

Serpentskin

Dead Congregation

Pieces of flesh cover this desert
Cursed place that hope never reached
Doglike demons sweep across the land
Where only thorns grow to shape Christ's crown
Rivers of blood nourish the jewels of the leper king

Ribald memorial shining like fires
Shadows whisper of the thing that was forever here
Menial creatures swarm towards this damnation
To be devoured by the beasts of light

Body parts spread all around this tower
Where only legends and memories live
Of lust for carnal resurrection

Sacrificed to feed the worms
And to keep the earth warm
Under this dead pile
The soil is alive
And skin is growing,
Taking our master's final form