

# Embodiment Of This Bitter Chaos

Goatwhore

Vain presence rejoiced  
Procreate the skill of deception  
Enter the shell of flesh  
Cast from the soil of the cursed  
Immoral rise  
Exiled to the dark heart of this maze  
Praise this blood  
Wield the knife of the slain

Despair if they fail  
Feeding on their own  
Holding on to past desire

Great lord of death  
Framework of this reverence  
Morbidity appeal  
Descend into unnatural realms  
Glorify the sick  
Forged by this imperfect touch  
Sons of hell  
Praise the order of chaos

Stripped of these wings  
On a column of fire  
Hollowed of this hope

Tomb of black  
Prison of this fate  
Rotting soul  
Engorge in unrest  
Altered state  
Emerge as the snake  
Drowning teeth  
Into bloodied flesh

This revenge  
On the breath of hungry wolves  
Death awaits  
Entrance into the mouth of heaven  
This pouring hatred  
From the wrist of God's dream  
Burning madness  
Pandemonium breaks free

Witching hour always strikes  
Feel the bite of cold emotion  
Self absorbed isolation

Grinding fangs  
Dripping with deceit  
Urge to kill  
Tragedy of life  
Wrath and rage  
Anger will consume  
Bound by fire  
Enter into hell  
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