

Dead Jesus "Mortuary"

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There are children here praying for death,
Watching the forest fall to their mothers unfed jaws,
And death alone from death can save
And so the young ones excitedly beckon and call.
Life is the great indulgence death the great temprance.
This is the rotting hell
Where we squander the rest of our tormented lives
But there is no spirutal playground
Where the lambs of god can bleed.
Humanity says we should love one another
But should I love somebody that steals, kills, or even
lies?
That vulagar degenerate will die by my bare hands.
Can the torn and bloody victim love the splashed jaws
That tore him limb to limb?
Eyes sealed over, the prophets lie silent,
The distant church hears them not,
And the cage of bone is slammed and bolted,
It's white crystal jowels yawn, at the dying sun.
Humanity says we should love all our mortal lives,
But is it not lust and carnal desire?
Time for a good fuck whenever we want.
Is that what they not call love,
In this day and age of cheating and abuse?
Succumb to wolves, Indulge your pain, it's now begun.
The curtains falling.
Consumed by rage.
Broken within.
You all come to die in the mortuary.
Mortuary, sweet fucking mortuary.

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