

Crucifixion Without Regret

Abstract Spirit

Cut my wings away,
I cannot see
These vile things,
Trampled desires...
Fakes of relief,
Mistakes of belief,
Whatever it may give...
And nothing remains...

Rusty nails choose my destiny,
Make me pure and stainless.
I give myself away for
Crucifixion without regret.
Before images made of stone,
Before bodies made of wax,
I'll leave this world behind,
Humiliated and impaled...

Quicksilver tears... down...
Punishment for me... now...
Forgiveness or lashes... strife...
What is between me and ashes... life...?

Obedience until a probable end
Is so necessary...
Make me sob,
If I deserve to suffer alone,
If I am a bringer of suffering...