

## Jesus In A Bowl Of Germs

Sage Francis

After all god loves this whole of worms, but hates common black sheep who refuse to follow the shepherd. Who heard little lambs into slaughter? LISTEN - to the silence of the man's-LIFE- is a serial killer far too complex to expose any logical pattern, below saturn and mars there are stars dominating the tunnel vision of cast obstruction and jesus might have been a biological weapon of mass destruction, specifically designed to wipe out millions with vanity and pride, lab engineered and born, advanced chemistry in a bowl of germs like hybrid corn, complete with hidden agenda beneath the surface lurking and smirking under a crown of thorns.

The crucifixion was a hoax, a cruel joke shop poison rose bud, emanating smoke screen and only begotten son soap suds, Come and Wash Your Sins Away!, said the spider to the flying rows of holy roman hope bugs.

Let's see if we can give noah's old flood a run for it's money with the first drop of cold blood from the cross began a damned birth. the contamination spread without aids hospital orderly's or cancer sticks, and stone moving angels, but no bones for artifacts or relics, just a vacant hole on easter sunday and a note about his rising soul, sounds pretty fishy; stand atop the mount and feed me loaves of bullshit our last meal was a feast at a table headed by a lupine figure hiding in fleece.

no one ever thought to check jesus for the sign of the beast, no one ever lifted his hair and looked beneath, it was there on his neck, no one cared, or was even looking for proof.

what, you didn't expect joe and mare' to volunteer the truth, and judas did not hang from his own noose,

it was just made to look that way, Jesus Christ! he was a planned device, schizophrenic double edge sword; prophet and antichrist;

good but ultimately evil, with multiple people within shouting orders. leading the flock over the border and through the woods into the land of honey milk and slaughter,

selling water for wine in between black out gorges on swine, eventually leading up to crusaders with torches in line, all the way to Jerusalem from north of the Rhine,

infected by motives that were all but divine, and the same virus has still got the sons and daughters of time on life support waiting for orders to die.

they struggle to stay afloat while their saviour keeps walking on by, on top of the water kicking salt in their eyes.

it's all in the mind state, they're all still alive but planning their own wake, waiting for the wave of an apocalypse that already came to break;

FUCK ARMEGEDDON, life is heaven and hell, the only fate is what

we make the only fate is what we make fate is what we make, fate is what we make, we make fate.

your essence was conceived and born to breathe in pictures of fields without fences, it remains relatively unconcerned with this non-existent god forsaken whole of worms; natural selection has you headed for shangri-la, don't settle for jesus in a bowl of germs, don't settle for allah, amon-ra, vishnu, or abraham in a bowl of germs. don't settle for anything less than universal respect for every living creature that has breath in its lungs and chest regardless of race, sex, preference, or whatever the fuck it says in ancient text.