## **Incursion dementia**

**Nasty Savage** 

Purity of intention Sudden invasion Of adolescence Driven by her convictions At seven She saw her first vision From the heavenly voices Invoking vanity Her guilt was hag ridden As she whipped herself Until the blood ran free

Saint Catherine Showed all the signs

Beyond the threshold of pain She believed in mystical miscarriage The future is the child of the past It's a spiral staircase of ecstasy

Incursion dementia Incursion dementia

Saint Catherine Showed all the signs

Incursion dementia Incursion dementia Incursion dementia

Her climax was reached At catatonic fits Nor could she long Endure them now