

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

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Lies a best well forgotten door