

Breaking,
Bending,
Molding,
Folding,
Folding into slavery.
Sold into disarray.

Little Origami Christian.
We'll birth you thrice.
Once by woman,
Once by Christ,
And once by terror!
A third creation.
First your sin nature.
Now new, and old passed away.
Pass away again and exchange,
Exchange for something newer,
Something lesser.
Angrier,
Broken,
Molded,
Folded,
Terrified,
Exemplified in the most passive,
Of congregates.

Ouch.
Ignore the blood,
The blood that washed you clean,
And the blood upon your brow.
Your blood upon our hands.
Origami Christian.
We'll take the image of God,
And make the image of us.
You will marry,
And tarry.
You'll have white picket fences,
Behind which you'll store your heart,
And your children,
And none will know of the crimes you'll commit.
As you kill that which was made in you.
Hide the truth and lie,
Lie behind white picket fences.

Broken
Molded,
Folded.
You'll forever be.
We'll never admit this was not the way.
The way to which you were called to live your life.
Trust us we're you're friends,
We're your brothers,
And mothers,
And sisters,
And embalmers while you still breathed!
Little Origami Christian.
Be folded into a frog,
As you jump through these hoops.
Made from the corpses,
Of Scripture torn,
And rolled,
And mutilated into something,
That Grace would never permit!
Leap through Origami froggy!
Wretched paper animal!
We've folded you into something less than human.
Less than true.
And less than redeemed.

Broken,
Molded,
Folded
Three tasks to replace the Three in One.
Three sins in need of repentance.

One soul in need of love.

And as you grow,
To realize the crimes committed.
We'll light a match,
And cut our losses.
As you go up in flames.
Good bye little Origami Christian.
Your ashes, just more on the pile.