

Christian Death, Burnt Offerings

Fresh night perfect insanity
very dark placid skies bring an end
No moon shining like an untouched
ass of the boy next door
feeling the first impressions
of a strange drug
set the leathery skin of a female
straddling a furnace
illuminates in blue
hands melt against it's surface
feel no pain
kiss the burner, lips fall away
blood runs down insides
of her thighs
she tightens her grip on one last
exaggerated movement
then falls to the ground
a pile of ashes
the furnace stands triumphant
over the mound
the next in line, a young boy
approaches
he is assaulted by the flames
shooting out like sharp tongues
of hungry animals
of hungry animals
the disciple now crouches in
the belly of god
his second skin removed
the boy lay sodomized and tired