Baptized In A Storm Of Swords

Goatwhore

I am alone Killing my thoughts of outcome Delusional virus of God On the verge of extinction Inwardly caged Empty in silence Offering to the suicide king Leaving the misery of God A storm of swords to end my life (Take me) A storm of swords to end it all (Drown me) Lacersations from the sky to baptize my soul one last time Rising from these seas of boiling blood (My own blood) Torn from this birthed tomb that had no bearing on your choices Still the dove of peace can not justify the bearing of the wounds of Christ The blade of release Uplifting in belief Eyes opening to black Reforming of this afterlife This flame to resurrect Following my own will Holding the blade to chest Escape from this scream of conjuring Inhaling the blaze of forgotten fire Scorching new blood to black Through the center of the rotting sun The sick angel with razors for wings Resurrect me and offer me to suicide again Faceless king engulfs me in freedom A Venus of horror made imperial Lay me back to soak my head in pure blood Bleeding from my wrist...this stream of independence As I raise my vision escapes Feeding this surgery of the lifeless Six - Sacraments of anguish and deceit Six - Shadows of baphomets horns Six - Fatherless bastards of grief Birthright of the damned We praise our soulds descent Bleeding like a cold river into eternal damnation These lacerations entwined (for) an alliance of the blind drink deep of dese cration A murderous praise I vomit upon the holy altar Hooks of the embraced hang from the heavens Sucking the endeavors of pain Bleeding life from the lifeless As I soar on the tempests sharp wings Trading layers of flesh during intercourse Orgasm found in asphyxiation while losing life Tubes pumping fluid of evolution into a mutation for the birthing of the jac kal Rising from these seas of my own blood As man's outer frame constricts with metal and tissue A scaffold of torture to be raised as an altar

These interpretations of the surgical testament