

Embodiment Of This Bitter Chaos

Goatwhore

Vain presence rejoiced
Procreate the skill of deception
Enter the shell of flesh
Cast from the soil of the cursed
Immoral rise
Exiled to the dark heart of this maze
Praise this blood
Wield the knife of the slain

Despair if they fail
Feeding on their own
Holding on to past desire

Great lord of death
Framework of this reverence
Morbid appeal
Descend into unnatural realms
Glorify the sick
Forged by this imperfect touch
Sons of hell
Praise the order of chaos

Stripped of these wings
On a column of fire
Hollowed of this hope

Tomb of black
Prison of this fate
Rotting soul
Engorge in unrest
Altered state
Emerge as the snake
Drowning teeth
Into bloodied flesh

This revenge
On the breath of hungry wolves
Death awaits
Entrance into the mouth of heaven
This pouring hatred
From the wrist of God's dream
Burning madness
Pandemonium breaks free

Witching hour always strikes
Feel the bite of cold emotion
Self absorbed isolation

Grinding fangs
Dripping with deceit
Urge to kill
Tragedy of life
Wrath and rage
Anger will consume
Bound by fire
Enter into hell
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