

Oath of the tormented

Beelzebub take these flies
From my ears and dirt from my
Eyes, Behemoth cool the
Stifling air 'round my head,
Leviathan dry the sweat
From my brow, Satan call
Back thy cohorts, speaking
Blasphemy with fart-like breath.
Lord deliver me to thy bosom
If my tormentors be right.
Lord forgive me for mouthing
This sophist trick, Lord
Accept my right intentions,
And forgive the misconceptions,
The trail of tears drawing me toward you.