

# Provoking The Ritual Of Death

Goatwhore

Understood in the start of all endings,  
I've wandered so far from this discipline  
Unease begins this climb to stellar thoughts,  
Causing this descent into cavernous neglect

Carving these Egyptians into flesh, for this damned access into the void  
A white haze covers this perception, release me into the layers of this demise  
Open these channels of this self-murder,  
The wish to deny the golden flight of skies  
Transcend into breathless expiration, upon the layers of this earthly prison

Prying apart the skeleton that is the cage to the soul,  
Awaken from death as cage with teeth  
Wreckage of emotion crumbled in this hateful  
Obsession before this kiss of decay

Reborn without an emotional bond  
To be cast into a depth of souls  
Satisfied as I feed in cultural habit  
Upon the buried trance of a savior

Unseeing I fall into starless rituals,  
In this defiance the decay is born  
Growling hunger of eternal rest,  
Spreading like a virus of ravenous wolves

Absolute in confines of breathless domains,  
Peeling off this skin to shed this essence of shame  
Exposing the truths behind this eminent return  
That has been bred in burning earth

Without worth I climb  
Lost to this darkness, emerging from black  
Hallowing these souls that have defied this cryptic heart of wrath

All will be burnt  
All will be lost  
As this veil of blood will pour from the skies  
Washed of all that is pure

Be the tool that defiles  
That carves the awareness from fragile minds  
Burn out the sky  
Black out my eyes  
Unwrought vision for this sick design

Destroyed the emotion of the heart to  
Conquer this place of death