

Swine of the Cross

Cryptopsy

Man-made doom bled death from the sky;
to all but a few, salvation was denied
Heavenly father, son and holy ghost,
save your servants (those of us who aren't toast)

The not-yet-dead discovered that to be
a nuclear family means a whole new thing;
All-too-trusting shambling pseudomorphs
put their trust in a man of the cloth

Make them hate you, rotting cleric...
Remember, you are pu of my loins, you are pus

Give voice to your left side, let me in:
I've sawn the seeds of your redemption;
In subhumanicide, I am your guide:
seventy-seven times make them die

The sun is shining on a brand new day
Blackened corpses smolder where they slain;
Self-flagellation prompts him to confess:
Bless me father, for I made this mess

Immolation meant to purify sin wracked souls
Let diseased bodies die; survivors twice lost:
Betrayed in fire, by the Swine of the Cross