

# Lyantropy of Dead Flesh

## Pathology

Lying half alive... not yet dead  
I've waited hell for the gathering to  
return  
My awful sins are not to repent  
to kneel before the Eternal...  
And  
rip his throat, bite his throat  
and his eyes will be burned in lies  
And to  
transform from rotting putrid smells  
and the meat i consume is from the virgin  
skin  
bestowed upon this being to rapture the pure  
a divine for implementing  
misery...  
A divine nature of bloodthirsty to consume  
a Eucharist from the  
covenant of unholiness...  
Lifeless inhabitation is certain contempt  
to  
demolish all that is breathing  
An awaking of inner thirst for infamy and  
despair  
Raping the freshly decomposed  
Desolate stare into god's dead  
soul...  
unleashed to hunt among the worthless living...  
to sacrifice the dead  
cadavers  
Undead to become one with Darkness blessings  
flesh transformed to  
mutated pulp  
a created cannibal for the hunt of life  
to live with the hunger  
for meat  
feeding this darkness with in my soul