

## 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