

Grief

"Alas, Spiriti Sancti"

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Innermost holy creator of life
We mock your glory and put out your lights
Invert thy commandments and undo your will
See darkness approach with death by it's side

The first man raised a Cain
And the rest is history
We are not god's images
Nor christ's poor misled sheep

Babylon never fell
Sodom never fell
Jesus took the offer, in the desert, as in hell.

Alas, spiriti sancti....
Thy loving kingdom fell
May your vermin wait for nothing
Their saviour rots in hell

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