

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