

Resurrection - Sixth Communion

Christian Death

The ceremony cradles my head in trance
I brush dust from my teeth
Fleeing hands and spiders plead for salvation
They wash the clawed feet of a priest

Ritual mockery rectified doubt
I'm holding with arms open wide
Sleeping endless sleep on a bed of nails
Wake me up with your kiss

I'm waiting for consummation
I'm waiting for contemplation
I'm waiting for confrontation
Waiting for a place to lay my body down

The proud encasing of another soul
Buried deep 'neath the shroud
Flourished with the venom of the serpent's son
I close my eyes, retreat

The prayer hands lay down
On the edge of my sleep
Sister death in leper's guise
Through crimson eyes of the holy one
All will learn to see

Invocations are invitations
To the bloody red sheets
The circle is broken by the sleeve
A sacrifice of one

Resurrection, past reflection
Revelation, last discretion
Confession, confession
Incomplete resurrection