

See them lurking with canes in their hands
Sneaking over your shoulder, surveillance expands
Index fingers that wave in the air
Are enticing the middle ones to rise

Follow the prophet and the guide
The stigmas are bleeding open wide

What do you say
When a vice Jesus cries in the night
For your sins and your life
Breeding dismay
Harassing the sheep gone astray
As the halos decay

Hear them preaching with despise in their eyes
Converting disciples with twisted surmise
Such low proof of their sacrilegious wine
Never intoxicated my kind

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