

Reckoning Of The Soul Made Godless

Goatwhore

memory of these blood stained faces,
in the darkest corners of primeval wisdom
she lays awaiting the masters of faith

mistreated actions take form, in an outlet to avenge this rage
drowning within the spiral of this hellish plane

a naked body layered with sigils of this summoning
these preaching altars transformed for consecration

like blood and fire
in the sacred chalice of Satan
i hail the blood stained horns
the goat of a thousand young

clandestine episode of inflicting torture,
on the self to culminate the powers of evil
an urge to take lives in these sadistic ways

reflection of horrific gaze
frozen with blurred visions
trembled lips beg in whispers
to represent the force of this offering

convert the virgin essence,
in offers of rape to the black goat
sanctified gestures of the perverse
attained in the source of anointing the god of fire

my name is spoken
echoing through the void

disciples of the damned
march into the fires

treacherous disciples
that brand the names of hell across virgin skin
forcing a trauma that induces this demonic hallucination

bleeding soul of the virgin whore
swallowed in the storms of flesh
a rising dawn of cruelty
awaken the impure

perception of the deviant, to the judges of mankind
slashing her wrists and arms, in hell their hearts lie

this proof of devotion
it had death's face
anticipate the cry of a hundred prayers for the release of pain

this eve of lucid conjuring
defiled notion of praise
fatten the beast with her flesh
her screams are unheard, except for the dead

adorn this whore of god with horns

screaming fury of eternal escape
conceptual journey to seek the birth of evil

arouse her fury in various states of amputation
crawling epidemic in quiet confines,
this falsified concubine of the heavens