Jesus Wept

Mavis Staples

Your entire life, your religion is embedded in your mind.
Words spoken from a book, tell you never to change.
After death you a taught, your soul will cleansed.
But even reduced to ashes, the misery still prevails.The day has finally come for you to be put to rest.
As your body enters the furnace.Searing fire begins it's path.
As your entity begins it's path.There will be no rebirth of your soul.
Emptiness that clouds your depression.
Forced in to see the light, knowing Jesus wept.Only one thing clinging to your mind.
The prayers to the feeble god whome you once believed in.Looking at the mortals from your cauldron of pain.
Weeping as you know nothing will make this end.
But now an even greater pain engulfs you.
Reincremation did yuo no good, return to inflict others.Your credulous family somehow hears your pitiful cries.
They take the urn which contains what is left of your mortal life.
It's taken back to the crematory to attempt once again.
The brutal burning of your soul, thought to cleanse.

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