Uncle Damfee

Spawn of Possession

Darkened clouds was watching over the house
Father sleeping mother reading
From the good book to their childMother's in the rockinchair
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 distressedGlimpsed 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 doorShocked 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 asylumThe 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 secretDamfee 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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