

# 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