Stigmata

Benediction

They will bear my mark
I can not be stopped
This mission sent from god
To teach these poor lost souls to dieThere a moment of stillness before the attack
Silence surrounds and invades me
I have had vision, men covered in blood
Stigmata - their hands and feet bleedA terrifying sight, but my heart is galvanized
The will of the Lord becomes clear
In her panic stricken, pleading eyesPlease don't cry, child, it can't be helped
I do this because I must
You blood will cleanse the souls of mankind
And your body cleans me of my lustThis quivering child
An image of the holiest ghost
Inebriated with pain
She's bleeding to deathYou cannot save yourself
Salvation comes through me
This is for your own good
Now stop crying, just bleed...A Korda's Benediction
By the Father's grace
Abyssus abyssum invocat
Hell calls hells disgraceForgive us father, for we are sin
Though I strive to repent
As a blood soaked angel she is hung
Semen, god and skinScreaming in the bloodied sea
Fathomless, so deep
Travestied crucifixion
Tainted by impure hands...Stigmata, mark of god
Innocence corrupted
Paranoid, the drugged mind
Absolution inflictedStigmata, mark of god
Killing, salvation
The final sacrament
Ot is only in death we are saved

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