

# Christian Death, Resurrection - Sixth Communion

The ceremony cradles my head in trance  
I brush dust from my teeth  
Fleeing hands and spiders plead for salvation  
They wash the clawed feet of a priest  
Ritual mockery rectified doubt  
I'm holding with arms open wide  
Sleeping endless sleep on a bed of nails  
Wake me up with your kiss  
I'm waiting for consummation  
I'm waiting for contemplation  
I'm waiting for confrontation  
Waiting for a place to lay my body down  
The proud encasing of another soul  
Buried deep 'neath the shroud  
Flourished with the venom of the serpent's son  
I close my eyes, retreat  
The prayer hands lay down  
On the edge of my sleep  
Sister death in leper's guise  
Through crimson eyes of the holy one  
All will learn to see  
Invocations are invitations  
To the bloody red sheets  
The circle is broken by the sleeve  
A sacrifice of one  
Resurrection, past reflection  
Revelation, last discretion  
Confession, confession  
Incomplete resurrection