

Moonlit faces - ghostly white
Robed in midnight leather
Death - heads adorn their necks
But they have lived forever.

Malign, nocturnal predators
In search of human cattle
Drawn toward their anguished cries
Drowned by machine gun rattle.

Compassionless as mortals die
They feed as we lie sleeping
To our otherworldly overlords
We are a harvest for the reaping.

He said "Hush my child, please don't fight
Your faith is no salvation
Which is worse - a fatal kiss
Or slow asphyxiation?
I must eat so you must die
This is the natural order
Lambs to the slaughter."

Huddled in their barbed wire pens
These frightened rabbits cower
What shortlived comfort daylight brings
The jaws of night devour
Shadowed by their twisted cross
They take their seats to dine
Gorge themselves upon the blood
Of the last of Davids line
While outside in the frosty dawn
Cold sentries dare not wonder why
When daybreak brings the reveille
Their officers in slumber lie?

She cried "Holy Father save the children
Of your chosen nation
From the dead that walk this earth
(living abominations)
We cannot fight what can't be killed
Only the strong survive...
And evil never dies."