

## Fed To The Lions

### The Autumn Offering

I shade myself into the backlight of a room,  
My shadow apes my movements. The needle and the spoon.  
Now I can't sleep without going numb, so many  
nightmares forming.  
Left alone, with no force for resistance.

Don't you dare tell anyone.  
Raped, abused, and shaken,  
Dark-minded maturation.  
Closed fist domination.  
(I'm still alive)  
Cold vengeance, just for fun.  
Sickle to brains the sum.  
Gut string violins, dark movement begins.  
Closing haunted hymns.  
I'll stab your eyes I'll tear you apart.  
Left in a unmarked burial mound,  
Quartered and bound to the corpse of a pig.  
You'll be together underground.

The scenes replay, haunting me again.  
The killer and the wound, bound in an endless dance.

So tell me how the fuck am I supposed to move on?  
Please tell me how to forgive those who took my youth  
away.  
I prayed to a God that never was.  
My screams fell on deaf ears.  
I'm alone with my time in hell.  
If I can't die then please let me sleep.

Sad little man, born of sin.  
Blood dripping from your blade.  
Ask your God why you're alive.  
You only wanted to be saved.

No salvation for the rapist priest, so many lies, so  
many truths to bend