

Branding The Peon

Arghoslent

As the iron cross melts deep
Unto the flesh of the boy
Arcane stench of burning skin
Arouses the phallic demands

Barefoot beggar, son of Mary
Another pest nailed to the cross
Defecated bishops caress
Their bibles and regalia
A monument covered with cum
Mocks the assassination

As the iron cross melts deep
Unto the flesh of the boy
Arcane stench of burning skin
Arouses the phallic demands

I witness bestiality
I begin to expectorate

I respect the occult insignia
I am branding the peon

A hunting prize for the plunderer
No martyr for the chosen sheep

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