

Fed To The Wolves

Peter Hammill

And they said "They shall all be fed,
All the weak and powerless shall be comforted..."
The Church's arms are open to embrace its orphans
But this unholy priest's an earthly sod
With his cock thrust casually through his vestments
Behind the screen of the confessional.

Father's fumbling in the vestry,
Lip-service to the sermon even while his fingers fiddle;
Blind-eyed nuns ignore the soiled habits...
For the innocents there's no escape -
What hell on earth (in the name of Christ) was this they'd entered?
Oh, they said "They shall be fed"
And meant that this young flesh
Should be devoured.
The lambs were to be led
To be fed to the wolves,
Fed to the wolves.

(They should be safe in God's House.
Does it get any worse than this?
The children are in their power
And power is naked.

They should be safe in God's House
But here's no mercy, just abuse.
And the damage that is done
Is worse than unholy.)

They said "They shall be fed"
But they're abused rather than comforted
By the very ones who pose as their protectors
And to complain would only bring a beating down upon their backs
For their own imagined wickedness.
No escape from such unholy earthly powers:
The lambs shall be devoured,
The lambs shall all be fed to the wolves.
They shall be fed to the wolves.

Pray for the prey,
Fed to the wolves.

(And the damage that is done
Is worse than unholy.)