## **Visceral Holocaust**

**Psyclon Nine** 

Insipid dreams were flowing red A sea of sin from cattle that's been bled Unbeknownst until the end With their backs to life they'd rather be home instead

Infected skin Serrated grin Where was life and where does death begin? This hallowed sin Won't spoil within Reveals a path, an exalted life to live

Transcending life through sleep's decree This I wear, I shall taste debris Through rancor find serenity Visceral holocaust to see

Unto the beast an image made Of broken flesh culled from the sharpest blade They say we men are wretched things So full of hate, lost hope and broken dreams

Infected skin Serrated grin Where was life and where does death begin? This hallowed sin Won't spoil within Reveals a path, an exalted life to live

Transcending life through sleep's decree This I wear, I shall taste debris Through rancor find serenity Visceral holocaust to see

The cold, the steel, the razor, the blade The tighter the noose, the faster we fade