

Crass "Asylum"

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I am no feeble Christ, not me
He hangs in glib delight upon his cross
Above my body
Christ forgive. FORGIVE?
I vomit for you Jesu
Shit forgive
Down now from your cross
Down now from your papal heights
From the churlish suicide, petulant child
Down from those pious heights
Royal flag bearer, goat, billy
I vomit for you
Forgive? Shit he forgives
He hangs in crucified delight
Nailed to the extent of his vision
His cross, his manhood, violence, guilt, sin
He would nail my body upon his cross
Suicide visionary, death reveller
Rake, rapist, lifefucker, Jesu
Earthmover, Christus, Gravedigger
You dug the pits of Auschwitz
The soil of Treblinka is your guilt
Your sin, Master, master of gore, enigma
Your carry the standard of our oppression

Enola is your gaiety
The bodies of Hiroshima are your delight
The nails are the only trinity
Hold them in your corpsey gracelessness
The image I have had to suffer
The cross is the virgin body of womanhood that your
defile
You nail yourself to your own sin
Lamearse Jesus calls me sister
There are no words for my contempt
Every woman is a cross in his filthy theology
In his arrogant delight
He turns his back upon me in his fear
He dare not face me. Fearfucker
Share nothing you christ
Sterile, impotent, fucklove prophet of death
You are the ultimate pornography

In your cuntfear, cockfear, manfear, womanfear, unfair
Warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare,
Warfare, warfare, warfare
JESUS DIED FOR HIS OWN SINS, NOT MINE

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