

Immaculate Infection

Trash Talk

Speak of the son. No father brings the holy one.
From cloven hoofs to claws to thorns, his rise to power has begun.
Among your thieves, there lays another dying mouth to feed.
Another filthy beast, your savior lives on wounded knees.
Behold a rosy ring.
A kingdom of shit breeds afflicted kings.
A messiah of elbows and knees.
I will spread the infection immaculately

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