

Fires Of The Judas Blood

Goatwhore

An angel of exile
Slave to the betrayed
Beware of those who collect feathers
Fury of a mob raised by the horns of indecency
Crawling as knives are lain on your back In heaven the sounds of
freedom are dorned for choice
Hell born,
Rising phoenix from this great void greater laws of man
The unforeseen trail of the gods in theory of rage
Reaching out to these knives
Grabbing at all blades
I've bitten the hand that feeds me
I've embraced the hand that deceives me
The Judas Kiss
Following of the second fault of man
Falling altar of Christ
This betrayer in the choices of life
Treachery in the fall of supreme
These thrones of decay still stand unbroken
Relics of the condemned hand
Feeding the feeble
History of the forgotten stigmas that men fear
Transparent soul of the insecure one
Just like lying alone as water fills the lungs
No hands to reach for when all is deceit
Within the soul of burning defeat
These souls
Forged in flame These souls
The pathway of untruth These souls
Forgotten in shame These souls
Create curse in eternity
One among many I am alone
Time-decayed words of promise
Harsh in beauty
Darkness pains me
A brotherhood of unbroken loyalty
As the sounds of these nails being struck disrupts the winds
Passion of enrapture in rage
Balance of the grave
Starving soul
With ashes and dust
These dead roses for the nameless
Take me Into the mouth of decay