

Incursion Dementia

Nasty Savage

Purity of intention
sudden invasion
Of adolescence
Driven by her convictions
At seven
She saw her first vision
From the heavenly voices
Invoking vanity
Her guilt was hag ridden
As she whipped herself
Until the blood ran free
Saint Catherine
Showed all the signs
Beyond the threshold of pain
She believed in mystical marriage
The future is the child of the past
It's a spiral staircase of ecstasy
Incursion dementia
Incursion dementia
Saint Catherine
Showed all the signsIncursion dementia
Incursion dementia
Incursion dementia
Incursion dementia
Her climax was reached
At catatonics fits
Nor cloud she long
Endure them now

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