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 blueHands 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 ashesThe 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 animalThe disciple now crouches in the belly of God
His second skin removed
The boy lay sodomized and tired
Sodomized and tiredLet 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 NazareneYou're hiding behind walls, I can't see
I'm hiding behind walls, you can't see

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