

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

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Saint Catherine
Showed all the signs

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