

Decameron

"Blessed"

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It was night when they came
Evil and deceit were hidden under frocks
On their necks-crosses in their hands-swords
They came to kill on behalf of their God
Dissimilarity is imprisoned
In the darkness of the dungeons
The old faith impaled on the stake
Old holy groves were destroyed
In the name of the cross
Against other people
Against the truth
Against everyone
Against yourself
Tortures of liberated souls
Which are decaying in the cells of the ecclesiastical
strongholds
The knights of good are distributing death
Spreading violence in the name of God

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