

# Burnt Offerings

## Christian Death

Fresh nights, candle blood hell  
Very dark, placid skies hangs above  
No moon shining like the untouched ass  
Of the boy next door  
Beginning to feel the first impressions  
Of a strange drug  
Set the leathery skin of a female  
Straddling a furnace, illuminates in blue  
Hands melt against the burning surface  
Feel no pain, kiss the burner, lips fall away  
Blood runs down the inside of her thighs  
She tightens her grip in one last exaggerated movement  
And falls to the ground a pile of ashes  
The furnace stands triumphant over the mound  
The next in line, a young boy approaches  
And is assaulted by the flames  
Shooting out like sharp tongues  
Of hungry animals  
Of a hungry animal  
The disciple now crouches in the belly of God  
His second skin removed  
The boy lay sodomized and tired  
Sodomized and tired  
Let us seek him so badly, look to the sky and says  
Threatening my existence with their faces  
In a room, a room, I sit and I pray  
I wash dirt from my face with holy water  
I wash dirt from my face with holy water  
Dried with the shroud of new Nazarene  
You're hiding behind walls, I can't see  
I'm hiding behind walls, you can't see

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