

A Prophet For A Pound Of Flesh

A Forest of Stars

Ugly Christs peer through nailed spaces,
flesh ripened on idealist meat hooks.
Con-gregation staring in pious devotion,
ravenous spirit starved faces,
famished minds consuming works of friction,
symbols of submission choking scrawny necks.
We count spent prophets into filthy begging bowls.
Conflagration of the body - see? Do you really see?
To kneel lost in venereal veneration,
to love their god served rare,
savouring their saviour,
on their hands and knees.
Nowhere to go from here.

Golden wine proffered by filthy hosts,
micturation as benediction.
Washing down the failure,
praying for something stronger
to take the taste away.
Sorry sun god facsimile,
not so convincing in the cold light of day.
- Jerusalem consumed -
Salvation in flash fried defecation,
sustaining the soulless to bleat another day.

Half baked men of soiled cloth,
scream tales of avarice and sloth.
Four and twenty corpse fed crows, untamed,
laughing cackle their names.

Slave religion of the pitiful, lost,
choking songs of sorrow and loss,
Four and twenty corpse fed crows, untamed,
a nesting amongst the graves.