

Collapse In Eternal Worth

Goatwhore

Frigid souls that can never feel again
Harvesting the dark magic in decay
Falling deeper into this trance of flame
Feeding from this now withered self worth

Dwelling within this worship of demise
This communion of transfer is complete

Passion stirs in waves of assault
Scraping elements sound from the mind

Return these false gods
To realms of disease
Transfixed on the rotting
Harvest of the ascending soul

The fall of dominions
Extinction of man
Ascend in this blaze
That engulfs the tyrant

The spirit of twilight
Reclaim this dark power
Digest the archetype
In this verse of hate

This abhorrent manner
Filthy rite of outrage
A trembling coldness
The collapse of reason

Mount the wings of death
Wield the scythe of this ancient craft
Poison heavens in the blackest flame
Rise forth from this decay

Whispered words from these deadly lips
Secured to the pain from this abyss
Untouched by mortal glare
The throne in the void beyond despair

Bound in serpents coil
A final breath beneath this bitter soul
Fractured hands of time
These frozen moments of a sick design

Spoiled with ageless blood
Destroy the kingdoms on the throne above
Rising legion of the damned
Bring forth the holy lamb of the slaughter

Open my wrists
Transcendence
A superb death

A vile custom of perdition
Adorned in this task

The soul of sacrifice
Blood for the master
This age of oblivion
A lifeless endeavor

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