

## Glorious Depravity

### Ripping Corpse

There's a house on a bleak New England lane  
Standing in contempt of our disdain  
Hidden beneath its aged floors  
Lies a best forgotten door  
That leads to

Decrepit steps, wretched depths  
Deep horrors left unquestioned  
Perverted forms in gleeful scorn  
Of things human an dreverential  
Reptilian skins writhe in sin  
Forsake humanity for bestiality  
Sickening shapes, aberrations  
Intensified by generations

Tongues flagellating, bodies undulating  
In an orgy of glorious depravity  
Perversions slithering, morals withering  
In an orgy of glorious depravity

There's a house on a bleak New England lane  
Standing in contempt of our disdain  
Hidden beneath its aged floors  
Lies a best well forgotten door