

## Emerson Hart

### "Mass"

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The preacher said a prayer.  
Save ev'ry single hair on his head.  
He's dead.

The minister of hate had just arrived to be spared.  
Who cared?  
The weaver in the web that he made!

The pilgrim wandered in,  
Committing ev'ry sin that he could  
So good...

The cardinal of grief was set in his belief he'd saved  
From the grave  
The weaver in the web that he made!

The high priest took a blade  
To bless the ones that prayed,  
And all obeyed.

The messenger of fear is slowly growing, nearer to the  
time,  
A sign.  
The weaver in the web that he made!

A bishops rings a bell,  
A cloak of darkness fell across the ground  
Without a sound!

The silent choir sing and in their silence,  
Bring jaded sound, harmonic ground.  
The weaver in the web that he made!

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