

## The Doomed

### A Perfect Circle

Behold a new Christ  
Behold the same old horde  
Gather at the altering  
New beginning, new word  
And the word was death  
And the word was without light  
The new beatitude:  
"Good luck, you're on your own"

Blessed are the fornicates  
May we bend down to be their whores  
Blessed are the rich  
May we labour, deliver them more  
Blessed are the envious  
Bless the slothful, the wrathful, the vain  
Blessed are the gluttonous  
May they feast us to famine and war

What of the pious, the pure of heart, the peaceful?  
What of the meek, the mourning, and the merciful?  
All doomed  
All doomed

Behold a new Christ  
Behold the same old horde  
Gather at the altering  
New beginning, new word  
And the word was death  
And the word was without light  
The new beatitude:  
"Good luck..."

What of the pious, the pure of heart, the peaceful?  
What of the meek, the mourning, and the merciful?  
What of the righteous?  
What of the charitable?  
What of the truthful, the dutiful, the decent?

Doomed are the poor  
Doomed are the peaceful  
Doomed are the meek  
Doomed are the merciful  
For the word is now death  
And the word is now without light  
The new beatitude:  
"Fuck the doomed, you're on your own"