

The Evangelist

Robert Forster

Sleeping pills can keep one drowsy, shut out the angst and feel but nothing
Yet to find total closure for terrors of the past, a saddened man now entered
the hospital at last Ninth door to the left, laid all answers to what had kept him drunk for all
those years

A gently knocking but no answer, hesitated for a second then turned the knob
and stepped inside In front of him a well made bed, in it a woman sleeping, he pulled up a chair
So fragile and so helpless, he took her hand and held it and whispered in her
ear Edward

My dear Ms. Sinclair, you are my mother and a whore of evil
How could you leave me there in that old church, why My first vague memories of Father Dorian and me on my
knees

He stole my boyhood early, him and the other priests
While preaching I was dirty and needed to be cleansed Baptized my young face with soggy semen every evening
while tears ran

Alternated with violent whipping in God's name, I was a child of shame. Dorian, he sodomized my weak and
childish body

The cross went inside my ravished rear end and bent me open
Those yellow teeth still haunt my dreams Caged from daylight inside a cellar, he kept me locked up 'til pleasure
he
craved

I know God's light is shining but this molested soul will never see a heaven
that I am certain of My dear Ms. Sinclair, you are my mother and a whore of evil
How could you leave me there in that old church, why Then one night I noticed he'd forgotten to lock the doors
and I saw my chance

I sneaked out and ran off, foggy air, morning dark, the grass was wet
I'd been there for so long, not sure of my age, the wicked Father D. may he
burn in hell

You must die oh spiteful bitch, you put me there. Slowly she opened her eyes and stared at him silent at first
Felt she was squeezing his hand, the wrinkly old hag Ms. Sinclair

My dear boy, my dear Edward let me tell you of your past
Please son ease down, sit down and listen to me I was born where you grew up, daughter of Father Dorian
His line of blood runs deep, deeper than you can possibly imagine Night after night he robbed me of pride
Pleasing his need, a child of his breed that never could smile

Instead of playing with a dolly I had to play with him
In my mouth I can still taste his salt veiny skin Barely fertile yet daily raped, his holy seed

Finally my girly womb managed to impregnate
My father, my lover had now made me a mother
As he delivered my baby I wept to God I left the church right after my baby boy was born
I was replaced by my infant to be my father's toy

That toy was you dear Edward and I'm glad I left you there
Our Father's love for his children can never be compared.

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