

Possessed by a Craft of Witchery

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Abducted by another freak of society.
Two little pigs are snatched by the wolf
in this stone-cold reality.
Temped by the serpent in disguise.
Poisoned by forbidden sweets
in a promised paradise,
built of lies.

They are taken.
Their hands tied to their backs.
Their mouths taped shut.
They awake in a concrete chamber.
Stones instead of gingerbread.
Two flies flew into a black sugar cobweb.
By the scum of our own kind
this treacherous web has been spun.
Numbered by fear they wait...
for an aggressive hungry spider to appear.
Too late to run away.
They have been misled.
No rooftop made of cake.
No walls built of bread.
Not even a glimpse of light
is reaching inside.
Neither from the sun
nor from the moon.
For these are no windows of clear sugar
built in this dreary room.
Thoughts of milk, pancakes with treacle,
and warm beds draped with silk.
A delicious promise has been broken
and the intention behind is of a malicious kind.
This is no fairy-tale house
surrounded by caramel flowers
in a chocolate garden of confectionary trees.
This is the residence of a deranged psychopath
who truly believes to be possessed
by a craft of witchery.
He kills children in the name of a witch.
A demonic voice compels him
to wander as a friendly clown.
Searching in every town,
until flesh victims are found.
The voice of the witch
spits venomous words in his head.
It can only be silenced
when infants are dead.
Her ghost slithers
like black fog down the chimney at night.
Only he can see this tormenting parasite.
Dragging the children from the cellar
into a room equipped for ritual sacrifice.
The walls are blotched with religious symbols
to glorify an infernal paradise.
He locks the girl up in an iron cage
to witness her young brother's death.
Now she will hear all his screams

until he draws his last breath.
The serial killer shackles the boy to the floor,
upon the sign of the witch.
The children scream:
"No more!"
"Shut the fuck up!"
I will now take his precious little life."

Whispering unholy rhymes
while holding a black-hilted knife.
And he stabs like a maniac
because the witch gave permission...
to mutilate the child beyond recognition.