

Suffocation, Jesus Wept

Your entire life, your religion is embedded in your mind
Words spoken from a book, tell you never to change
After death you are taught, your soul will be cleansed
But even reduced to ashes, the misery still prevails

The day has finally come for you to be put to rest
As your body enters the furnace

Searing fire begins its bath
As your entity begins its path

There will be no rebirth of your soul
Emptiness that clouds your depression
Forced in to see the light, knowing Jesus wept

Only one thing clinging to your mind
The prayers to the feeble god whom you once believed in

Looking at the mortal from your cauldron of pain
Weeping as you know nothing will make this end
But now an ever greater pain engulfs you
Reincarnation did you no good, return to inflict others

Your credulous family somehow hears your piteous cries
They take the urn which contains what is left of your mortal life
It's taken back to the crematory to attempt once again
The brutal burning of your soul, thought to cleanse