

Cold Mouth Prayer

Marduk

Quickened lumps of Earth,
A feast for fowls and greedy worms,
Count your sins, the Snakes within,
An eyeless leap into the Bosom of Decay,
Cold Mouth prayer,
Cold Mouth prayer,

A flash, a minute, a winter's dust,
A choir of fingers sings of putrefaction,
Cold Mouth Prayer, cold Mouth Prayer,
A smile left to rot in the Sun of Despair,
Sceptre and crown must tumble down

And in dust be equal made.
Within the hollow crown keeps Death, his court.
Cold mouth prayer, cold mouth prayer,
Frail bubbles of breath and dying,
A mere looking-glass for the grief you fled,
The one birthright, a painted stone of woe,
Count your wrongs, the Lord has come!
A map of Death, the Burthen of my Song,
Your name is but a call for decomposition,
Shackles of Darkness in an Urn of Light,
And another empty lung to the sides of the pit,
Cold Mouth prayer, Cold mouth prayer,
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