

Only Ashes Remain

Dead Congregation

Ripping my throat apart with my hands
Screaming in madness and gargling in blood
Breaking my fingernails peeling my skin off
A perfectly choreographed self hypnosis ritual

Reality fades as eyes become white
Chants are sung backwards and louder
Red velvet soaked in blood drowns the words that were written
Figures come forth from the ways on the wall

A tongue of fire slithers down my head
Burning all that is conscious and real
And enlightens me until ashes and faith remain

What I see shall be only ornaments for the Lord
What I speak shall be praise and truth of the Lord
What I build shall become tomb for the weak and the innocent
And they will vanish, never to sow their anemic seed again