

# Field Of The Impaled

## Devourment

Dark days of crimson skies and fields of those forsaken  
The king that called for a higher brand of suffering be inflicted

His masses bent to serve his lust  
His will to impale all who oppose  
With force driven through a wooden pole  
Death would not come so soon for most

Forced through the anus smashing through internal organs  
Splinters tearing tissue, ripping through the sinew gushing pus

Some were pulled with force, causing blood to shower the fertile ground

Some were left to slowly drift, inch by inch, day by day  
Breathing while the stake would slowly pierce through their body

Feeling every ounce of ungodly pain, completely coherent

Day one the spike will pierce the stomach's inner wall  
The victim will defecate from the hell bestowed upon  
Day two the spike runs through the diaphragm into the throat  
The uncontrollable twitching cannot prepare to the day that follows

Day three's come, suffering taken to unreal heights  
The spike emerged from the mouth, and the pig is stuck  
Eyes forced up to watch the sky and the bloodstained tip  
Forced in place to suffer as death slowly creeps in

The prince of darkness gazes proudly  
A field of impaled ten thousand strong  
Suffering of unparalleled proportions  
To strike fear into hearts of purity