

Betrayal

"Stroll Thru A Wicked Age"

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To him oh shame, they're children, piteous babes
They slay their blood, they poured out in his name
With wailing cries and tears and rue
Called sadness need as pain they knew
The land of old centuries past has a story to be told
>From a time known as the iron age to the present
secrets they do hold
Scotland, Denmark, Ireland and the British isle shores
Home the history of Druid worship and the Celtic tales
unfold
Darkening themselves with grim understandings of
mystic Celtic gods
Blood thirsty for their ritualistic slaughter they commit
human life
To death they fall in wasted form to appease the earth
and gods
Burned and slashed and drained of blood they're
given in vain with ease
With grim grappling they reared this wind worm
Rain racked ring of late
Someone digging found a drift of white pebbles
A bronze knife and children's fire charred bones
Circular stones erected as a place of sacredness
Arranged for their temple of dedicatory offerings
Monumentarily built thousands of years before the
Lord's birth
These stones cradled little children to their incinerated
death
Beltain fires burned a blaze atop the hills
Waiting for offerings they kill for the sake of the living

The fear of sickness and famine compel to dance this
ceremony
The sun and the moon is for them death and life as
they pass
Their fateful tears through this wicked age
Intervening the church witness the need for reform on
their Godless
pagan day
Yeilding to these calendar high points but people yearn
for these
festive times

They change the name of their holiday to assume
Christian status
Will they forsake ceremonies of old, do the religions of
the seasons
fade away?
Now a day given much feeding as children dress
For trick or treat but under false lying pretense
Is the Autumn festival of Samhain
Funny how we celebrate the innocent slain
Through wars and age the practice seems to have
passed away
But traces of that dark culture still surface today
Our culture plagued with fear and superstition as true
evil
Burns it's way through the age, will it's never ending
Destructive touch find a place in your life?
Our ancestry to these spirits
Life was given so life could be sustained
And forthright season by season, death by death
Through that brief generation
Of that far departed age
Brings us now to the present
And much can be explained

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