

Sasha Sinclair

Sunday

Easily I succumb to forget mine mind  
Wreaking havoc in such colourful devastation  
I drink the Lord's blood as if it were wine

Please do not think me as unkind  
I sell cancer to children with crying carnations  
Easily I succumb to forget mine mind

On crow's feet and angel's wings I dine  
Forbidden fruit teases the way to temptation  
I drink the Lord's blood as if it were wine

Father time plays xylophone upon your frigid spine  
Heed the heavenly skies in its hungry desperation  
Easily I succumb to forget to mine mind

I bathe in Holy water watching my tears go blind  
Witness unworthy confessions seeking salvation  
I drink the Lord's blood as if it were wine

Results may vary in the stillness of time  
Begins the descent of our accursed creation  
Easily I succumb to forget mine mind  
I drink the Lord's blood as if it were wine

## Ballade of a Scarecrow

A lost testimony walks alone  
Unhindered by the cool velvet darkness that surrounds  
The deafening silence  
Broken only by her stiletto serenade  
Thundered down the vacant halls with echo shudders  
In her peril  
Engulfed by the emotions ensued  
A pair of brightness occurs  
In the shallow midst of death  
They flicker mere hope  
Under a blanket of moths

As the lonely testimony  
Walks ways of the unspoken path  
Her destiny of hypocrisy  
Fulfilled through dead cherub's past  
She wishes them hell  
And bade them farewell  
Remembering the innocent  
Touched in filthy heat  
Between cold sheets

She falls to her knees  
Soaking in red vein  
And sobs out her secret  
On unforgiving concrete tombs  
God equals rape, and rape equals hate  
Through hate, a life of suffering  
So those weak hearted souls perish  
The world screams their last breath  
That breaks her audible silence  
Through cries of rejected prayers

So the only testimony  
Cuts the skin a little bit deeper  
Her destiny of debauchery

Will soon meet the hands of the Reaper  
She wishes them well  
And bade them farewell  
Remembering the innocent  
Groped in filthy heat  
Between urine sheets

The light suddenly becomes brighter  
Its moth blanket burned to ash  
And she looks towards those burning eyes of Jesus  
Her symphony begins  
To her renewed stiletto serenade  
The notes jarring slightly as she staggers in drunken stupor  
Desperate to reach those protective arms of Jesus  
At last she collapses at the foot of his warmth  
And glances up  
Expecting long awaited security  
But to her dismay  
Finds that Jesus' eyes were merely two pillars  
Of candles white  
Enclosed in the candle's casket of light  
Was steel gallows  
Polished in blood

Then the phony testimony  
Bleeds the dream to the very last drop  
Her destiny of inhumanity  
Forbids the pain to ever stop  
She wishes them hell  
And bade them farewell  
Remembering the innocent  
Fucked in filthy heat  
Between sperm sheets

Amidst the shadows of the Jesus candle's eyes  
She captured a glimpse of a scarecrow  
Dancing the foxtrot  
Atop the steel-blood gallows  
He notices his visitor  
Hops down to greet her

Presenting his suitcase of skeletons  
Then without warning  
Tosses it into the air  
Showering them in a gale of bones  
That left a tinkling shatter throughout the hall  
He took a bow  
And kissed her hand, with a mouth full of maggots  
Through his lips of burlap  
Hissed a voice of mock kindness  
Lined heavily with spite  
And so he gave his proposition:

“Do you ever find yourself growing claws  
And climbing up the walls?  
Where the molested child cries for god  
And their neglected prayers prove him a fraud?  
If so, the time has come for judgment day  
God will never answer  
No matter how much you pray  
You’re a scar for life  
With your territorial goodbyes  
There’ll be no more lingering shadows  
That haunt your eyes  
If you come with me  
I can set you free...”

The scarecrow held out his hand  
And the candles gave a dull flicker  
She looked into his empty eyes  
And grabbed his hand without hesitation  
It cracked like dry fingernails  
At her satin touch  
He led his testimony where the corpse of a priest hung  
And they exchanged their final vows  
Under the red-stained steel  
Sharing their first kiss  
Lips blue with death against a slash of rotting burlap  
With quivering maggots caressing a cold tongue  
That blew jesus’ eyes out

