

Benedictine Convulsions

Cryptopsy

An ominous disembowelment...
The soothsayer is blinded, such is fate;
Abomination to damn the eyes...
For the righteous, a test of faith.

"We thank thee lord, for this tribulation,
We sing thy praises without end;
No matter how rabid the oppressor,
We shall not fail thee, though we pray for
Strength."

Ensnared in the web of the unjesus,
The once-sacrosanct abbey is
Besieged,
With the braying of the
Nightgoat,
Benedictine friars convulse.

Infernal visions flay their souls
As their bodies contort and writhe...
Capricornus nocturnum haunts them,
From their torment springs its delight.

Impaled on one of its many legs,
A bug-eyed Mary gapes on in horror
As her only son is chewed to bits
By spiderchrist... She is flecked with gore.

Caprine morturion leads the bones
Of their departed brethren
In the abbey's catacombs;
When gargoyles vomit blood,
The defunct will ascend
To rend the mortal flesh
Of the brothers of the good word,
And make victims of their guts.

Those who are left,
Of god bereft
Run amongst heads
Suspended by threads.

Crosses up-ended
And frenzied blooshed
For those who sought favour
From their saviour.

"I am messiah"
The grand delusion
To hell-wracked things,
Revelation.