Shemhamforash

Mor

Consumed by tongues of fire burning like Phlegethon
Holy gardens reduced to ash
Extinguishing light of hope, bringing the end of the daysWords of my gospel scattered
Sacrilegious scorn spat in pale creeds
Thin is the line between pure being and pure nothing
My sole companion woe to TheeAt my command
Let the blood of the infants flood the streets of BethlehemO ye of little faith with ethics rotten in a moral cage
Dead meat thrown down to the worms
To feed religious tumor corrupting marrow of repugnant swirlAt my command
Let the blood of the infants flood the streets of Bethlehem
At my command
Let the heads of Samaritan pave my waysShemhamforash
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