

Neocolours

"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 Judas
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 Jesus
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 ? Jesus 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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