

# Cleansing the Hosts

Cryptopsy

Led to the family by the Lord  
I had no choice but to overtake  
The Mother's role  
But that little one was always testing me  
Allowing others to question my authority  
She was guiding them towards a life of sin  
I decided she could burn if she wanted to  
But I wasn't going to let her take the others with her

I have removed the presence of evil twice before  
My own blood impure

Was simply unacceptable a soft pillow sufficed  
To smother little ones before the demons

Had their chance to escape

But this one was different  
I have never seen the devil  
Put up such a fight  
We had tried to vanquish it  
Once before  
But sadly the host-body gave out  
And set the parasite  
Back on its course

It kept quiet for a few weeks after that  
And she seemed calmer and more obedient  
But as with all sicknesses

Subtle hints of the disease  
Snuck up and reappeared

Before long she was back to her old ways  
So we reinstated the hot iron and rod  
But our late nights educating and reformatting  
Were once again interrupted

But from this there was no return  
Comatose in her bed  
Before the presence finally left  
A child died as two more grew within me

Her Father and I were arrested on the church steps  
As we emerge with our fellow mourners  
We have been paraded through the media ever since  
But our silent ploy has been kept forever a secret  
Since it left this world with us when we ascended