

They Must Die Screaming

Benediction

Destined for great power
Hidden secret of twisted faith
From sacrificial squalor
To disinterring amoral disgrace

Following in the footsteps
In the wrecking trail of the elusive witch
Effigies submerged in gore
With a headless beast for opposing the hitch
Sworn to Kadiempembe
An obsession with evil carved in flesh
Ritually cicatrised screaming
My soul is dead, I have no god

And with the gathered disciples
The chosen one's horizons spread
Immolations and unbelievers
Paying the devil's price in blood and dread

And with the decadent enraptured
Worshipping their twisted god
Boundless evil of El Padrino
A baron in the court of hell

Spiralling sadism
Lovers torn asunder, victims mutilated
Agony praised utmost
One vile commandment - they must die screaming

Flense the silent stoic
Yet his lack of screams fails to impress
Resultant rage volcanic
Seize innocence, desperate redress

But the shadow god has stumbled
Sorcerous facade now implode at once
Though the castellations crumble
The godfather will not be dead for long...