

# **The Comedy of the Antichrist, Superstar**

**By Basil Baradaran**

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**It was seven oh-six, December one-oh  
About a dozen and thirteen years ago  
A woman and man got married that day  
And swore semper fidelis, and love come what may**

**Sadly the wife cheated, had slept with a man  
Who she didn't know was the big guy, Satan  
She carried his child but never did tell  
And gave birth to him in a five-star hotel**

**The wife never told her husband the truth  
For what she had done was considered uncouth  
The child was baptised and they christened him Chris  
But the priests seemed to treat him with wanton malice**

**The couple raised Chris without any clues  
That he was a child of satanic hues  
Like everyone else his existence was dry  
He was an average boy with an average life**

**Until his first day in education  
His mind underwent a transformation  
His innocence died and a new Chris was born  
It was people, he found, that made his mind so torn**

**But he made lots of friends and they had a good time  
Worshipping Satan and committing wild crimes  
They were usually nice and couldn't guess why  
Their minds went corrupt when they went near that child**

**As Young Chris grew older, his mind changed once more  
He turned almost saint-like, and never before  
Had his friends or his parents see him so kind  
So gentle with people, so nice all the time**

**For years his moods switched like Jekyll and Hyde**

It was kind of like there was a war in his mind  
While celestial forces from both sides of the cross  
Fought to have Chris as a tool for their boss

But the darkness did win and it hid deep inside  
Young Chris; it was waiting for the right time to rise  
At Foodstuffs the lad took a job for some cash  
It was there that he met the girl Jennifer Nash

For days Chris and Jen spent their time together  
Walking on beaches or rolling in heather  
They did all the romantic clichés that they could  
And Chris felt something he had not understood

"Love?" asked his best friend, as they walked through the park  
"Have you made her a song, carved your names in the bark?  
"Have you names for each other? Like honey or pet?"  
"Not just yet, my good friend," laughed Chris, "not just yet!"

Chris arrived home to find Jen on his bed  
She gave him a look and sweetly she said:  
"Listen, I think we should talk about us  
It's nothing to fret; I'm not causing a fuss

"I just want to know if what we have is real."  
To which Chris said: "nothing can stop what I feel!"  
And he and Jen hugged and they kissed for a while  
And when Jen left, Chris went to sleep with a smile

Less than a year passed and it was Chris's birthday  
When his father appeared in a large ring of flames  
And Satan decided to tell Chris the truth  
In offish thought Chris stood quite bemused

But he had no time for he heard Satan tell  
"My boy, it is time! Serve the powers of Hell!  
Chris was frozen in shock, old Lucifer said  
"The time-bomb inside you has detonated!"

"The ineffable end! Armageddon!"  
"The film or the nerd-fest?" queried his son  
The Devil sighed deeply. "The end of the world."  
"You must bring it about! The flags must be unfurled!"

Demonic thoughts suddenly flashed in his brain

Of angels and monsters and fiery rain  
The evil that hid had risen at last -  
Chris was finally aware of his demonic past!

But a memory rushed back: the face of his Jen  
He thought about her, he felt lost and then  
Love took over and the evil was drowned  
He glared at his father, who replied with a frown

“I cannot do it,” he said, angry and wild  
“But you must!” ordered Satan. “Cos you are my child!”  
Chris stepped over his parents, (who had fainted in shock)  
He leapt out the door and he ran down the block

Visions of Apocalypse flared in his head  
As he ran his brain filled with terror and dread  
He knew that the devil would find him straight away  
That he could not escape the fate of that day

Meanwhile, far below, in the city of Dis  
Satan strolled the floor and he said with a hiss:  
“I can sense his damned thoughts! It’s that girl he adores!”  
“If I can have her brought here, then he’ll play by my laws!”

He asked that an agent be brought to his door  
And a few minutes later in walked Valefor  
“What do you want?” V asked, in an annoyed tone  
“I want you to go out there and capture someone.”

Valefor looked wary and asked who and why  
“You must bring me this girl that my boy fears will die  
When apocalypse comes, and he won’t do it till  
He knows that she’s safe,” and he sat down, quite ill

Too much love in this boy and it made his head hurt!  
But once she is down here, Chris’s mind will convert  
So he sent V away to capture young Jen  
And he went to office to plan the world’s end

Two days later Chris had no word of his lass  
She was not at home or at uni in class  
Her phone was unanswered, Chris feared for her life  
What was troubling her? What was causing this strife?

But Christopherâ€™s questions were answered just when  
His father appeared holding hostage his Jen  
â€œIf you want to see her,â€• Satan said to his son  
â€œThen youâ€™ll do as I say, youâ€™ll do what must be done.â€•

â€œIf our plan succeeds and we haveth the world,  
â€œThen on this new Earth you can live your girl!â€•  
Chris said â€œHeavenâ€™s the sole place she can stay in;  
â€œBecause Jen is too pure to be kept in this sin!â€•

His father was shocked at the H-word Chris used  
He said â€œkiss your own mother with that mouth, do you?â€•  
â€œYouâ€™ll never see Jen if you disobey me!  
â€œCos Iâ€™ll trap her forever in Purgatory!â€•

As Satan began to vanish in the air  
Chris turned to the Lord in a desperate prayer  
And he felt something change inside, deep in his heart  
It was Heaven and God, and his soul split apart

And the clouds burst apart with a thunderous roar  
And a ray of light flooded and blinded our four  
(Valefor had captured Jenâ€™s bother as well  
For no real reason, he just thought What the hell)

A deep booming voice emerged from the cloud  
You could say it was holy but was really just loud  
It cried: â€œLet them go, the boyâ€™s heart has transformed!  
â€œHe belongs to us now! His beliefs have reformed!â€•

â€œHe may be your of your blood, but his soul is now ours!â€•  
â€œNo heâ€™s not,â€• replied Satan, bluntly, to the cloud  
â€œYes he is!â€• â€œNo heâ€™s not!â€• And it went on like this:  
An argument over who really owned Chris

The debates just continued between both deities  
The Lord shouting something at Mephistopheles  
And the latter yelled back; it was going nowhere  
But there appeared to be no stopping for the pair

So Chris saw his chance, it was staring at him  
And he snuck up and rescued his girlfriend and Tim  
As they all ran away they could still hear the noise

**Of the infernal quarrel of the celestial boys**

**“By the time the two stop it,” Chris laughed as he told  
“The world could have ended and restarted ten-fold!”  
Then the four riders landed, clothed in anger and sin  
Death asked Chris irately: “When do we come in?”**

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