

Shadows Are Astray

Centinex

Mortification of the innocent
The odious anger remains
This is the final funeral

Buried by the dust
The dust from an ancient soul
At a inverted crucifix
Your blessed body shall rot

Your inner organs will be replaced by me
I use your body for my sickening science
My obscene autopsy of you
As I cut you limb by limb
Your body I sliced upon altar of my human
Flesh pot art
I will slowly perverted get to work
On a cadaver that is as cold as ice
Your inner organs will be replaced by me
I use your body for my sickening science
My obscene autopsy of you
As I cut you limb by limb

Draining your substance
Tearing your soul apart
Your body soon will perish
Into the void of outrageous art
I want you to enter my kingdom