

## Teratism

### "Final Reckoning"

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Forsake the hidden truths  
Predictions of the doom never to pass  
-Nail him! Hail!  
Your flock is lost in black storms  
The shepherd, he hangs himself in shame  
Scavengers of the penitent scrolls  
Indulge in their languished vigils  
Nazarene, ordained bastard of filth,  
You have failed them once again.  
Burden of man such an unbearable weight  
So appropriate for a pig  
Disgust for the pious light  
Burning deep within  
Clandestine ways to usurp  
The golden throne  
Twisted and ruptured  
Lies your bloodstained host  
-Nail him! Hail!  
Die upon the blades of redemption  
Satan, the sacrificer of false hope  
Revenge, for the ersatz promises  
Fuck the nails, they're too good for that whore.  
Emblaze the flag of hatred within the thorn-torn brow  
Spit defiantly in the face of God  
For there is no salvation for the  
Fucking dead.

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