

Made As The Stale Wine Of Wrath

Leviathan

A glory that shines in every atrocity
Reveals itself in every vile act
Cleans itself in despondence
And the pit known only to broken men
Deafening are its secrets
Again attacking sanctity
With blasphemy and fornication
A law written as it is spoken
Past crooked lips
And the pit known only to broken men
Deafening are its secrets
Every particle of hatred
Sends direct for convocation
This world is for death
Parched and barren
Conduit to the suffering of the universe
And the grasp of its destructiveness
Cannot slumber
From this pit of degradation
Eyes, tongue and sword
Suckle at the honey
Sour, dejected and wretched
Risen above the calls of the flesh
Tearing deeper
Tearing deeper
And again the massive conspiracy against all life
No air
No exit
Futility is the first gradual
Then utter
All are, at once, taken to the destroying place

And under the crossroads
To keep the corpses down