

Eyes Of Onyx (carrion For The Worms)

Drowning the Light

Cruel nights of unforgotten turmoil
An image forever burned in my mind
The catacombs of history tell of such
The reality of it all sets in...

Cold blooded and heartless
Savage and unforgiving
Like an untamed ocean lashing out at the shore
Like a cancerous virus infecting the breath of life
A plague wrapped in a black cloud
The grotesque visage of that which is our shadow
That which mocks the purest soul

Hearing the slightest change in nature
A drop of blood in the graveyard dirt
Dilated eyes of onyx shimmer the moons spell
A maw dripping with black filth
Its horrid form towering over its prey
Stalked from dusk, tortured through witching hours and to mock
Christs worthless death
At 3am this lamb of god is carrion for the worms

Drawing its blood from the lifeless body before it turns black
and cold
The only witnesses to this act is the lonesome night sky, the moon
and the stars
The wind whispers of murder
The blood staining the stones and grass and splattering over the
nocturnal insects
The sound of a lone fly echoing through the hollow lifeless cavities
of the prey

The ocean starts to give birth to the dawn
The viral being of shade and night recoils back to the crypt
Under granite and marble no light shall touch
Above the soil the cold hollow stare of faith receives its empty
revelation as the buzzards tear and peck at the dead eyes
At 3am this lamb of god became carrion for the worms