

## Spiritual Deception

### Spawn of Possession

Years have passed since that night Still the scars are fresh and alive for those involved  
A mother deep underground A father to a cell forever bound, the child nowhere to be found

Spiritual deception once showed its face, an evil passed on through its blood  
A wicked grim incentive that cloudy day when horror stepped through their door

Journeyed to the east far and long ago Once a feeble child but now has grown, still black in his soul  
His uncle, the poor man worked hard yet unsuccessful To feed his father's leverage

Spiritual deception once showed its face, an evil passed on through its blood  
A wicked grim incentive that cloudy day when horror stepped through their door

Meanwhile, aging in a bedlam, innocent still took the blame

He was sane when he entered but those walls drove him mad Conjur-  
ing up a grave revenge Kept his diary closest when he finally broke out  
Time for them to alas reunite

Compelled to place his vengeance upon the bastard progeny, his only creed  
As he arrived to the house old Damfee waiting outside

Gnawed and faint, leaning on his frayed cane

Damfee "Why did you come here?"

Father "Bring him before me, he must die I shall have his head, you cannot deny me that"

The old man grinned and whispered "Things are not all what they seem,  
I once brought forth a demon That had its way with your wife one night,  
her uterus defiled Raped by the demon, befouled all heaven's light  
Please close your eyes and come inside my home"

He then followed Uncle Damfee, when he looked there was a rancid setting  
Everything was just appallingly dirty, in front of him stood the lost child  
In frustration he attacked the androgynous child of evil  
In the background there stood Damfee chuckling at the whole damned spectacle

All turned black 'til he later woke up In his cell with the padded walls that he once left,  
was it a dream? Ripped out was a diary page On it written all that happened in that godless phase

, in someone else's hand-writing

Spiritual deception once showed its face, an evil passed on through its blood A wicked grim incentive that cloudy day when horror stepped through their door