

Mythopoeia

"The Hanged Priest"

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Priest fallen from grace, driven by lust and sadism,
Eyes are shining with an evil blaze (the eyes of the insane).
Daily haranguing the faithful with a gruesome grin,
Going out at night for a strange ceremony, amen.
Bloodthirsty orgies, child abuse and torture have no saviour anymore.
Time to sin to betray god and go in Hell,
Laughing as he ties the rope around his neck, amen.
Souls worshipping his black sermon.
Blind sheeps to the slaughter shall follow him on his way to Hell.
Pray to the priest obscure.
None shall stop the madness, close your eyes and trust your new master.
Passion's burning, people cutting their veins.
Obeying the new law in their father.
Reverse the holy, their cursed destiny in now in his hooked hands.
Now he's feeling Jesus...
His black tongue coming out from smiling mouth
His holy cassock obscenely rises up as he flows his last rained juice, amen.
He's found the morning after by his conons, slashed incantations covering his flash.
Flier yet nesting on his horrible face,
All obsessed by grotesque hanging carrion, amen.

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