

Antichristendumb

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Three decades a'preaching to callous, deaf ears;

Christendom is weigh'd down with bulls that are steers;

—*not bulls burly of Bashan*: fierce, strong and bold;

but cowards who're silent and just growing mold.

Not bold as a lion, as the righteous should be,

but meek and submissive, *neuter'd rams that are meek*.

Oh, sure, they talk big, 'specially when they're half sauc'd,

they spew and they curse, if ever they are cross'd.

They'll 'throw down' in an instant over a mere little word

while our nation's invaded by Nu·bi·an, Turk, and Kurd.

Islam grows like gangrene, Latrinos overflow and invade;

queers become militant, in our faces, perversely parade.

Our cities are stolen, ancestors defam'd,

—yet "brave" men are silent, old lions quite tam'd.

Im·mo·bil·iz'd by fear, so they don't raise a peep;

watch our nation be stolen, their taxes rais'd steep;

pol·i·ti·cians who are wealthy live high on the hog,

they indebt us with trillions, while "brave men" sleep like dogs.

Congress enrich our enemies, build strong with our wealth;

"Christians" *act unconcerned*, lack all true spiritual health.

Christians are oppress'd, forc'd from jobs they long held,

millions are bewitch'd by some queer passive spell;

for Jew / Muslim politician red carpet's rolled out,

as our nation's turn'd over without protest or shout.

Public servants all traitors, who rob and oppress,

handing over our nation, each savage they bless;

violating their oath, Con·sti·tu·tion to uphold,

and all "statesmen" commit treason so openly bold.

The pulpits all silent—they sold out long ago:

for a bowl of pottage, they sold our nation's soul.

The Great Harlot has lain down with Antichrist and Beast:

pros·ti·tu·ted wholly, their shamelessness vile increas'd.

Dumb dogs that cannot bark—but will the Master's Hand bite:

open gates to the en·em·y, but Christ Himself fight;

em·brace *anti-christ hu·man·ism* and shame;

yet so piously claim to love Jesus' Name;

—the Christ Who commanded "give not to dogs or swine,

nourish only My sheep"; *be a man, grow a spine!*

Obedience training they reject as they beg,

and ignore His Commands while they hump God's own Leg.

God is not a bit fooled and He is not amus'd;

Rejected shall be those who His Grace have abus'd.

Our people (those left) are brainwash'd by the beast;
 va·cant·ly blind in the face of bloodfeast.
 Each alien race in our land celebrates its "pride";
 —while we are insulted: "Why has *white-y not yet* died?"
 To de·stroy our own race seems *our people's* very goal:
 moral whores and whoremongers sell their body and soul.
 Content so are they, to rest on their lees,
 their hearts far from God, they do as they please.
 They lust after amusement, entertain'd by the beasts;
 though insatiable gluttons, *ig·nore* Your Love Feasts!
 Celebrate with the heathen, observe each pagan day:
 "God's Commands, old and musty, were prefer our own way".
 Wholly un·ac·cus·tom'd to be on their knees,
 except when adjusting their color tvs.
 With ev'ry new gadget their nice houses are fill'd;
 while true ministries wonder how they'll pay the bills.
 E'en those who pro·fess great·er truth to know;
 they claim to love God — yet impotence show.
 While the neuter'd mainstream, clichés they a' spew:
 wearing t-shirts and hats, "WhatWouldJesusDo?"
 They *have no intention* to do *what Christ* would do;
 rejecting Sound Doctrine they fol·low the world's cue.
 Tell me: Would Je·sus *just sit silent* as aliens invade,
 as they rape, steal, and riot, under guise and charade?
 demanding special treatment, insult God and His Christ,
 while pulling off the greatest international heist!
 Would Christ simply smile, with passive pious calm grin,
 as Christendom's lost after such great cost to win?
Savages de·file our women—whom no "man" doth defend;
 with no viking retribution, Divine blood to avenge.
 God commanded blood slayers to cover such crime;
 e'en rise up as one man in such mission sublime.
Why should God deliver you *from what* you're content to endure?
 if you're wholly indiff'rent whether we're polluted or pure?
 Brainwash'd whorish women as vile as can be:
 shack up with foul apes, learn to swing from a tree.
 Forever polluted from God's Family they dance:
 blind to re·al·it·y, as if bound in a trance.
 Sons and daughters of God sacrific'd to the beast;
 His Image lost with such abominable glee;
 tossing di·monds over·board *as if* worth·less glass,
 think *their own* her·i·tage is some·thing that is crass.
 Once her·i·tage, what's pure and price·less is lost,
 "Game over", "The End", "Point of No Return Crossed".