Asylum

Crass

I am no feeble Christ, not me
He hangs in glib delight upon his cross, above my body
Christ forgive, forgive?
I vomit for you, Jesu, shit forgiveDown now from your cross
Down now from your papal heights
From that churlish suicide, petulant child
Down from those pious heights, royal flag bearer, goat, billyI vomit for you, forgive? Shit, he forgives
He hangs in crucified delight
Nailed to the extend of his vision
His cross, his manhood, violence, guilt, sinHe would nail my body upon his cross, suicide visionary
Death reveller, rake, rapist, life fucker, Jesu
Earthmover, Christus, gravediggerYou dug the pits of Auschwitz
The soil of Treblinka is your guilt
Your sin, master, master of gore, enigma
You carry the standard of our oppressionEnola is your gaiety
The bodies of Hiroshima are your delight
The nails are your only trinity
Hold them in your corpsey gracelessness
The image I have had to sufferThe cross is the virgin body of womenhood that you defile
You nail yourself to your own sin
Lame arse, Jesus calls me sister
There are no words for my contemptEvery woman is a cross in his filthy theology
In his arrogant delight, he turns his back upon me
In his fear, he dare not face me
Fearfucker, share nothing, you ChristSterile, impotent, fuck, love, prophet of death
You are the ultimate pornography in your cuntfear, cockfear
Manfear, womanfear, unfair, warfare, warfare
Warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare
Jesus died for his own sins, not mine

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