

Live...From the Funeral of God

Zao

Live from the funeral of God, this is the day you've awaited, sponsored and celebrated, he has answered your prayers, corpses have piled up with your riches, they have spilled over onto the earth, we spit and wear our fear like masks, everything is locked into a form, (interrupt the feed), it's closing in... the sky is so dark, are men no worse than demons? Are armies not thirsty for blood? The desire of their hearts has been met, eons and eons, decades of liars, drunk with power atop a mountain of corpses, their arms and legs fail and they crawl like serpents, to address those who are mourning, live from the funeral of God, there is no reason to be afraid, everything is under control, we shall miss him