

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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