

## Deus Avertat

### Spawn of Possession

Even the purest of sinless souls sometimes attracts  
themselves to spirits long  
forgotten sleeping  
A man of curious nature this soon would learn, in his  
grandma's old attic  
He found the hidden piece of wood that forever would  
change his blissful life

Tool of evil, board of riddle, transmitter to the  
ancient  
Unforgiving, lures the living, of hell designed  
mechanics  
Sends a signal to the shunned side, one asks it, one  
reads it  
Whom will answer God only knows

Although his Granny warned him deeply he still brought  
it home for study  
All he wanted was to try it, for mood he list some  
candles, poured a glass of  
vintage absinthe  
Innocent, wonder, soon to leave for hell, seance begin

His hand grabbed the planchette, sweating exited of it  
went  
In backwards circles back and forth, demon speech of  
unknown  
Twitched his hand and took control, letters started  
shaping into several words

Come join us the sentence read, why he wrote, no reply  
Who are you, we are mere friends, hear our offer gentle  
caller  
You may have goodly gifts just for us to simply visit  
you

The short conversation led on, convincing our host to  
trade what the spirits  
wanted  
Debauching intent, plotting for his soul, brood of ill,  
attributed to his newly  
found friends  
Their agreement sealed a subconscious deal though he  
could not foresee  
The effects coming, nails and hair fell off, a lump in  
his throat was born  
He started feeling woozy, bowel control he kept losing,  
soon swimming in his  
own filth  
As he got invaded by the tricksters from beyond

Wrenching on the floor, the voices pounding in his  
mind, raving on about death  
Started to get owned in fetal position, realized the  
mistake he had made  
Yelled out tortured leave me be, badly choking on his  
phlegm

Begged in tears for deaf ears, serpents from the other  
side his body now  
possessed

A broken human woke up in daze, first thing his eye  
caught  
On the floor a pile of ash, must've lit the board on  
fire  
Not sure of what had happened, it all felt weird and  
blurry  
He managed to stand, still in pain from last night's  
ordeal

Back flashes started to haunt his weak memory  
Grandma's face covered in blood, limping steps took him  
there  
To her house door unlocked called her name silence  
would not break  
Up the stairs, met by a horrible death sight of what  
he'd done

Old granny torn apart, down her throat he had rammed  
her heart  
Her eyes stared open wide and cold, what was all this  
meant for?  
The spirits of the board for years had tried to take  
her soul  
This was their vengeance, that's why they sent him  
To execute her and be freed forever