

## Ghosts of the Charnel House

Primordial

Our knees were cracked and broken  
Genuflect in dirt and broken glass  
Grinds the teeth as black as the demons  
Of the cloth that come at night  
To rape our wretched flesh at the alter

The ghosts of the charnel house  
Were born to deathless guilt  
The ghosts of the charnel house  
Were born to shameful night

Pale backs are ripe from the lash  
Fingers worked to the bone  
Scavengers of the cross  
Flicker in perdition's light

Rancid leather and rotten faith  
Whelts young skin  
Charnel fodder for an unmarked grave  
In the house of the lord

The poor mouth speaks  
Of begging bowl politics  
It's words cast long shadows  
From the doorway of the charnel house  
To every ploughed field  
And rotten ear of corn  
We are born of deathless guilt  
And shameful night