Christ Agony, Prophetical...Part III

God - you were a martyr
not worth praying
your grave won't be adorned with flowers
but with infants blood
Satan touched the dawn
and devoted the sky
to the powers
the sky born in the blood
but out wedlock
God, I scoff at your words
couse your graves been spat with fire
you won't be eternity
you won't be nothingness
The Subject on their knees
bitterly accept these moments
the satan is being coronated
Now
now satan's coronation