

Crucified, One Demon To Another

"silence!" said the demon to the other as they circled,
"the young boy is trying to think.
the final thoughts course through his mind even now as we speak."
"no!" the other cried, "I want him now, let's pick this fruit while it's ripe!"
they faced each other and smiled.
"let's wait a little while, he's ours, let's take our time."

donald felt a chill crawling up and down his spine
like a once warm vein gone cold
he could feel an icy breeze, but no wind was shaking the trees
from where the breeze came donald did not know
so he tried to shake the cold
thinking back an hour ago to a decision he had made:
there would be no Christ in his precious little life
this decision he would take beyond his grave

the world went black
donald couldn't breath and his face turned a sickening blue grasping for sight
he saw something in the night and around him two images flew
slowly getting clearer he could see them getting nearer
donald screaming as they spat in his face:
"welcome to hell
we'll be with you shortly
for now, the abiding place..."

there is more to the story
but really don't you worry, donald's fate is surely sealed
he chose to stand alone, to stand upon his own
but now the truth he'll find too real
you see we all have to choose
you follow God, or follow you
donald chose to chase his pleasures from the start
to ride atop the world, no help, no God, just him
but the ride was cut short by a speeding car...
anyone else want a ride?