The Hand Of Satan

I stand at the gate covered in dust and sulfur. There was a lion with ten heads and six horns.

Descending to the ground, his wings skined the flesh of its prey. I heard an angel fly through the blue sky Where a monstrous beast defiled that sacred place.

I heard a choir of sirens, its hymn melancholy. I tasted the fumes of iniquity, its flavor appealing to the goat.

A violent shake, a blazing inferno,

A crippling soul. O, how dreadful the dawn!

CRASH! The sound of the demise of illuminating towers.

The pale horse rises from its grave.

The big apple: Wrinkled with decaying flesh.

Its core is filled with ashes, and bushels of brown specs.

O, the mouth of the bear! How loud the roar!

The sharpest teeth, red eyes: its claws black as the night.

Its voice grotesque, its plots fueled with wickedness.

O, the terror of 9/11! The horrors of the dark realm.

How strong are the toxic waters the men have guzzled!

Then, a woman came and called out into the seas,

"Woe is thee! For the walls close upon the stars!

Many lie deceased, their ancestors screaming in desperation.

Saints! Be ye watchful of the hand of Satan!

His stench is so great, it clogs the lungs of his foes.

The hand of Satan has tainted the mighty city

Which the Lord has created for His glorious purpose.

Behold, the Lord will right what is wrong, and rewrite what is right,

And rebuild your statutes in the face of your brokenness.

For the sacred Scriptures saith unto the peoples,

You shall endure troubles, for endurance brings character;

And with character comes a seed that produces fresh fruit.

May the King of the Nations rebuke thee, o murderous brute,

Lest ye perish into the hottest flames!

Create in man a door that leads to salvation.

Holy, holy, holy is the lamb, who is Jesus Christ!"











