

## Holy Terror

### The Claymore

As my neophyte,  
Where have you been?  
Why have you fled away?  
When should I begin?

Bristly rascal cursed and wretched!  
Brat obnoxious, turn to be Jesuit!

Where have you been?  
Why have you fled away?  
When should I begin to spin?

Through carved out eyes one stares upon another,  
The face turned to the left not just to bother.

But I kill the snake playfully mischievous,  
A holy terror delirious!  
Where are my bleeders, I have my feeders  
Ready to leave the steeple,  
Remains mysterious! ?

Like rats you are running,  
I find your lines so cunning.  
Masses will be soon by me denied!

Through carved thin ice one stares upon another,  
The face turned to the left not just to bother.

Forgotten I lie, all sleeps.  
I cannot even hear the steps of their feet.  
Trampling the dust instead  
Of waking up the dead!

Where are my bleeders?  
Why won't they pray?  
So many leaders  
Have fallen prey!

Forgotten I lie, all sleeps.  
I cannot even hear the steps of their feet.  
Trampling the dust instead  
Of waking up the dead!