

Besprinkled in Scarlet Horror

Tourniquet

Words verbose, gory to what end do they serve?
Or images vivid scarlet horrors absurd
Of shrieking sounds that evoke the legions of hell
The notes that you choose and the beats that you sell
You're not giving all the glory to Him
Because your artwork depicts a severed limb
And all the people buy into your deceit
Because you're keeping way too frantic a beat
They said to Bach three hundred years ago
"You work in the church there's something you should know
We hired you to write music that glorifies
But these toccatas and fugues just simply horrify"
He said, "they're simply notes put together in bars
And why you think that's wrong I just throw up my arms"
Eviscerate words that evoke emetic thoughts
Dissect and discard what speaks of corpses in rot
The leprous stumps of the sick and the lame
The stoning of Stephen, Job's scab covered frame
And John the Baptist - a head on a platter
Remove this gorefest - why should it matter?
You say this pace beckons evil spirits
But I care not what you call it
To me it's two hundred beats per minute
On tablature I scrawled it
If you arrived at the site
Of Calvary's scarlet fright
Would fears have made your feet take flight
And turn away from our Lord's plight