

# Vehemence, The Last Fantasy Of Christ

His head drops gently upon simple rolled cloth  
His meek conditions depress  
Reflecting upon the days events  
How much time he's lost

Healing the sick, Raising the dead, Being a savior  
His words create belief

Through a vast wasteland to spread belief  
when will they understand?  
From city to city to spread God's word  
A man can live only so long....

He sighs drifting off into sleep  
So many to touch deeply,  
In his mind he is right....chosen one!

!!!YOU FUCKING LIAR!!!  
His dream foretells of his kingdom-die!  
His picture on walls of bedrooms-almighty Christ!  
He will be martyred in their eyes-he smiles!  
People will die forever in-his name!

Even if you did exist, you'll never know what happened to us,  
you died before it even began...

But next he sees what will send him into sadness  
Depressed, angered, insane....this young girl with a lust  
for his blood and his cock, gazing sexually at him  
He knows his point is lost on whores and on the rest  
No need for him to live, maybe death would even help....