

This Is Heresy

Christian Death

Immortality sucked greedily at my throat
They shall lick the dust like serpents
Hold your tongue
Get the behind me Your church makes me vomit
Into the vertiginous abyss
Enfeebled by vice
Dear God allow me to show gratitude
For my fortunate eyes of truth Lord, how long shall the wicked,
Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph on Earth These loathsome paracities that cling
To the cross, the cloth and the skin
Soaked in the blood of man
Not the body of Christ

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