

# 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.