

Consume the Forsaken

Disgorge

Christ, the time has come for your ending.
Do not look at us for mercy
For you are the one who should not be pitied. Your ignorant teachings disgust me
And the stench of your sermons still reeks from your pores
I despise you, yet I once envied you.
Your god given right, abused and mistreated
As though it were a gift for any simple man
When its power could reshape the face of creation
And exalt a new race of life free from imperfection. This existence was a mistake. And in the middle of the
holocaust
You committed a rebellion in direct treason.
For your existence is worthless
And to correct the aberrations you've made
Your subsistence will be shunned
Into the furthest reaches of infinite darkness
Where you will await your final conclusion.
The one you call father will be there
To abolish the remnants of your soul. Christ, the time has come for your ending.
Do not look at us for mercy
For you are the one who should not be pitied.
Thrown onto the altar of sanctified dissolution. Christ pleads for his life.
Showing no levity
The Apostles violently tear at his living flesh.
The feast is an orgy of sacred dismemberment.
The faint screams now fade
As the life slips from his body.
Still ripping and devouring the flesh left on the corpse
Judas stands back and admires the beautiful orchestration
With a sickening grin as the life seeps into his mind.
"It has been done Lord, Christ is no more."

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