Hand of the Host

Isis

It is here
That vice indulged
Bleeds the living
Of their trustAnd now the
Chosen children play
Never to
Lay restHand of the host
Extended out
From his fingers
Dangles scented fleshBodies often spun
From infant minds
Perfect in their
Empty conceptionTo be devoured
By my lustful heart
I am commanded
"Do as thou wilt"Through the halls
I am leadFollowing
I am lead"Writhe and gnaw
Each other's flesh"He lies uncovered
This ancient man
Of bristle and bone
Hoary and unwashed
His lonely soul
Fills the roomOur reverie lays broken
Broken on the floor
Cast him out into the throngs
Out into unholy laughter

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