

Notre Dame "Sisterhood"

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He sought cover on that rainy Sunday night
Where no-man had sat his foot for a long, long time
A lonesome chapel on a desolate moor
Shortly after he slept by the fire-place
Awoke as god has made him there on the floor
By a female falsetto at the break of dawn
A half-choked "haven't you seen a man before!?"
When he saw the blushing nuns of the sisterhood...
nonsense!

He was in fact a carpenter's son
But not that particular one
They surely could use the strong hands of a handyman
To repair the leaking roof against food and a warm
bed...
(he had plenty to choose from)
That once so poor choir improved miraculously
As if someone had popped the cork and let the spirit
free
They didn't know how empty they were, until they were
filled
Underneath every veil there was a women concealed
A faint scent of au de cologne in the air
Damnation! That man has turned this place into a
Vanity Fair 666 !!!!
Sister Mary was caught in a Linda Blair-ish activity with
a crucifix
- crush it!!!
Waiting for his resurrection...

...PS. Those belts of chastitÃ© was destroyed cause
Their faith had swallowed the key if one man shall
Lay their puzzle, he's in possession of the missing
(piece) what the good book says is not too good
According to this sisterhood

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