

Beware

Death Grips

I close my eyes and seize it
I clench my fists and beat it
I light my torch and burn it
I am the beast I worship...

And I know soon come my time
For in mine void a pale horse burns
But I fear not the time I'm taken
Past the point of no return.
Wage war like no tomorrow
Cuz no hell there won't be one
For all who deny the struggle
The triumphant overcome

Trips to where, few have been
Out of thin air, upon high winds
Rites begin when the sun descends
Have felt what few will ever know
Have seen the truth beneath the glow,
Of the ebb and flow, where roots of all mysteries grow
I am below, so far below
The bottom line
Transmitting live, transmissions rise
From the depths out of controlled by
Suspended glance of an unblinking eyes
Imminent gaze cast 'pon the path that winds
'Pon the path I find, and claim as mine
To ride the waves, of unrest
Made to make me shine as a testament
To why the ways of the blind will never get
Shit but shanked by my disrespect
Dismiss this life, worship death
Cold blood night of serpent's breath
Exhaled like spells from the endlessness
In the bottomless wells of emptiness
Channeled to invoke what we represent

Secret order
Elitist horde of
Creeping fire
Seizing power
Riders of the lupus hour
Eye on palm
Time is gone
Moonlight drawn
Fly til dawn
Sacrifice to rise beyond
Deep inside the violent calm
Of the coming storm
In blood sworn
To glorify and for life adorn
With all that dies to become unborn

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In the time before time eyes 'bove which horns
Curve like psychotropic scythes
And smell of torn flesh bled dry
By hell swarms of pestis flies
Vomiting forth flames lit by
An older than ancient force
That slays this life with no remorse

The spiral storm
Of flames inside
The torch I raise
The force I ride

Feel my vessel go up in flames
Flesh torch lit by thee unnamed
Direct connection to the source
Vestment of unnatural force
Forever burning black torch
Wisdom of the old and true
Possessed by the chosen few
Shining to reveal the ways
Of a darkness that pervades
All that is and ever was
Inferno of witches blood

Worship is not on bended knee
Nature knows not of mercy
To pray is to accept defeat
Power pisses on the weak
Bow and beheaded by the beast
Beggar on a bitches leash
Scum is desperate for relief
Worship is the way I ride
Witching currents through the eye
Of storms that force the false to die
Worship the flames with which I rise
Into apocalyptic skies

Harsh winds flay mine flesh to bone
In splintered skeleton I roam
Wastelands with not to call my own
But the path I walk alone
The hunger burns, within my gut
As my bones turn into dust

And I know soon come my time
For in mine void a pale horse burns
But I fear not the time I'm taken
Past the point of no return
Wage war like no tomorrow, know well there wont we one
For all who deny the struggle
The triumphant overcome ...

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