Christ Agony, Avasatha Pagan (Prophetical Part I

god you were a martyr
not worth praying
your grave won't be adorned
with flowers
but with infants of blood
satan touched the dawn
and devoted the sky
to his powers
the sky born in the blood
but out wedlock
god, I scoff at your wars
cause you graves been spat with fire
you won't be eternity
you won't be nothingness
now
now satan's coronation