

«And the fires of your Hell shall not be quenched by the rain  
From those torn and parti-coloured garments of Christ, those rags  
That once were Men. Each wound, each stripe,  
Cries out more loudly than the voice of Cain-  
Saying «Am I my brother's keeper?» «Think! When the last clamour of the  
    Bought and Sold  
The agony of Gold

Is hushed.... When the last Judas-kiss  
Has died upon the cheek of the Starved Man Christ, those ashes that were men  
Will rise again  
To be our Fires upon the Judgment Day!

And yet-who dreamed that Christ has died in vain?  
He walks again on the Seas of Blood, He comes in the terrible Rain.