Skyclad, Schadenfreude

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."