Neoandertals

"That Sorrowful Feast Of The Damned"

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This is the day Christ asked his disciples To join that sorrowful feast of the damned To share flesh and blood. I am standing here behind ludas In silence in peace Awaiting anticipating I am watching, observing their faces Reading in their minds, sensing thoughts Frightened they are, no longer brave To preach sermons, to serve the truth He takes the chalice full of blood Looks at me with these sad eyes and says For he is the man to whom we all owe life For he is the one who saves lesus For he is the one we shall lay our faith upon For he is the one who shall hang on the cross Instead of me? lesus your saviour For I am not a saviour not a martyr I am For I am not who they believe I am For I am but a prophet, no son of god And they see me, a man of a woman born Still a living sacrifice Of a name so unimportant Of a life so fragile Of a joy so short As I am awaiting my death.

"His name was unspoken His visage unbearable His voice hissing His kingdom overwhelming

Death and demise he brought For total destruction he sought"

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