

Sabbat

"The Clerical Conspiracy"

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BRAND:

"I have wealth beyond measure-
My treasures are words
forged by time in a tale of
such beauty they cry to be heard.
Still a young fool was I as
my story begins,
yet like all fools considered
myself to be wise -
a match for all things.
But the lessons I've learned
I will never forget,
when your teacher is life then
success is survival and
failure is death.

>From early years I saw the world
through tunnel-vision eyes,
my cloistered mind philosophized
and fossilized,
secure in my belief was I -
assured throughout my life the
only things that could sustain me
were the words of Jesus Christ."

EAPPA:

"There is no way to fight a foe
who strikes from the inside,
and once within we can begin to
smite this pagan pride.
We shall take their graven images
and grind them in the dirt,
for that men can live in paradise
must be the Devils work."

BROTHERS OF THE HOLY ORDER:

"The clerical conspiracy begins,
we shall wash away your sins-
we have come to purify,
to purge you of your liberty-
absolve you of all sanity,
the 'truth' you want to hear
we shall provide."

EAPPA:

"How can we hope to save these

heathen when we know not of
their ways,
one of us must journey southward-
infiltrate and then assuage.
Only when we have this knowledge
can we finalise our plans,
greet them with a velvet glove-
then crush them 'neath an iron hand."
Christian soldiers armed with virtue-
hearts afire with blind obsession
cannot see the difference 'twixt
compassion and oppression

BRAND:

"These were the days I believed that
salvation was mine,
when I worshipped apostles
believing their gospels to be divine.
My life drifted by in a warm summer haze-
and I thought I would bath in the light
of our lord 'till the end of my days.
But destiny mocked me-
and fate did bequest,
that the strength of my faith in
The Lord God Almighty be put to the test."

EAPPA:

"My son your word is matchless as
a scribe you have been blessed,
your skill and faith in God doth
qualify you for our quest.
You will sail to Southern England
and recount their blasphemies,
for the first step in their cure
must be to learn of their disease."

BRAND:

"For one so young so great an honour
to be chosen for this task,
have I the strength-
would I be worthy?
Questions that I dared not ask.
Was I to be a missionary searching
for lost souls to save-
or just another pawn in their
monastic power games?"

BROTHERS OF THE HOLY ORDER:

"The clerical conspiracy begins,
we shall wash away your sins-
we have come to purify,
to purge you of your liberty-
absolve you of all sanity,
the 'truth' you want to hear
we shall provide."

EAPPA:

"How can we hope to save these
heathen when we know not of
their ways,
you Wat Brand must journey southward-
infiltrate and then assuage.
Only when we have this knowledge
can we finalise our plans,
greet them with a velvet glove-
then crush them 'neath an iron hand."
Christian soldiers armed with virtue-
hearts afire with blind obsession
cannot see the difference 'twixt
compassion and oppression.

BRAND:

"And so with terror in my heart
I learned what had to be,
that I must tour these foreign shores-
my cross for company.
Those who had preceded me
of pagan devils warned-
With fearful tales of christian souls
since martyred on their horns.
In my tale I will tell how we
all were deceived-
for in truth I was hunted not
hunter as I had believed.
How could I have known that the
guide they'd provide was to
show me far more than I'd ever
imagined I could have desired?
So soon would I learn
what a fool I had been,
there is more than one side to a coin-
life is not what it seems ...
It's no more than a dream."

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