

WARRIOR

Ancient Warrior, Judge and Jury, full of anger, rage and fury
Crimson garments stained with blood, dropped his people where they stood

Pastors, elders who lived a lie, never mourned when first they die
Seeking brass in place of Gold, spurning me while waxing cold
Depart from me, vipers all!! I know ye not who scorn my call
Loving mammon, yielding shame; none to hear, none to claim

My stubborn seed, impudent stay, heathen bent to spurn my way
Honest, caring, good folk all, mimic Korah ere his fall
Busy, busy, without a spot; you'll hear me say, "I know ye not"
Pursuit of stay, pursuit of staff, shall not escape the Lamb's wrath

Whore of whores, the mega-church, excluding me from my perch
of glory, honor, laud and praise; no mercy seen when I raze
their Babel tower, icon of Pride; robbed from me, they shall not hide
from sword, from famine, plagues nor beasts; righteousness o'erflowing,
destruction decreed!!

Twofold, fourfold, sins recompense; stacked up, piled up, days past tense
Innocent blood cries from the ground, snuffed out souls, a clarion sound
'Blood for blood!!' forty mill cried; "Avenge our souls from whom denied
the right to live, laugh or see, our mother's face, our father's knee
Limb from limb our bodies torn; doctors, nurses, oaths did scorn
for lucre's sake they have still'd, our muffled screams in torture kill'd"

Blood for blood!! expiation made, to cleanse the land of stronghold laid
Blood for blood!! it shall pursue your polluted land and hand's red hue
Blood for Blood!! Slay, Slay, Slay!! naught but a stump, it burned away
Thus your sister's cup of Sodom fame shall be your drink to clear my name

Ye cows of Bashan, fat and loud, usurping men, e'er so proud
Begetting eunuchs with no Head, shall see them falter, naked, dead
Effeminate men with minds of dames, lead my people into their chains
False compassions, 'mercy' for bone, lack to all, testosterone

So much for Jesus, 'meek and mild'; so much for Jesus, 'Mary's child';
So much for prophets false who bear no witness of my judgments near
So much for prophets false who lie about my acts to purify,
calling cleansing to rebuke my whoring Bride of no repute,
'a curse, a curse, that n'er alights', 'flitting sparrow, bird in flight'
Omitting simple words as 'without cause' and 'never heard'

So much for you, erring fool, with woman's mind for Satan's tool
To you shall come the hottest heat, to pluck you from the scoffer's seat
So much for you, son of Nabal, pand'ring to the Rapture cabal
Careless with your words so bliss; amiss one thing, my Holiness!!
So much for the inerrant Word, yea, risen sins to Heaven's third
Dense so dense, your guilt arose; stench oh stench in the Savior's nose

Spinning tales of peace, peace, peace, prophets false provoked my grief
Appalled and vexed, none to uphold, vengeance wrought from tepid souls
My hour to visit, mercy shed; quickly spent, quickly sped
My hour to visit, judgment come; lasting pain, burning tongue

Alarm!! Alarm!! Ye prophets true!! -who mourn for all I've given you
to weep and groan for the Bride, whore of whores unsanctified,
a forehead mark, a name obscure, for pain that hides from shallow cure
Blood-let bought for Holy God, a few remain that seek my nod

My Bride!! My Bride!! How could she be so vile in all her revelry
Chasing lights, diluted heart; she stinketh in her private parts....
My Bride!! My Bride!! How far she's strayed; from my bosom a breach is made,
'til indignation, rage and grief, now raise me from the Mercy Seat....

Threshold bound to all four gates, my glory flown from sin that sates
Two hearts of love so once we fared; ignored, forgotten, now altar bared
In a cloud I wrap, no prayer shall pierce, nor cries of grief for worldly ears
You lusted else, your cup is near; *my* seed's exempt, my word their fear

From the precious part the vile, then you'll know why Mary's Child
is full of anger, rage and fury, then Ancient Warrior, now Judge and Jury

One of the Tribe of Issachar
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