

I can sense them calling to me
feel the dead things passing through me
I have heard their cries from the alter
where we followed the lies of the father
see the skin drip from the finger
pointing to this swirling nightmare
feel the flesh fall from your body
into piles of boiling oddity
I have seen them gather
in the face of the master
take your sons and daughters
they are lambs to the slaughter
spreading dermal corruption
bathing in blood erruptions
seekers of destruction
wakeing into nothing
I have seen them
I still feel them
I am with them
death is not the end