

# Uncle Damfee

## Spawn of Possession

Darkened clouds was watching over the house  
Father sleeping mother reading  
From the good book to their child Mother's in the rockin chair  
By the fireplace reaching a fanatic stage  
Preaching load and clear the words of delight  
The child suppose to take pleasure instead  
Felt sick and distressed Glimpsed the axe, getting up from teh bed, grabs the tool get that crone  
Unaware of he child behind the mother kept  
Babbling while the child raised the axe  
Struck hard, struck fast, must punish parent  
Burst the crown in pieces, walls got  
Draped with substance  
Starring without a word  
Purified from mothers nagging with full force  
The child kept striking  
Litter was now disposed  
Kissed the rest of her cheek  
Dropped the axe and tore her bible  
Feeling fine... The child left the scene ran of into the woods to  
Vanish while the daybreak kept coming  
Father awoke as someone  
Knocked on their door Shocked by the sight  
Outside stood the mob  
That would lead  
His persecution  
Couldn't speak after what he had seen  
Labeled insane and locked up in a dark asylum The Diary... Travelled east the child found warmth and shelter  
Located it's relative uncle Damfee  
The child opened up and told it's uncle it's secret Damfee said, with a nervous trembling voice  
"He's been exposed the father of mine"  
"I thought he was dead but obviously not, his spirit awoke"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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