

There is a fog,
It flows in black and crimson.
Pouring from the mouths of dragons.
It rolls on like a river,
Covering lives, and souls, and crimes.

Burns,
Oh it burns.
As hatred fire.
Corrosive to beauty,
It burns the eyes that see.
And deafens the ears that hear.
Flowing from denial.

Come along,
Let's walk through.

Hold no longer to the breath of life.
You'll soon exhale,
And death is all around down here.
It will fill your lungs, sooner, or later.
We shall follow the path of shame,
Down this *black* and *white* brick road,
Patterned after a Levitical law code.

And here, at the end of the road,
It's the end of his road.
The victim of your crimes.

You say you've never seen his face?
Oh,
I'd believe that.
He, is black and crimson.
He is worn and beaten,
He is filthy and wretched-
Or so you've always told yourself!

Look!
And see his feet!
They are bare, and ripped, and worn raw!
So *raw*!
The penalty of sprinting down this broken road!
Running in terror!

Running from monsters!
Running, from you!

Look!
And see his legs!
They are broken, you broke them!
They buckled, under demanded piety!
They fractured under the weight of shame!
And then you shattered them,
When grace was once more needed!

Look!
Look at his back!
The back torn by your tongue!
Your tongue with nine angers,
And nine hatreds!
It's a tapestry of scars!
Woven by your word!
Your tongue the cruelest of tool!
You, were such a fool!

You say,
You still don't know his name?

Then look!
Look at his chest!
And see the labored breathing!
As lungs fill with blood!
From wounds made in darkness,
By knives in the hands of *friends*,
Plunged into closet doors!

Look! Look at him!

Do you see?
The hair strewn about on the ground,
Highlighted and golden it once was!
No more!
Now it is shaven,
Ripped out!
Let to mingle with the blood flowing from his side!

Look, at his face!

See his face!
Feel his cheeks!
They are wet,
Wet from crying out for help!
Wet from weeping in the darkness!
His eyes can not look at your own!
Or I would ask you to see,
See inside his soul!
And see a beauty you never knew!
His eyes are wet from the weeping.

Do you see his hands?
Broken in the dirt,
Clutching for hope,
But there is *none* for him!

Do you see his forehead?
And the branding you gave!
His brow where you branded the violet Q!
The violent Q!
Do you see where his nails ripped and gouged?
Trying to remove your wretched branding!
Trying, trying to be himself!

You still don't know his name?

Then watch!
Watch as your minions take him!
Their names are:
Hate,
Fear,
And Arrogance!

They drag him down the *via dolorosa*,
To the place of the skull.

Watch now, don't close your eyes!
The show has just begun!
And it will go on,

They lay his broken frame,
Down on bitter wood.
His eyes are wet in weeping!

Stretching out his arms,
And pulling straight his legs!
They drive the *nails* into those desperate hands!
And into those raw feet!
Slivers of your contempt burrow into his back,
As he is hoisted up for the world to see!
His lungs gasp for life,
As he suffocates.
And all that can be heard,
Are his hopeless cries of *agony* which fill your ears!

His eyes are open now!
Look!

Inside, are emerald fields,
And sapphire river brooks.
Inside children dance!
And friends laugh!
Oh, how we laughed.
Inside, his eyes are dry.
And there,
There is beauty.

His lids eyes close.
And there he hangs,
Dripping black,
Dripping crimson!

Under the weight of your sin,
His words come, but a whisper,
“Brother, why have you done this to me?”

And look at the sign you placed above his head!
Enemy of the Church!

The sky grows black,
As heaven weeps for your sins.

Look!
Look at a face denied faith!
Look at a life without hope!
Look at a man you could not love!
Look!

Look up and see how you've made this *faggot* oh so, Christ-like.

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”