The Puritan's Hand

Primordial

There is plague at the door
It begs to be among us
In the ashen dreams of crippled childrenThere is sickness in the soil
Nothing grows this side of Eden
Nor in the yearning abyss
That is all men's hearts
Nor in the skeletal tug
Of motherhood that curses all with lifeThere is disease upon the air
It grasps at the throat of virtue
Rosary twist in leather hands
And offer prayer for meAnd I have fought the god of men
For my whole life
Yet now we sit at the table together
Breaking bread and drinking blood wineWe spent the smallest hours
Staring into the void
Between sleep and dreams
That stretch from the womb to the grave
So feel the puritan's dead hand as it throttles all lifeSo clasp your hands and bend your broken knees
For no one else will, and your confessions
Of worthless guilt, are not your saving grace
And so you seek redemption at the puritan's hand
Is the hell you find here not enough for you?
To find your redemption

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