of love  
its a tool to hold on to  
the unworthy

its the most wasted emotion  
for hate is power  
but the hated use it also

to keep the scorned close  
when the ones that should  
be hated go unnoticed

they are the ones  
that tool about in mercedes  
or porsche, while paying

pennies for goods in china  
while their countymen  
wonder where their

next meal comes from.  
Keeping someone hated  
that has done me wrong

is futile  
when karma will  
bite their asses

all too soon.  
Direct your power  
direct your hate

make them pay  
its never too late.

Samael Wolf

# Hellbound Heart

Was it mine?

From the start?

At one time, I knew

now I'm not so sure

a cold wind blew

through this body

of 98.6

76% water

Muscle and fat, kinda thick

the heart has a memory

of its own

not like the brain

its the home

of the being

of which I reside

The brain remembers

watching the evening tide

sitting on the cliffs

watching the ocean

seeing whales spout

water unclean

The heart knows

what I loved best

little as it is

and shuns the rest.

Hellbound heart,

you know my destination

Nothing left now

the plans creation.

Samael Wolf

# Here Is My Crowd!

Dont say that out loud

they could shun you  
maybe run from you

better left unsaid  
be nice, dont talk about

sex and vice  
make nice rhymes

talk about the weather  
and politics sublime

dont piss off women or gays  
or lazy black folk

or Illegal mexicans  
that never pays

make nice rhymes  
even if boring

it works every time.

Samael Wolf

# Hey!

Lovely one, I cant wait to get you home  
You throw me a line, I give you my bone  
Licking, biting, sucking, kissing  
feeling just what we're missing  
moans replace words beyond compare  
besides, its hard to talk  
with my face down there  
Of course you're humming along  
without singing a song  
cuffs, rope, spanks -n- hair pulling  
what kind of toys did you bring?  
Tired honey? Me too, ,  
Theres just one more thing to do  
Snuggle close,  
I like this one  
the most.  
Samael Wolf

# Home

Home is here, I think  
its where I eat, sleep  
and drink.

Could I imagine a better scenario?  
Always is there something better  
if only in your mind, you know.

come cold winter nights  
or balmy summer weather  
its not the season, to wit

but more about  
the person you're with  
that matters most

than wasting time

all alone.

Samael Wolf

# Honey Dew

Droplets of delight  
I cant see you  
in the night  
but I feel you

your tight caress  
we fall asleep  
(I feel our morning mess)  
but we dont worry

today is blessed  
with more of the same  
again and again.

Samael Wolf

# I Blame 'God'

For such an all powerful being  
what a shoddy mess,  
is he stupid or retarded?  
But I digress

If there is a 'god'  
it merely set things in motion  
no great plan  
just see where it all lands

So, your 'god' is no great planner  
just some celestial gambler  
and not very gutsy at that  
to make Satan take all the blame  
for things 'He' begat.

If 'god' is your copilot  
you must have got lost  
going around the corner, , , ,

-Samael-

Samael Wolf

# I Cant Find My Way Home

I didnt want to be here  
I am alone with no way home  
dont pity me, its most unbecoming  
Allow me the dignity  
of someone that cannot see  
fraught with trepidation  
I join the flight  
may I sleep till the  
plane hits the ground?  
I will wake, only for a moment.  
Be you, be me.

Samael Wolf

# I Didn't Write This

Would I be remiss  
if I didn't write a love poem?  
One that isn't fraught  
that love that is not

what you seek  
when you find it?  
Maybe a girl  
that's in love

with squirrels  
and not you  
(in the beginning)  
but she finds

that you have a mind  
and not just sagging pants  
then she rants  
about love and demands

that you see only her.  
Being you  
and that you'll screw  
anything that moves

your silent advance  
says to her (by chance)  
that it may just work.

Samael Wolf

# I Gave Up This

My life. point of view  
I dont care what you think  
I love her, I couldnt sink, lower

I dont know if she really loves me  
but I'm willing to try  
this solitude sends me

flying by  
Come with me sweet girl  
I can show you parts

You didnt know  
that existed.  
BECOME my rocker love

become my addiction  
take me away  
let me say

that you are mine.

Samael Wolf

# I Hate Myself And I Wanna Die

Kurt Cobain wrote when  
he was at the top of his game,

not all too much later  
he was assuming room temperature

society and religion breeds suicide  
creating the breeding ground

for self loathing  
But I, like many, have many more reasons

for our reasons  
to die,

I cannot be who I was  
I cannot be who I am

I cannot be someone loved  
I can feed and nurture my puppies

and when they are gone  
so am I.

One needs purpose for living, or a reason to die.  
I have both.

Samael Wolf

# I Think I, ,

, , Lost some poems  
somewhere around here  
if you find them

dont scribble your name  
over mine  
or say that this was

some sort of divine  
intervention.  
I got ripped

dropped a bit  
and now I wonder  
where it went.

Thats Ok  
I always have more  
to say

this and every  
day.  
love you.

Samael Wolf

# I Thought Of Writing A Poem, ,

So sublime  
then I remembered  
you were never mine

I would have died  
for you, killed  
for you, I cried  
for you, but you  
were never mine

In my dreams  
I am still  
with you  
happy as Hell  
knowing you are mine

Then I wake  
with that old  
sad ache  
because you  
were never mine

I still look back  
year after year  
time after time  
to that moment

when you were  
never mine.

Samael Wolf

# I Want To

I want to feel special  
right there in your eyes  
I want to believe I'm the one  
that causes your sighs

I want to live right there  
in your eyes  
theres not anywhere  
that I'd rather be

To see you wake  
holding you close  
no more heart ache  
sad nights all alone

to look in your eyes  
and feel that I'm home.

Samael Wolf

# Iconoclast

What do I think of you?  
shit walks and talks

as if I care what you think  
there is no better time

to kill yourself  
than now

Make room for me  
and my progeny

the stiff armed intellectuals  
that are pretty and deadly

that can sing you to sleep  
and smother you with

your own pillow  
I am the Iconoclast

I praise you while  
I slide the knife

into your back.

Samael Wolf

## If I Could Hold Her, Again

I would tell her that I love her, without condition,  
I would be there when she cried  
I would be her mentor  
I would be her listening ears  
I wouldn't judge her  
I would be the man that IS excited by her  
I would simply be there  
because I love her.  
she did exist once, but she chose a different path  
and I wish her well, for once in my life.

Samael Wolf

# Infernal Blessings

You could not see them  
But I do  
They surround me with intense  
pleasure, they take sword  
to my enemies  
They are my loves  
they are my guardians  
they are all that is beauty  
they are all that is vengeance  
they are Angels of the Dark wing  
beware their sirens call  
if you arent nice  
they dice you as you fall  
I love my Dark Angels  
supple on the Wing  
they protect me  
and become my everything.

Samael Wolf

# Inspirations

Lovely woman,

You launch my ship

without a word,

Just a swing of your hips

has my mind swirling

with lovely images of we two

I cannot begin to thank you

I want to kiss your dad

and screw your mom

tongue love the hole

you came from

I cant think of a better delight

thinking of you tonight.

Samael Wolf

# Intrinsic Values

Are you who you think you are?  
Do you believe you can be?  
What gives you the right?  
If you are of a sentient mind,  
You need no validation  
You need no permission  
You are your own person.  
Now go and have fun!

Samael Wolf

## Is It Possible?

Some ask,  
Is it possible to love someone  
you have never met?  
I answer, of course it is!  
but the trouble happens when  
you actually meet them  
Its easy to fall in love  
with someones mind  
but when their body follows  
its a whole different story  
then you get the whole treatment  
if one can love everything else  
you really do love them  
I know this as a fact  
I love many minds  
and I am sure that  
if they were here  
with me, they would be  
ready to kill me.

Samael Wolf

# Is That So?

'Good things come to those that wait'  
surely was written by a fool  
since waiting does nothing but

attract dust and cobwebs  
Its better to get off ones ass  
and make something happen

or merely wait for someone  
to come along and dust you off  
from time to time.

Samael Wolf

# It Can Be Taken Away At Any Moment

Dont relax, never relax  
it can all be taken away  
at any moment  
Your house, your things  
your love,  
Nothing is set in stone  
nothing is forever  
Set your jaw on firm clench  
live for this moment  
it wont last forever.

Samael Wolf

# It's Better When

No mail equals good news  
boring days mean there will be more  
no news is good news  
sometimes one can appreciate  
the fulfillment of nothing  
left to think of when  
something decent arrives  
maybe its merely a dream  
from someone that lives  
for nothing.

Samael Wolf

# Its Made Fresh Daily

It comes from factories  
and the offices  
from restaurants  
and dingy bars  
in schools and humble homes  
its made by computers  
and flashy cars  
Ipods, cell phones, trendy trash  
divide and conquer  
it does so very well  
the product is loneliness  
Invisible yet you know  
its there, eating away  
wittling away your life  
till theres nothing there.

Samael Wolf

# Its Over (Again) Today!

So dont even mention that vile xmas word

unless you are prepared to run

your and my screams will be heard

as I chase you with arms flailing

reining blows upon your head

with the nearest blunt object.

I am so burnt out, I fear

that I could go postal

over a ' Happy New Year'.

Samael Wolf

## IV

As statements go  
this one is the best  
here it is

'The most beautiful of all is man'  
'But more than Him, is Woman '  
'She was not made below Him'

'Nor above'  
'She was made by and from his side'  
'She was meant to be loved'

Samael Wolf

## Just A Taste, , ,

Just a taste, then rip it away

another fool, just another day

But I'm the one who pays

Yes dear, I'm honored you drove

300 miles, for a couple days sex

and brought your trophies home,

whats next?

Play the fool for all hes worth?

Then the jokes on you,

Hes been broke since birth

Works hard and still looks pretty

He isnt your fool, ,

what a pity,

But he's sure you've moved on

while he dries his tears,

toot a loo, so long!

Prologue for one,

This isnt a game, he really loved you

But you didnt know it, now hes not the same.

Samael Wolf

# Karma For A Whore

You spent your life  
sucking and fucking  
with total glee  
isnt it fitting

you end it with a man  
that finds you repulsive  
he cares, oh he cares  
but only to find you dead

he calls with regularity  
but only with hopes  
of your timely demise  
I think its lovely

its a fitting repart  
to think someone  
so lovely could turn down so many  
with such a black heart

to finally settle on a man  
who had such a sinister plan.  
You cheated, he did too  
tit for tat, (office desk screws)

Now you couldnt pay for that action  
fading fast, your lovely attractions  
Live life kinda, you know what I mean  
while your mind sends out

silent screams.

Samael Wolf

# Kill Me (Again)

Kill me again

let our blood blend

into a fine swirl

of our life force.

Drink me down

eat my flesh

become one with me

become my host

I will become

your unholy ghost.

Writhe with me

into the night

let our passions

become our frights

See my starless soul

let my blackness

become your whole

I will martyr myself for thee

to become one with you

let me be.

Samael Wolf

# Last Call

Time has become short  
time has lost time  
the leaves must fall  
time for last call

substance lives within  
Us all,  
dont cry when its  
time for last call

Its never bad  
when ones time  
is up  
its just that time  
has given in

dont cry for me  
I dont have a clue  
I'm not here anymore  
last call.

Samael Wolf

# Leaves Of Remembrance

Memory is like the pages of a book

photos of smiles

words written by people

long gone from this earth

I dwell in a moment

on my fathers last days

A stroke had taken him

with its creeping malaise

He was in a hospital

on the clean white sheets

drifting in and out of this world

yet did he speak

A cousin asked what he wanted

'To go home '

My cousin taunted

who would take you there?

Without a pause, my dad replied

'Samael will '

Then he died.

Memory is like pages in a book

Triumph and tragedy

we try not to look

but it is always with us

the echos of the past

the here and now

for as long as it lasts.

Samael Wolf

# Let Me, My Friends

Let me sing your praises a thousand million times  
you are always there when I need you  
ease my pain, our love is so sublime  
I love, love you, all the time.

Jump into your destiny  
need a little shove?  
I'm there sweetie  
I know you'll never forget me

Karma warriors  
this is Us  
dont worry  
about who to trust  
we all shine on.

Would you like to join us?  
You must be free  
leave prejudice  
at the door  
then we see.

Samael Wolf

# Live With Me

Could you dare?  
sometimes I even scare  
Me, with my savage nature

I dare not think of a muse  
if she would leave  
maybe I wouldnt care

or I would become  
truely insane  
never knowing her love  
again.

Samael Wolf

# Long Day

another long day  
toiling in the factory  
smell the desperation  
in the air  
fear in the making  
smile the corporate smile  
while the knife slowly  
sinks in  
another day done  
some come back  
some stay gone  
fear in the air  
thick as leaves  
that fall to  
the ground

Samael Wolf

# Love

Love is a thief  
that steals sanity  
and reason

love is a comfort  
for all seasons  
love destroys mind

and soul  
Love is a beautiful  
pit of no control

love is a lie  
we all believe  
love becomes hate

when we see  
the veil lifts  
and you are there

middle of the crowd  
in your underwear.

Samael Wolf

# Magick

The Mage says to all

'come sit with me, that I may tell you,

of the wonders of this world. '

'You may ask who this one who rants

is, perchance'

'I am the Mage, the sorcerer of time,

I could be your friend, or enemy of the mind'

' Look around thee, tell me

what you see, , , '

' You may describe simple mundane things'

'but I am here to tell you that its true Magick

this world brings '

' It sustains your existence and that's always good

it bounty is always misunderstood '

'Taken for granted like a beautiful wife

you do not miss her till shes gone from your life'

' I need not show you the power of Me

when the real Magick lies within

all that you see.'



# Make Me Insane!

To see you with shit like that,  
makes me insane!  
are you blind, stupid or bored?  
come on! do better!

Drop the zero  
for a walk  
on the wild side  
come with me  
nothing to hide

fuckin rockin wet  
lets get wetter  
gimme some  
ride my face  
rumble all over  
the place

Tasty babe  
Mmmm better  
I loved it  
when I chewed  
off your sweater

'Where you goin sweetie? '  
'To the potty, I have to pee'  
'Let me go with '  
'You can do me '  
'Tonight my dear, you are born again  
Wolf,  
and even a shewolf marks her territory '

She smiles a lovely smile  
as she begins to pee  
on her territory  
He beams back up  
at her, cause shes so lovely.



# Meat

Feeling ravenous today  
fill me with the flesh

of long dead creatures  
the smell of cooked meat

with onions fills the air  
More, I need more

more meat, more onions  
Fill this void inside me

better now, had my fill  
of the meat of long dead

creatures.

Samael Wolf

# Miles

A thousand leagues  
countless seas  
separates you from me  
I have no idea

what you look like  
but I know your heart.  
I know who you are  
misunderstood, lonely

like me,  
kilometers, miles  
a hundred sunsets  
far apart.

Yet you inhabit  
my entire heart.  
Let the world wither away  
We will get by  
till we meet one fine day.

Samael Wolf

# Milestone

Yet another milestone  
on my way  
to the bone-yard  
Never sad

just feeling cheated  
over the years  
wasted in futility  
there is no shame

when one has no one  
to blame but themselves  
drunk, stupid or in love  
to me its all the same

state of mine or sickness  
of the heart  
wasting time on the way  
to the final decay.

Samael Wolf

# Mindless

Take this mind away  
erase it with pleasure  
make the heat stay  
overload beyond measure  
reek with the smell  
a thousand sweaty days  
a glorious sexual Hell  
take this mind away  
cast your spell  
you're welcome to stay  
forever to dwell

Samael Wolf

# Money

Is not evil in itself  
the people that claw  
for it are  
it is a means  
to achive ones end

it is sustenance  
in the cold  
it is pleasure  
but with asterisk

for too much of  
anything kills  
It is a blessing  
and a curse

it brings false friends  
and false lovers  
it creates castles  
without joy

it isolates  
in the mind and heart  
Would I choose that?  
Of course, for the ones  
that deny you are true.

Samael Wolf

# Morning

Wake and begin the crawl  
join the mindless procession  
while wondering about it all  
is this how animals feel  
on their way to be slaughtered?  
Its no wonder why they simply give up  
lie down in their own excrement  
knowing all is futile  
death is at hand.  
among the moos and bleats  
and wails of mortal pain  
waiting to be skinned alive  
The smell of death is in the air today  
the silent stalker that some can feel  
Yes feel the icy presence  
invisible yet you can feel its gaze  
upon you, gripping you like a vise  
'Begone you beggar! '  
' I have no time for your game! '  
I have told Death this many times,

the last time he nearly won.

But I know that I will not give up

that I refuse to lay in my excrement

or listen to the wails of pain

coming from the flock.

Samael Wolf

# Muse(S)

I have learned  
in this age  
that beautiful women  
can inspire more  
than woodies  
they are my muse(s)

They send me love  
they create joy  
when there was none  
I love you  
each and every one

they inspire me  
to great lengths  
they stroke my  
imagination with

sincere praise

I would gladly  
worship them in  
my own bestial way

but then nothing  
would be written  
I would be too busy  
ahem, , ,

Samael Wolf

# My Dark Life

I live in the shadows, this is where I was born, I dwell here for all eternity,  
A place where no light shines, no warmth touches, but I still see,  
No veil upon my eyes, no shiny nickels to cover them, no kiss for my brow  
The darkness envelopes me, it is my only friend, it comforts me, even now.  
Evinced in solid, yet it is always shade, here I must lie, forever to stay  
No laughter, no sorrow, no pain, only with the darkness do I play  
No tears will be again shed from these eyes, no more loving words,  
To be uttered, whispered, spoken or be heard.  
This cold place is forever my home, this darkness, my friend,  
I shall dwell here always, for now and always, beyond the end.  
No true light has ever touched these eyes, no human touch ever mattered  
To this creature, you cannot break whats already been shattered,  
For here there is nothing to save,  
My heart is cold,  
as if in the grave.

Samael Wolf

# My Face

Is the place where smiles reside  
is the thing that cannot hide  
My love for you

Its where your pretty ass can sit  
as long as you see fit  
come with me

on my silver tongue  
let us be free  
long may we run

Let us go a wandering  
may I sing your praises  
with an eye on the prize

your orgasmic writhing?  
My face  
is the place

for you  
my dear.

Samael Wolf

# My Love Letter To Everyone

I dont know you

But I love you

You all I see

I dont care

be with me

come down the slide

meet me, on the other side.

-Samael-

Samael Wolf

# My Pain

Falls down like rain  
you are here  
Tell me again  
let me feel you

Nothing is against thr grain  
Noncombat  
tell me where  
you are at,

tell me where  
you hurt  
let me make the motherfucker  
die without knowing  
what hit him.

For my beautiful friend with tears in her eyes.

Samael Wolf

# My Persian Kitty

She is beautiful to see  
nothing so rare

with raven hair  
eyes like moonlit pools

to deny such a woman  
is the act of fools

To love such a being  
is natural it seems

for she is all that is  
LOVE.

Samael Wolf

# My Personal Satan

Despise hypocrisy  
step over the meek  
my Personal Satan  
my vengeance He seeks

Greed is good  
but Lust is better  
don't spare the rod  
make her wetter

Prayers for the weak  
grovel in shit  
none hears you speak  
or gives a wit

mind numbed religionazi's  
puppet sheep  
say your prayers  
before you sleep

choke your desires  
dampen your fires  
your life isnt yours  
until you wake up

My Personal Satan  
my good friend  
Infernal Lord  
Beyond the end.

Samael Wolf

# My Reasons For Living

They are:

Sarah

Kathy

Delores

Jen

Tempest

Patricia

Lylyanne

Missy

and all the other

beautiful Goddesses

that continue to grace

my life

I Love you all,

and in your debt

-Samael-

Samael Wolf

# My Samhain

To some this is Halloween  
for others like me  
this is the night to mingle  
with those departed.

Some were demons, others mortal  
none were ever saints  
but we all shared laughter  
at one time or another  
we felt the pains of the living  
shed the tears of the brokenhearted

This night is for those  
that are beyond the gate  
the night when they can relive

old times with those  
left behind.

Shed no tears on this blessed event  
ne'er curse the cold hand of fate  
Sip your grog and laugh with the spirits

Its their night too, you know.  
Theres nothing to fear  
when Samhain night is here.

Samael Wolf

# Neither

I refuse to be categorized  
sent to some banal sub  
genre  
I am all or none of the above  
I am a communist, I am a nazi  
I am Satan in all her glory  
I am jesus on a cross  
I am stomping Marie Antoinette  
on her way to the guillotine  
I spit on saints  
I curse the masses  
I bite pretty women on their asses  
I eat meat  
yet I love animals  
I drink booze  
yet I hate drunks  
Piss me off  
and I stuff your granny  
in a trunk  
I hate the rich  
yet I would join  
the club  
Only to piss them off  
with a snub  
I adore virtue  
only to see  
if they would wallow  
with me  
I hate those that think  
they are above  
I know how and where  
they stink  
I know by looking in your  
eyes  
who you are and how you lie  
I am the detective  
with lots of clues  
I am the pervert  
to stand tall

or be abused  
I am the racist  
with mystic retreats  
I am the high fiver  
to the brothers  
I meet  
I am the government  
I am the rebel  
I am the demon  
that was Hell  
sent.  
I am the metalhead  
I am the punk  
piss on that emo  
junk  
I am classical  
I am annoyed  
can you see this  
I am industrial  
into the void!  
There is no black or white  
life is shades of grey  
with all falling  
in between.

Samael Wolf

## Never Alone (In Dreams)

No matter how alone one is,  
you are never alone,  
in dreams  
people return to the living  
in dreams  
love is but a moment away  
in dreams  
sex never disappoints  
in dreams  
the perfect life is always there  
then we wake  
I sometimes wonder where  
I should live  
here or  
in dreams  
a fool would choose  
the first.

Samael Wolf

# Not That I Need One

But give me a reason,  
A reason to smile,  
A reason to be truly sappy  
To feel immortal again  
To look at someone and not feel contempt  
To wake up and feel alive  
To awake in the night, tangled up with  
You and never want to break away  
Loving every minute of  
You.  
Never making excuses  
never in doubt  
Never wondering where you are  
Knowing that you and I  
are in love.  
Not that I need a reason,

Samael Wolf

# Nothing

Nothing here  
nothing at all  
floating through life  
just pain to make

me feel real  
emptiness surrounds  
top to bottom  
all around

anger subsides to  
bland silence  
resigned to the  
cold reality

of a solitary life.  
Make what happen?  
I missed the boat  
or thought it was

a train, bus or plane  
so nothing is the rule  
of the day,  
it binds me this way

never jump the gun  
it bites hard  
BLAM, hole in your ass  
see the effects

as it drains your  
imagination with  
corporate glee  
pissing in cornflakes

everywhere.

Samael Wolf

# Nothing Left (But The Memories)

Theres something sad when all thats left are the memories  
Pictures dont do justice, too many moments you see  
not a camera handy for all those times  
just a snapshot from a minds eye  
Blink and the moment is gone, bye bye  
restive and alone, too many could have beens

are long gone down that winding road to nowhere  
some may be happy, some are surely dead  
They still live on inside this head  
bringing smiles and tears  
modern styles and ancient fears  
while away the quiet hours

of solemn intent with introspective  
thoughts of lifes regrets  
From the deep and the shallow  
the pits of Hell to the mountains of the Moon  
from the Sun that rolled high at days noon  
I stay in the shadows, away from the light

my thoughts are more vivid  
in the bough of the night  
no mystery binds me still  
no love finds me for I am hidden from view  
the madness strains my will  
for love is insanity, that we all wish for

Samael Wolf

# Nothing Personal

No poetry tonight

its bed time and

my mind is a blight

no new ideas invade

I do like Beethovens

sad sweet serenade

I'll be back with some

maybe tomorrow.

Samael Wolf

# Nothing Special

Nothing special about today  
same could be said for yesterday  
or the day before  
or the year before  
living in a rut  
chained to this place  
living with the ghosts  
of who I used to be  
and of those that once were  
apparitions that both soothe  
and torment become  
nothing special  
it happens every day

Samael Wolf

# Numb And Smiling

Cold beer,  
smooth weed  
and a hot woman  
is all I need

ok, two out of  
three isnt bad  
it isnt like  
I've been without before  
so you see  
the two can negate  
the three.

drink one down  
roll one up  
chat in this  
insular little world  
dont mind the peeps  
with issues  
(such creeps)  
and dont let any more  
visit (without permission from their therapists) .

Samael Wolf

# Oblivion

Futile reasoning in the last moments of breath  
brings the calm last seconds of a life  
to its eventual close, with vivid living color  
flashbacks of what once was and

what could have been if  
I had taken the other path,  
the other choice  
the short straw or the long.

Who knew it would play out like this?  
Since my brain is playing this as such  
do I get another chance or  
is the the cosmic raspberries

throwing it all in my face to  
never see or feel it again?  
Am I laying my cards on the table  
and folding without a fight?

I know its not a so called 'god'  
doing this, thats absurd  
since their god would be  
nothing short of sadistic

and perverse  
but then again, who knows.  
The light fades from my dimming eyes  
no one here to say goodbyes,  
silent passage

Samael Wolf

# One Down, Two To Go

Counting the days till my four day weekend,  
Not that anything new or special will happen then,

Just me and my dogs, maybe some horrid turkey TV dinner,  
Drink to oblivion a few nights, nurse hangovers the rest,

Then become clean and sober next week, only to do it all over again,  
But this weekend, I get four nights!

Ahhh, isnt life grand, , ,

Samael Wolf

# One Hundred Lives

I've lived one hundred lives  
died a thousand deaths  
what I have lived for  
is to see the love in your eyes  
Desert sands to the oceans roar  
a lone figure standing  
upon those shores  
Looking out, over the waves  
knowing she is out there  
SUP at her holiest of holys!  
feel her body quake  
look into her eyes  
paradise, my home, my muse  
Gulestan! She is my eternal!  
Her life flows into mine, the river to the sea  
Alpha, Omega, begining to end  
We are The Wolves whom none comprehend  
The world is ours  
Come, lets begin the dance

Samael Wolf

# One Voice

She soothes me with her sensual tones  
Her voice makes being alone  
seem not so bad

I could wait for her a million years  
as long as I could hear  
her once a day

I long for her scent,  
her musky crescent  
I fell in love with her visage

I fear the day that we meet  
for if only a moment  
I will again become complete

Maybe foolish, I know I can trust her  
will she destroy me?  
For one night

I would gladly see.  
Far away far away yet she is so close  
she has touched me more that some can boast

Fragile angel, alight upon me  
lose your sorrows for this tragedy  
this man, this mortal who loves you from afar

who would give his own life  
if for a moment of your delights  
n'eer forget me or the love I bestow

for it is you that I live for  
as above and below.

Samael Wolf

# One Way Out

Why go on trying, resistance is futile  
Enduring this world full of imbeciles

The writing is huge upon the wall  
Die by my own hand, smile as I fall

Such is the fate of lovers and poets  
I will leave with only one regret

Knowing she is still out there  
And that we never met.

Samael Wolf

# Only One Fear

I have faced death with a sneer,  
I have been to the edge  
and lived to tell it  
I have delved to the depths  
yet there is only one thing  
I fear  
its 'Love'  
When its good  
Its a high  
when its bad  
You wanna die

Samael Wolf

# Paradise Found

In theory, paradise  
is a beautiful illusion  
no matter where you are  
or what station of life  
nothing is ever completely  
what it should be  
or what we want it  
to be  
nothing is ever solid  
its an ever changing  
kaleidoscope of scenarios  
and attitudes  
it is best to adapt  
for those that do  
have a low risk  
of becoming  
extinct.

Samael Wolf

# Pick Up The Pieces

Hes the luckiest man on earth  
to have you right beside him  
and know that your love is his  
but if he ever does you wrong  
let me be there to pick up the pieces.

I love you more than you'll ever know  
do anything to help your sweet heart mend  
for a beginning, there has to be an end.  
Believe for a moment that you love me  
like you do him,  
Let me pick up the pieces

I'll be there for you, again and again.

Samael Wolf

# Prophet

Eventually, the party stops  
people filter out, one by one  
left alone with ones thoughts  
about where this all leads

A happy ending  
or a bitter end  
Of course we try to put on  
the mask of indifference

but it never stays securely in place  
what lies beneath belies the facade  
Is it better to live transparently?  
to wear ones heart on sleeve

for all the world to see,  
and pity?  
Blessed be those that live and know themselves  
for they walk in the light of truth

they cannot bear a lie,  
from without or within  
They trust their inner voice to guide them,  
second guesses are for fools.

The path of righteousness is beset on all sides  
by the tyranny of humanity  
With will unbroken, stand tall with head held high  
Face them with unblinking eye

Do not reject love, but always treat it  
as an impostor  
Never love something so much  
that you cannot stand to see it die

Humanity is beautiful, but most beautiful  
of all is woman.  
And as a wise man once said  
' The world is a fine place, and worth fighting for'

I agree.

Samael Wolf

# Psalm Of The Yezidi

The Peacock and the tower  
the Adept strikes the hour  
for the people to recite  
to our Gods

then we unite  
against the lies  
of the ages  
the untruths of the sages

the tyranny of the religions  
Our curses may be slow  
but their demise  
we will know

for we return by three  
we are gods children  
divided by none.

Samael Wolf

# Read Me

Read me like a book  
Dont let the outside  
stop that second look  
dont ignore your instincts  
Follow them to my heart  
It will all become succinct  
Follow your heart, to me  
allow us to be truely free

Samael Wolf

# Reflecting Me

I am the sum total  
of what I have lived  
not a piece that I wear  
is without meaning  
Symbolism is its  
own language  
signs of our tribe  
The Lord smiles  
let us know when its time  
for freedom and equality  
for all, forever  
Justice! The Black Angel  
with bat wings  
will deal with the rest  
Her tyrannical gaze  
belies her beauty  
Freedom! The Angel with  
multiple heads  
harbinger of hedonism  
beware her gaze, , , ,

Gluttony! The chubby Angel

with chocolate colored eyes

look all you want

but in small portions

Vengeance, The sweetest Angel of all

her lazer gaze is llegendary

yet she soothes the savage breast

The Angels are many by name

and claims to fame

and They will, forever.

Samael Wolf

# Reflections In A Stagnant Pool

Scrying the future in fetid black water  
the smell of humanity is there  
abominations to behold and puzzle over  
for they are the works of their breed  
the blackness is the color of their deeds

they shall cry in vain when they learn  
what they had done to themselves  
to their future, to their world  
the blue djin has been released  
from its prison, to seek its vengeance

and nothing can make it go away,  
nothing can be made right again,  
and there is nowhere to hide.  
Scrying the future in a stagnant pool,

the future is what it is,

for it is written, so shall it be.

Samael Wolf

# Reformatting Blues

Error message, reboot!  
Oh hell, its done it again  
I got the reformat blues  
brutal one this time

lost everything I could use  
pics to music, front to back  
lost so much I lost track  
at least I freed up some disk space

lost my mind in its place  
I got the reformat blues, , , ,

Samael Wolf

# Religion

Whether we climbed out of  
the primordial ooze of time  
or fell from the stars  
ancient men tried to explain  
what they did not understand  
they called it religion  
its time passed long ago  
yet it still chains us  
to the scared children of  
the past, the frightened ones  
that could not see or understand  
unless it was cloaked in mystery  
declaring all unexplainable as  
'gods' will.  
There are real mysteries that are  
being solved every day, more  
could be, if it were not for  
religion.

Samael Wolf

## Religion Part 2

Religion religion  
how they love their pigeons  
even though they call them sheep  
either awake or while they sleep  
they storm the place infecting their 'morals'  
that they cannot conform to  
But religion depends on the ignorant  
for their bread and butter  
not to mention fine cars and fast women  
beg for pennies from the fearful old  
tell them if they donate they will walk streets of gold  
censor me you hypocritical hose bags  
you will not stop the truth

Samael Wolf

# Remember It?

Remember when love was a game?

always different,  
never quite the same.

Lover to lover  
bed to bed  
sounds exciting

inside your head.

When you are truly alone  
when theres the silence  
of your dead sounding phone,  
who can you turn to  
when theres nobody there

no one to love  
nobody cares.  
Pick it all up  
then move along  
just another day  
in this sad sad song.

Samael Wolf

# Remove The Illusions

Strip them all away  
Open my eyes  
To the real light of day  
Let me see what is real  
Dont tell me  
How I Should feel  
Remove the illusions  
give me the facts  
Save your delusions  
send me back  
To the time of sweet  
joy of discovery  
Not this time of deceit  
distrusting all  
That I meet.  
One day I will walk  
in the sun lit fields  
And see the one that I love.  
A lovely thought, one of  
great relief for ones end  
will it happen?  
fast forward to the finish.

Samael Wolf

# Replacement

Turn sorrow to joy

then snatch it away, again

steal this heart

to shatter it

scatter the pieces

from here to infinity

leave me no recourse

you left me no soul

for now theres no remorse

nothing to fear

nowhere to hide

wondering what lies

on the other side.

Samael Wolf

# Revel

Revel in your sexuality  
Dont hide that light  
let it be!

let the greatness  
become profound  
bare it all

shake it all around  
let your love partak  
with eyes wide open

do not mistake  
Love for reason  
its easy to break

The Seal of misgiving  
and forsake  
sanity for reality.  
for which we

partake..  
Intruders, interlopers will make haste  
bye bye My loves

in your face, , with a smile.

Samael Wolf

# Running, Screaming Into The Night

Was it just a bad dream?  
Or was it real?  
stifled words beyond repeal  
can I remember what I said?  
Can I come back  
from a dream dead?

Did you say that  
in the dream?  
Did you do that?  
Know what I mean?  
Questions too much  
for my head,

Now I dread sleep  
No more in bed.  
Soothe me with sweet words  
that we may sleep  
again.

Samael Wolf

# Satan

You were here from the beginning  
you'll be with me at the end,  
lend me your insight  
into the miserable human psyche  
allow my minds eye to see  
the twists and turns  
every combination  
of sad vulnerabilities.

Give me the strength  
I'll rise above the rest  
You've always known  
for me whats the best  
way to confront this life  
never a test.

Satan my friend  
you're always there  
to comfort me  
in times of despair  
You lift me up  
with thoughts of  
beautiful debaucheries  
lusty beautiful women  
as far as the eye can see  
swimming in pools  
of orgasmic pleasure  
drinking from quims  
and satyrs for good measure  
milking the breasts  
of beautiful young mothers  
geysers of life  
like no other,

Pain and pleasure  
pleasure and pain!  
lets do it all,  
then do it again!  
Ropes, cuffs, and all

that is untamed  
Let us abandon  
the boring sameness  
Then lets do it  
again!

Satan my buddy  
we are a good team  
Lets do it again  
if you know what I mean.

Samael Wolf

# Seemingly Me

Everything I seem to be  
on the surface, or down below  
is really me  
I cannot pretend to

live another life  
shallow bastards do that  
Smooth to the touch  
reveals the rough belly

decide who I should be?  
Not an option  
really for me.  
I am poor in resources

but not of the mind  
I am sentimental  
with sad memories  
of those I have lost

Kind to the kind  
vengeance for others  
responsible for those  
that are worthy to me

Blind to imbeciles  
that refuse to see,  
the meaning of this rich pageant  
Deaf to the words

of those that seek only for themselves.  
I choose those that are worthy  
to walk with me  
on this lonely path

It is one of a singular purpose  
Truth.



# Set Controls For The Heart Of Hell

Nothing safe

nothing sorry

tonight we bake

at 1000 degrees

thats just for starters

intensity

Fire it UP

Lets see

Intensity!

chorus

Samael Wolf

# Slightly Unremarkable

Went out tonight  
nothing fancy  
Just a couple of beers

burn one on the way  
check out the bands  
check out the asses

from poquito to grande  
smile, small talk, smile  
tapping toes to the section

hot ladies in every direction  
four bands, lots of tunes  
its nice to be stoned

rather than drunk  
eyes half open yet still alert  
hot brunette rubbing her tush

on me, BOING, wakes up Mr. Happy  
Its ok, shes making out with  
the woman sitting next to me,

as I smile wistfully  
and imagine the wonderful  
rotation we could have

(Us three)  
Last Call, the bartender says  
crowd is thin

at 3 am  
In the good days  
a beautiful drunk lovelie

would be piling into  
my truck with me,  
damn the temperence!

So I stroll down the street  
maybe alone, but still smiling.

Samael Wolf

# Snow

it falls silently to the ground  
enveloping everything  
in a blanket of white  
it is falling now  
here this night  
no passions spring  
cause me to bring  
my mind away from  
the snow.

Samael Wolf

# Sometimes

Sometimes I want to dance and sing

other times I seethe

and want to throw things

Sometimes I want to go out

into the fresh air

other times I want to stay

in my comfy bed-lair

Sometimes I know the truth when being told a lie

their words may attempt to deceive

but the real story is in their eyes

Samael Wolf

# Soothing Sounds

soothing sounds

velvet caress

no want

for anything

flow through

your head

dont look

too close

know you

are dead

Samael Wolf

# Sorrow

While it is true that one  
should never love something  
so much that they

cannot see it die  
It is also true that it becomes  
a part of our being  
becoming immortal within our dreams

To feel sorrow is not weak  
it is strength of character  
it is the ultimate loyalty  
to denigrate such a lovely beast

is to invite disaster  
for there is nothing more  
dangerous than a wounded animal.  
My sorrow is my strength

it fuels the fire  
it is my cause  
in this pitiful world.

Avert your eyes, for such a gaze  
would bring you to my house  
of pain, the enticing scent

of tears and passion  
would bring madness to  
those without purpose.

Samael Wolf

# Stream Of Consciousness

Cold night  
winds blow  
snow coming  
blanket white

no fire  
all alone  
even in  
this happy home

hope of love  
and those I hate  
keep me alive  
to this date

fight to live  
live to love  
there in no help  
that comes from above

no fire about  
the fires within  
seething passion  
must do without

someday to begin  
to writhe in ecstasy  
spiritual joy  
bonding flesh

carnal feast  
never stopping  
its all release  
human beasts

demonic gods  
drift back  
to the ancient  
soil we trod

feet in two worlds  
you are my valkyrie  
I can never see  
beyond thee

together we soar  
high to the mountains  
down to the valleys  
we awake, still writhing

each other is all  
we can see  
our world is each other  
I awake, as usual

alone as can be.

Samael Wolf

## Stream Of Consciousness(Part Two)

Woke up, wow

how did I get here

and who's is this bed

feeling something or someone

warm up against me

I notice a large boob

not far from my reach

who am I, to resist such a moment

that is when our eyes met

and even in extreme

times like this

I have never wanted to kiss

someone more than I do now

Getting here was somewhat blurry

but now I think

there's no big hurry

Now lets do whatever we did,

now that we're conscious.



# Suicide

Resolve  
to end this charade  
to cause faux anguish

among those that never knew you  
were they there during your moments  
of doubt and pain?

would they be there if you did refrain,  
from taking control of your precious asset  
called life?

No, they cannot be so astute as to know  
when you need them most  
The world is too busy to sense such things

to know the hurt it brings  
So we slip silently into the night  
if any are left behind

they should suffer if theres any guilt  
they are part of the wall they built  
As for we,  
we are finally free.

Samael Wolf

# Sup

I think as I drink  
from her fountain of life  
that should she leave me  
it would cut deeper than a knife  
I feel her writhe and squirm  
I feel her silky skin begin to burn

with each thrust of my tongue  
I am the driver  
she is the car  
she will go with me  
as far as she can  
in the morning light

we do it again  
I smile for the moment  
get back to work  
she squeezes my head  
begins to jerk  
thighs getting sweaty

rock N roll  
cream my mouth plenty  
gimme some mo'  
driving with face buried in dash  
Lets turn her over  
and taste that ass, , , ,

Samael Wolf

# Take The Blinders Off, Look Around

Tell me what you found, ,  
religious leaders raping child  
so called mothers killing the innocents  
sleeping babies with arms chopped off

small boys chased and drowned  
by the one person that should protect them?  
This is your religion  
this is only the modern face

do know your religion has murdered millions  
throughout the ages of history  
take off the blinders  
I'm still sure you cannot see, , , ,

Lie for lies  
stay with it as your mind dies.

Samael Wolf

# Talk To Me

Tell me everything  
let me decide  
everything is a gamble  
these days

let it ride  
maybe we would  
be kinda  
good for each other

Normal is in the mind  
of the beholder  
love is in the heart  
makes it bolder

but beware  
love makes it insane  
crazy stupid  
run you right into the flames

sometimes its pretty and nice  
needless to suffice  
when it comes out of the blue  
mostly its too good to be true.

Samael Wolf

# Tell Me

Tell me

what sets your loins

on fire

what image

can you never tire

what cant your mind shake

run as fast as you can

its right in front of you

again and again

You can never break free

from its spell

its inside of you, Inside of me

fantasy, fetish, its our Hell

Run with me into the night,

let the stars fade into

the dawns cold light,

shun it within our darkness lair,

comfort each other

with our immortal despair.

run again run again

into our night

with serpents wings

on the hot winds of Hell.

Samael Wolf

# Ten Years From Now, ,

Where will you be?  
out there in the world,  
or walled off, just like me?

making a go or just cruising  
be what ya must be  
no matter if you sleep by yourself  
or wake up in the orgy

Live smart, live well  
diversify everything  
the love, the life, the smell  
taste genuine essence

emotions do dwell  
in the nomad tents  
of our senses  
yet only time will tell.

Let us journey  
to the lands of  
our fathers  
maybe a different hand?

Samael Wolf

# Tentacles

They come in the mail  
from the TV and radio  
people unknown to you  
entities you call  
'friend', with sad stories  
of cancer, poverty and abject  
despair. 'Please ' these wounded  
ducks cry unto you, send money, ,  
'Help me, I am starving! '  
If they were truly starving  
sell your computer, if you  
are truly stranded in Nigeria  
make a raft and float home,  
If you are a rich actor,  
break out some cash and feed a few  
Where does all the money go anyway?  
To the coffers of televangelists with  
bad combover hairdos or Sally Struthers  
chocolate fund? Most likely it all goes  
to some banana republic dictators slush  
fund, or to buy arms to shoot rival  
tribesmen to death as they sleep.  
If you intend to be a good samaritan  
investigate before you throw your  
money down some rat hole  
Or better yet, use your instincts  
and find your own one on one cause.  
I gave five bucks to the bag lady at  
the 7/11 this morning, she ate well  
today. I bet Sally doesnt do that  
sort of thing.

Samael Wolf

# The Annotated Life

Experiences, milestones, all dutifully  
recorded in our cerebral cortex  
but does it record the little things?

Hugging a puppy, sitting under a tree  
on a bright sunny day  
do you remember these things

or did it all slip away?  
In the greater scheme of life  
the milestones have much lesser

importance than the little things  
like simply enjoying what you have  
and who you are, reveling in simple

contented bliss.

Samael Wolf

# The Beast Wanted Blood, , ,

small men desire power  
to make up for the difference

they lacked at birth  
small men stupidly  
dare the beast  
prodding it to anger

yet not knowing  
how badly they will die  
for the beast is not only  
hungry for their blood

the beast is intelligent  
it seeks revenge  
the beast is like a cat  
seeking the mouse to play with

before it kills  
it is deranged like a fox  
and nothing will stop it

till the blood flows  
A wise man would have  
reasoned, a wise man  
would have been polite

but wise men are rare  
stupid men cannot control  
themselves,  
stupid men die every day

the beast lives for the stupid ones  
bye bye, the beasts say, , ,

Samael Wolf

# The Dance

Let the dance begin this day  
eyeing each other up and down  
tiny words get in the way  
of what we really should be doing

moving beyond mere words to relay  
that feeling of utter abandon  
and when we do,  
We can become lost within each other.  
Let us dance my dear

Samael Wolf

# The Eyes Of A Child

When I was young  
so very small  
the world was a huge place of wonder  
it was a vast universe of endless possibility  
then I grew old, so very tired  
and I knew what it was all about  
the love ran cold  
the heart not so bold  
the limits began to show their ugly heads  
the eyes of the child still remain  
I still look at the world the same  
even with jaded glasses  
Are you still a child  
with dreams run wild  
or have you given up on all?  
Summon your will,  
the child remains with you still  
and as we know  
a child will lead us.

Samael Wolf

# The First Drink

The first drink

hit me to the quick

made me writhe

all over

'Smooth sailin now '

I say to myself

somewhere, somehow

it gets better

as I go along

tastes damn good

before I'm done

women get pretty

much better songs

did I sing along?

closing time

one last drink

can I buy you one?

sometimes alone

isnt as good as we think.



# The Greatest Poets

the greatest poets and writers of lyrics  
did their work without an audience  
it happened in rooms with little light  
some bathed in glory, others never saw  
the labor of their loves because they died  
the poets life is never pretty  
most never touch the golden ones  
they mostly die by their own hand  
but by their own words  
they are immortal.  
with Love to Poe and bukowski.

Samael Wolf

# The Most Beautiful Woman In The World

Is a diamond undiscovered  
rough yet hard and beautiful  
she allows you to make her over  
She cant see all her beauty

she still knows her heart  
when the chrysalis happens  
when the worm becomes  
the butterfly

it is a moment of triumph  
for you and I.  
Fly, beautiful one  
soar to the heights

(but avoid the sun)  
observe all that you see  
but never forget  
the one that set you free.

Samael Wolf

# The One

Its a lonely search for The One,  
hit and miss, enjoy the moment (but not really) .  
Die each night to awake each day,  
hundreds pass before me, yet I find no solace.  
I found her once, but it wasnt meant to be, ,  
I cannot measure the rest to her specifications,  
since there are none like her.  
I go on trying, what else can I do?  
Each day melts into the next, back into the living dead life.  
Zombies bumping into zombies, the day is not reconciled until the night.  
Then more walking wounded enter the scene.  
Pointing fingers at one another, exclaiming ' You are dead! '  
I smile my zombie smile and know,  
we all are, just too damn stubborn to admit it,  
I sleep walk through this world, and know that I will awake when I see,  
The One.

Samael Wolf

# The Poets Seppoku Serenade

Toiled by night, he had forbade  
his earthly plight  
tis time to move on  
to himself he said

brought to his chest  
the glistening blade  
murmured a prayer  
to those gone before

plunged it in  
inverted cross fashion  
for now he begins  
his quest to the unknown.

Samael Wolf

# The Price

Everything and everyone has a price.  
It may be a bargain, it may cost too much.  
Some sell themselves to the highest bidder.  
Some cant sell themselves at all.  
The high rollers know their worth,  
All tied up in a pretty package  
Look but dont touch, you need something  
more than you have. Some may touch, but  
only for a moment, one fleeting moment,  
Then its back to your dreary little life  
Move along girls and boys, make good and  
you can buy the human of your dreams!  
Plod along and then its to the leftover  
bin for you, no pay, no play.  
Think a dull normal man with bad hair and  
way too much money like Trump could  
get past a 'hello' if he was broke?  
Realize that everyone has a price,

Whats yours?

Samael Wolf

# The Rain, The World And Me

A cold october rain is falling tonight  
all is quiet except for the cars passing  
in the blur of darkness  
no memories haunt me this evening  
just that same old numbness  
within my black heart  
frozen in time like a watch  
that was carelessly dropped  
yet the world moves on  
things are born, people live  
people die, someone cries from  
pain and hunger, some are happy  
others are desperate  
rulers are cruel, some benevolent  
religions try to explain the impossible  
those that know only smile  
and the rain still falls  
with its soothing sound that  
only a few really appreciate.

Samael Wolf

# The Stone

Rain falls upon the stone  
snow falls there too  
winds of time  
dust sprays

upon the stone  
it stands alone  
nothing touches this granite heart  
nothing did

from the start  
one thing did  
not anything, yet like acid  
the tears of a woman

broke through  
to my heart  
like nothing ever could  
broke it apart.

Samael Wolf

# The Subject Is

I could write about injustice  
but it seems to be everywhere  
I could write about corruption  
its all over the map too  
I could write about loneliness  
that one is rampant  
I could drone on and on  
about the sinister government  
But anyone with half a brain  
knows all about it  
Is it better to try to ignore it all?  
or shall we confront the beasts?  
Its a matter of choice  
but the greatest evil to me  
is to remain silent.

Samael Wolf

# The Tears Of Man

Is something you never see  
we cry alone  
in public is unmanly.  
to show emotion

is to be weak  
those of you know  
of what I speak.  
Be stoic, be strong

dont let your heart  
drag you along.  
Feign indifference  
knowing the real truth

chalk it up to experience  
without really being you.  
Keep your tears  
till you get home

we always cry  
when we are alone.

Samael Wolf

# The Vision

Open my eyes to the other side  
that vast alterworld beyond the tides  
morph this body from here to there  
that I may join the rest, without a care

all is tactile but not what it seems  
it is the sum total of our dreams  
Visions of beauty, carnal delights  
immerse the senses, lovely sights

She waits for me, over there  
Eyes of a Goddess with raven hair  
together we will again be  
she is all I have ever wanted, you see.

Samael Wolf

# Their Bitter Ends

Poets, writers, artists and other very talented people do it,  
I dont claim to be any one of those, but  
When the pain becomes too great  
When I can no longer be me  
I will do what poets and writers and  
other very talented people do  
I will end my life, on my own terms.  
I will join the ranks of the beautiful  
tortured souls, like Wendy O and  
Hunter S, that chose to leave with  
a bang instead of a whimper, that were  
too beautiful for this world of shit.

Samael Wolf

# Thick

Thick headed fools  
as a rule  
don't talk about much when  
they band together  
they talk about religion, politics and rain  
again and again  
or how their wives don't understand  
Its easy to see  
why men (and women) like these  
aren't easy to please  
when the world for them  
is hard to comprehend  
because they cannot relate  
its so easy for them to hate  
the subtle changes going on all around them  
while they whine  
we all laugh and dine  
with the most beautiful ones  
of the moment.  
Let us take pity  
on those so sh\*tty  
with brains the size of a gnat  
stifle our smirks  
when looking at jerks  
knowing all about them.

Samael Wolf

# This Is Your Holiday

Its not mine  
I tell myself  
all the time  
merry may be you  
tis the season  
of misery  
privation, poverty  
and despair  
nobody cares  
not anywhere  
season of hope  
must be for suckers  
on dope  
listen listen  
cant you see,  
I'm an Xmas  
refugee.

Samael Wolf

# Time Unnoticed

They are buried  
in their jobs

in their fears  
in mundane careers

they wake one day  
to find their lives

have slipped away  
time went unnoticed

that precious commodity  
of this realm and space

that horrible moment of clarity  
when one sees the image

of who they are now  
rather than the illusion

like a wisp is gone some how

they feared their lives  
they feared their sexuality

they lived in the past  
the blind can now see

that they thought they  
would live forever

their time grows short  
they cannot deny

the vision that came  
to their blind eyes.



# To Be

Ask me to be  
your one and only

would I think  
for a moment,

if you wonder  
you dont know me

I would hold you close  
kiss the tears from

your eyes  
your breath becomes mine

time after time  
I could never bear

your sorrow, I swear  
I only wish I could

love you like you need  
so lovely, so rare.

To be your one and only  
its a lofty goal

but one I live for  
like fools gold.

Samael Wolf

# Too Sensitive, Too Raw

Armor plated heart  
needed it right from  
the start,

too sensitive to be real  
too raw for it to heal  
broken and glued

back in place  
some pieces dont fit  
some fall out of grace

from me to allow  
the time to see  
that somewhere, sometime

shes still out there  
awaiting to find  
that missing piece

that makes her mine.

Samael Wolf

# Treasures From Junk

Cast aside from lifes  
unending tide

we wile away the hours  
in the junkyard

wondering who can see  
our worthiness

amidst the rabble and rubble  
Like diamonds from coal

we have endured  
the tremendous pressure

to become hard  
yet beautiful

to shine with a brilliance  
even in the rough

Yes, there are jewels  
in the junkyard

treasures to be found  
all you need to do

is look around.

Samael Wolf

# Twist Gently

Twist gently so I forget where I've been  
Twist softly so I can never go back again  
Wring out my soiled black heart  
Begin at the end, reverse to the start  
Infiltrate my brain with your vision  
Permeate it with sweet derision  
Ride my tongue with juicy delight  
Abandon it all in the heat of the night  
Give what you want, receive it times 9  
Flesh pounding flesh, lust so sublime  
Twisting gently in the wind  
Twisted and not knowing where  
I've been.

Samael Wolf

# Untimely Demise

There is no proper place  
to see one so beautiful  
without life  
to wonder how she  
would have evolved  
its hard to imagine  
one could become more  
beautiful, but that was stolen  
Its not about the troll  
its all about the lovely one  
moments frozen in time  
she lives forever, here.  
I imagine looking at her shoes  
remembering how she walked  
in them  
seeing her clothes  
and how beautiful  
she looked in them  
and then I would  
cry.  
She was cheated  
we cannot deny  
all we can do  
is cry.

Samael Wolf

## Usual Suspect

everything and everyone is suspect  
motives abound with everyone  
hidden meanings everywhere  
even on cereal boxes  
to lead the masses to their  
intended goals  
patriotism is the last refuge  
of scoundrels  
so they fly their flags  
create jingoistic films  
slant the jargon of the day  
until the legion of the mind  
numbed are saturated with  
pure unadulterated horse dung  
its a science of mass mind control  
cadence of speech, images to evoke  
desired responses within the  
sleeping beast known as  
a nation.

Samael Wolf

# Vicious Me

Dont stand close  
although you might  
dont you know  
I have a vicious bite

Fangs at the ready  
wild mood swings  
didnt I warn you?  
I'm an evil thing

run away run away  
into the night  
run fast run far  
Cause I'm ready to bite

be good and say your silly prayers  
Look under your bed  
behind the stairs  
I'll be lurking in your head.

Samael Wolf

# Views

What do you see  
when you see me

what do I see  
when I see you

is it a smile  
or trepidation

that modern  
ill of civilization

distrust becomes  
rampant and absurd

but then I realize  
that fear is a virulent

societal disease

Samael Wolf

# What Makes Me A Human?

He looks like a human, but hes not supposed to shed real tears.

He breathes the air like any creature.

He drinks from the fetid pools like anyone else, ,

What makes him human?

He cries alone in the night, fearing his own humanity,

He feels like anyone, knows the discomfort of being alone.

Yet he shys away from the beings he is kin to,

Because he knows all too well the pain they bring....

He is like an animal that has been abused one too many times (as if once is too much) .

He fears nothing but himself, yet avoids his own, for they may seem comforting on the surface, but they twist his soul like a pretzel, never to return to its original shape.

He looks like a human and sheds real tears,

Samael Wolf

# Whatever

Go ahead, its already there,  
Dont mind my blank stare  
Let your poisons eat you away  
Get on with it, every day  
You can't see through my eyes  
You couldnt if you tried

Samael Wolf

# When Did I Give Up?

The answer is easy  
I havent, I did get informed  
I did give up on pipe dreams  
I forgot those that hate success  
I forgave those that had no direction  
I allowed some to enjoy a rest  
I didnt allow them one more minute  
I did forget me, but only for a moment  
when I returned, things went to shit  
but thats OK too, I do well under pressure  
even though I prefer it to be simple  
I guess some old habits are hard to break  
but in the end, the love you give  
is even to the love you take.  
(forgive me the Beatle that wrote that line) .

Samael Wolf

# When I Was A Child

I raised a turkey and grew to love it

it wasnt just a bird

It had personality

it was a being

sentient of mind

with a face

We ended up eating it

some lessons are never pretty.

My turkey became a part of me

gobble gobble

Samael Wolf

# Where Are You At?

I dont mean locality

I mean what is your

state of mind

Is everything you see

the products of banality?

Can you detect the slightest

insincerity?

come join us

its not a religion

its a way of life

leave the dust

and mistrust

waaaaay

behind you.

Samael Wolf

# Why?

Why, when I see you

I become alive,

Why when you aren't here

I think I've died

When I had no idea I was lonely

You made it become real

Deep down inside.

To have and to hold you

Is all I want and all I need,

But you will never

Hear this beggars pleas,

I will simply say,

' I love you'

with total sincerity.

Why does the Sun shine?

because it always has

Why is the moon sometimes blue?

because it always was

Why do I love you?

because I do.

Samael Wolf

# Wicked Smile

Go on, give me that wicked smile,  
I'll know whats on your mind  
all the while.

Give me that sly little wink  
You know immediately,  
just what I think

Blow me that kiss  
lets finish these drinks  
backatcha babe  
lets love on the brink  
of utter insanity,  
lets do it all  
and then we'll see  
if we can do it again  
you and me.

Samael Wolf

## Woman With Soul (On Fire)

I would, if I may,

describe you this very day.

Eyes that the gods are jealous of

a fire within that can be seen

from heavens above.

She is a fountain of life

I drink from her

day and night.

Caressing her curves

both tender and harsh

She is the fuel for my fire

She burns with desire

I become ash at Her touch

In your eyes, I become complete

from a thousand fruitless searches

to find Your eyes.

Samael Wolf

# Woman, Sweet Woman

Quench this eternal thirst  
my lips long for your river  
my tongue seeks your divide  
pleasure yourself

on your face ride  
Woman, sweet woman  
could you be content with just me?  
I would never harm you

from your side I'll never stray  
this smile is sincere  
but if you wish  
I will go away,

Please come with me  
let me know you're mine  
let us seek all  
that is divine.

Samael Wolf