

This Passing Into The Power Of Demons

Goatwhore

the eyes of this disgorged life, their faces are scared with lies
scratched marks on the walls in place of words
washed out, condemned, unearth this relic of the lecher
contorted spasm of demonic control, cold-blooded, impassive

hesitant in this disaster
fear gaps this subconscious plane
heavy breathing in final words
comprised in fragments of suicide

keeper of dead souls in the scythe of passing,
tormentor of self misery, a moment of weakness
carrier of the secret to annihilate the universe of
all that was living, deceiver of lifeless entrance to the beyond

crafted massacre from the undivine
a nomad of accursed paths
spitting poison from distorted tongues
this guardian of the cursed

chanting these words of possession,
calling to the burnt kingdoms
these ashen angels with the
horns of these superior demons

loss of faith bleeds from sliced wrists
wretched thought of this self intervention
sinful tongue will act as the spawn
for the words of this incantation

holding innocence as a caged animal to be
absent for recover in a later cause
heavy breathing in hellish attack,
god of heaven holds no ground in this place of black
sympathy dies in this immortal state, forcing the divine into killing
their own
rise from the remains of this revived pandemonium

this face of evil covered in prolific tunes
a ceremony of these inverted rites
hate enduced fever of heavenly domains
inflicted rage from this evil spirit

secured in this cleanse, of transient minds
crumbling savage esponse, sanction is questioned

sensory degeneration, of positive emotion
upon the return, the rise of demons
endless suffering, prevails the host
ingesting this saga, from this place of cold