

Carman "A Witch's Invitation"

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One peaceful afternoon
I picked up from my mailbox
The strangest looking letter I'd ever seen
A chilling little envelope
Bordered with flying bats and eerie serpents
Whose eyes were tinted green
That letter was addressed to me
So as I opened it, I froze
What I read turned my complexion three shades of
blue
It said, "my name is Isaac Horowitz
I'm a male witch, a warlock
And I feel I need to spend some time with you."

Now, as a Christian from a little church
With God's call on my life,
A man of faith and power, with a challenge to grow
I did what any saint would do
In my situation
I tore it up said, "Lord, no way I'm gonna go."
Then gently and methodically the Holy Spirit spoke
And reminded me, we're God's voice to our nation
It's the church's responsibility to witness
So reluctantly I accepted this...
Witch's invitation

He had the house you'd expect
The old english cottage
A nightmare on Elm street special right to the core
The overgrown ivy,
The gate that creaked when opened
Somehow you'd expect Freddy to answer this door
The doorbell rang the hollow gong,
The knob twisted, then opened
Then Isaac stood before me with a grin
His jet black hair and well-trimmed beard
Flowed with his black silk clothes
My skin crawled as he said,
"Please..come on in"

His house was filled
With every occultic symbol you could fathom

Hanging pentagrams and horoscope signs,
A Ouija board and dungeons and dragons game
Set on the table
A crystal ball with an incandescent shine
Then graciously he handed me some steaming herbal
tea
It's presence caused my memory to jog
I thought of every horror flick I'd seen
When I was a kid and thought:
"You drink this stuff, next day you'll be a frog"

Then he led me to a high-backed chair
As he meticulously began to unfold his scenario
With evil patience
I was given a giant leather-bound book
Jammed with newspaper clippings
Thus the reason for this...
Witch's invitation

With eagerness he pointed to each article with pride
He said,
"I healed this woman through a Babylonian chant
See this man? I cured him
While performing druid worship
I was paid to curse this man with AIDS, by his aunt"

On and on, page after page,
Delightfully he flaunted each incident for an hour
Without a breath
He said, "do you realize through my understanding of
the dark regions that I can make you rich?
Or even curse someone to death?"
I sat literally intimidated
by the immensity in demon power,
while his face shown with a Satanic arrogant bliss.
Then placing his hands on the arms of my chair
He said, "what can your God do to compare with this?"

I knew then how Moses felt,
How when his rod turned to a serpent
And the three magicians' did the same.
It's as if you're sitting there
In that stunned moment while your faith gets violated
And all you feel is weak, powerless and lame
I desperately and deeply prayed
Saying, "Jesus give me wisdom
I don't wanna put you through some foolish test."
Then a shaft of light shot through my soul
Lighting my eyes with fire
God stood me up, and I threw the book back in his
chest

I said, "Isaac,
I'll not compare God's miracles versus Satan's
The issue's not God's kingdom in Satan's lair,
The real comparison is the condition of your soul
And the condition of mine,
and you puppet of the devil that I will compare.
My friend, one day they're coming for you
The soft associates in your incantations
The friendly demons you think you now control
The time will come when you'll be lying in bed
Wheezing like a dying animal,
and those spirits lay claim
To the rights they own to your soul.
Then the room will grow dark,
And the most hideous faces you ever saw
Will come flaming out of the floor with a yell
The vile informants that promised reincarnation
Will claw your spirit and victoriously
Drag your soul to Hell."

Then I grabbed the book and said,
"In that moment,
Which mantra, which incantation you gonna chant
To tell them to leave you alone?
My friend,
I know beyond a shadow of a doubt what I would say...
I am bought with the blood of Jesus, let me go!"

I said, "Isaac, when you tossed that book in my lap,
You glowed with a sinister victory
You rejoiced when you saw your name in black & white
Now I rejoice,
But not that your counsel of demons
Are subject to Jesus,
But that my name is written
In the lamb's book of life!"

Then Isaac jumped up from his chair and screamed,
"You must leave now!"
I said, "I will, but one last obligation.
Next time think twice
Before you rumble with a man of God.
And by the way, thanks for your, uh...
Witch's Invitation"

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