Last Letter

One Day as a Lion

your god is a homeless assassin
who roams the world to save
he's digging for buried treasures
he's leaving nothing but fields of gravesthe tears will fly like birds of vengeance
the sky will bury us all
the church bells will sound like sirens shrieking
the hole will be dug for the fallthrough the smoke its now getting clearer
who led us into the burning theater
in through the rain of bodies and ashes
and into the courtrooms of pitched blackness
into the secret firing lines
into the barbed wire dug in around our mindsthe tears will fly like birds of vengeance
the sky will bury us all
the church bells will sound like sirens shrieking
the hole will be dug for the fallyour god is dying much younger than Rome
he's killed so many he can't go home
your god's heart is a tumor now rotten
born of a blood that's never forgottenand this is my last letter to you
i'm walking the belt way and there's
something i've got to do

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