

SATAN at CALVARY
(Satan Mocks the Crucified Jesus)

LOOK AT YOU UP THERE, HANGING, MOANING,
SOAKED IN YOUR OWN BLOOD -
WHAT A MESS.

YOU KNOW, I COULD ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR YOU -
YOU'RE ANNOYING, BUT OTHERWISE NOT REALLY A BAD GUY
AND IN MY OWN PERSONAL OPINION
YOU DON'T DESERVE ANY OF THIS.

BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I DIDN'T TRY
TO HELP YOU OR ANYTHING.
LIKE THAT TIME AFTER YOU HAD FASTED FOR FORTY DAYS
AND I MADE THE TRIP OUT INTO THE DESERT
TO MAKE LIFE A LITTLE EASIER FOR YOU -
WHICH, I MIGHT POINT OUT, YOUR OLD MAN
NEVER WORRIED TOO MUCH ABOUT - AM I RIGHT?

I THOUGHT I MADE YOU SOME PRETTY GOOD OFFERS.
YOU WERE STARVING - I OFFERED YOU BREAD.
YOU WERE HURTING - I OFFERED YOU RELEASE.
YOU WERE WEAK AND CONFUSED - I OFFERED YOU POWER.

ALL GREAT STUFF FROM THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART.
BUT INSTEAD YOU DECIDED TO GIVE ME A HARD TIME
AND SOME BLAH-BLAH-BLAH FROM THE BIBLE SOMEWHERE
WHEN ALL I ASKED IN RETURN
WERE A COUPLE OF YOUR PARLOR TRICKS
AND A LITTLE WORSHIP, NOTHING MAJOR, A PROSTRATION
- HECK, I WOULD HAVE SETTLED FOR A GENUFLECTION! -
WAS ALL THAT SUCH A BIG DEAL?

BUT NO, YOU WEREN'T INTERESTED -
YOU WANTED TO KEEP GOD HAPPY.
WOULD THAT BE THE SAME GOD
YOU THINK HAS ABANDONED YOU HERE?
NO, REALLY - NO USE DENYING IT - I HEARD YOU JUST NOW
"ELI ELI" AND THE REST OF THAT ARAMAIC GIBBERISH.
GUESS ALL THAT PATHETIC FIDELITY TO DEAR OLD ABBA FATHER
HAS REALLY PAID OFF FOR YOU -
CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY NAILS AND THORNS, RIGHT?

AND DEAR OLD HUMANITY - YOU STILL WORRIED ABOUT THEM?
YOU KNOW, THE SLOBS STANDING AROUND HERE
GAWKING AS YOU DIE,
WAITING TO SEE IF ELIJAH OR SOMEBODY SHOWS UP TO HELP,
OR THROWING SPEARS AT YOU, OR STEALING YOUR CLOTHES,

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AND TOTALLY FORGETTING THE CURES AND MIRACLES AND TEACHING
WHILE STRIVING MIGHTILY AS ALWAYS
TO GET A CHUCKLE FROM THEIR PALS:
"HEY MESSIAH - COME DOWN FROM THE CROSS, WHY DON'T YOU?
OH WAIT - YOU CAN'T! HAHAAAAHA!"

I LOVE THEM WHEN THEY'RE LIKE THAT,
WHICH AS WE BOTH KNOW IS MOST OF THE TIME:
IGNORANT, UNGRATEFUL, BLASPHEMOUS,
DISHONEST, CONVINCED OF THEIR OWN IMPORTANCE -
MY KIND OF PEOPLE!

YOU KNOW, I CAN SEE WHY YOU ALMOST CHANGED YOUR MIND
OUT THERE IN THE GARDEN LAST NIGHT.
EVEN FOR ME, THAT WAS TOUGH TO WATCH.
BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS - FOR WHAT?
TO SAVE THE LIKES OF JUDAS AND PONTIUS AND CAIAPHAS?
GIVE ME A BREAK - EVEN I DON'T LIKE THEM.

AND MEANWHILE YOUR BUDDIES ARE SNOOZING AWAY
LIKE THE TOTAL LOSERS THEY ARE
DREAMING ABOUT WHAT KIND OF THRONE THEY'LL BE SITTING ON
WHEN YOU COME INTO ...
... INTO YOUR KINGDOM.

SORRY - I DIDN'T MEAN TO LAUGH -
I KNOW YOU'RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT IT.
I GUESS I SHOULD BE TOO, LIKE OUT OF RESPECT OR SOMETHING.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME - IT'S KIND OF A SHAME
THAT YOU WASTED THREE GOOD YEARS
TRYING TO GET THESE CLOWNS ON YOUR SIDE.
ALL THAT STUFF THEY WATCHED YOU DO -
THAT LAZARUS ROUTINE WAS GREAT, BY THE WAY -
AND THEIR ADORABLE THICK HEADS STILL DON'T GET IT.

YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED THE SHEKELS,
THE HARLOTS, THE EMPTY PROMISES -
THEY ALWAYS WORK FOR ME.
TOO BAD WE DIDN'T HAVE THE CHANCE TO COMPARE NOTES.

BY THE WAY - I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR
WHEN YOU ASKED THE OLD MAN TO FORGIVE THEM
AND OF COURSE HE WILL - YOU'RE STILL HIS BELOVED SON, RIGHT? -
BUT BEING FORGIVEN WON'T MAKE THEM ANY SMARTER

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AND THEY DON'T DO GRATITUDE TOO WELL ...

HEY, GUY - I'D LOVE TO SPEND MORE TIME CHATTING
BUT YOU HAVE A FEW MORE HOURS OF SUFFERING TO DO
WHILE I HAVE TO TRAVERSE A COUPLE THOUSAND YEARS OF TIME AND SPACE
TO GET MY MINIONS - WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT THEM? -
READY FOR A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

(YOU LOOK A LITTLE PERPLEXED, BUT THAT'S OKAY -
POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS HAVEN'T ACTUALLY BEEN INVENTED YET,
BUT I'M SURE I CAN CONVINCE ABBA FATHER
THAT THEY'RE A GOOD IDEA ...)

AGAIN LET ME OFFER YOU MY SINCEREST CONDOLENCES
ON YOUR IMPENDING DEMISE.

HEY, NO HARD FEELINGS ABOUT THOSE EXORCISMS
OR EVEN THE NAME CALLING - FATHER OF LIES, MURDERER, THAT KIND OF THING -
YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY CELEBRATING MY DIVERSITY
AND KIND OF JUDGMENTAL IN MY OPINION -
BUT YOU WERE UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE.
I FULLY UNDERSTAND.

AND JUST TO SHOW THERE ARE REALLY NO HARD FEELINGS
I PROMISE THAT AS SOON AS I HAVE A FEW MINUTES
I'LL MAKE YOUR DISCIPLES - ALL ONE OF THEM, NOT COUNTING THE WOMEN -
NO, SERIOUSLY - I'LL MAKE THEM
THE SAME GENEROUS ONE-OF-A-KIND OFFER I MADE TO YOU
THAT HOT HUNGRY DAY IN THE DESERT.

AND AS YOU HANG THERE, MISTER HIGH AND MIGHTY SON OF GOD
I WANT YOUR LAST THOUGHT TO BE:

HOW MANY WILL REFUSE AS I DID?

WELL, I'M OUT OF HERE. SEE YOU AROUND.
AND DON'T FORGET -
SAY HELLO TO ABBA FATHER FOR ME
TELL HIM "NON SERVIAM" SENDS HIS BEST.
(YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.
IT'S KIND OF AN IN-JOKE BETWEEN HIM AND ME.)

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