

Hand of the Host

Isis

It is here
That vice indulged
Bleeds the living
Of their trust

And now the
Chosen children play
Never to
Lay rest

Hand of the host
Extended from his fingers
Dangles scented flesh

Bodies offered spun
From infant minds
Perfect in their
Empty conception

To be devoured
By my lustful heart
I am commanded
"do as thou wilt"

Through the halls I am lead
Following I am lead

"writhe and gnaw each other's flesh"

He lies uncovered
This ancient man
Of bristle and bone
Hoary and unwashed
His lonely soul
Fills the room

Our reverie
Lays broken on the floor
Cast him out into the throngs
Into unholy laughter