

Darkwell

"The Preacher Came To Town"

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A peaceful town down by the lake
A cradle of goodness and righteousness it was said
Quite prosperous one might add
Rye fields, cattle, and the riches of the lake
Fallacious was their dormancy of shelter
Blindfolded had they themselves with the shadow of
the cross

This dormancy lasted until a dusk in August
A preacher came, handsome enough to wet any lady
He was greeted with warmth and friendliness
Though a bit of jealousy showed on the looks of the
men

Nobody wondered why he spoke no words of god
And his eyes were glued to women's bodies

Nobody simply paid any attention to it
Especially the women enchanted by his attractiveness
Until one day the paint on the church walls began to
crumble
The crop festered and the cattle began to die
The wives disappeared just before midnight
Only return before the first rays of sunrise

It began to show at the end of the month
The crop and the cattle dead, ground frozen, famine
awaited

Vanished was the atmosphere of honesty and good will
People became wary of each other for anybody could
have
Evoked this curse upon them

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