

Fornicated Messiah

Archgoat

On a winter night, when a star was bright
In a shed a child was born
The king of Jews, of mortal blood
Soon to be scorned
Poor Mary, carried the fruit of lust by the holy ghost
Disguised as the hobogang from the slums of Jerusalem
Burning rage of impotent carpenter
Left Mary is bruises
She hid the tears, fled to comfort
To waiting arms of holy ghost
Bastard son Judean swine
Ended his path on a cross of pain
Glory at Golgotha for his fall