

Cleansing the Hosts

Cryptopsy

Led to the family by the Lord
I had no choice but to overtake
The Mother's role
But that little one was always testing me
Allowing others to question my authority
She was guiding them towards a life of sin
I decided she could burn if she wanted to
But I wasn't going to let her take the others with her

I have removed the presence of evil twice before
My own blood impure

Was simply unacceptable a soft pillow sufficed
To smother little ones before the demons

Had their chance to escape

But this one was different
I have never seen the devil
Put up such a fight
We had tried to vanquish it
Once before
But sadly the host-body gave out
And set the parasite
Back on its course

It kept quiet for a few weeks after that
And she seemed calmer and more obedient
But as with all sicknesses

Subtle hints of the disease
Snuck up and reappeared

Before long she was back to her old ways
So we reinstated the hot iron and rod
But our late nights educating and reformatting
Were once again interrupted

But from this there was no return
Comatose in her bed
Before the presence finally left
A child died as two more grew within me

Her Father and I were arrested on the church steps
As we emerge with our fellow mourners
We have been paraded through the media ever since
But our silent ploy has been kept forever a secret
Since it left this world with us when we ascended