

This Cursed Flesh

Vulture Industries

Scrubbing skin, cleanse this cursed flesh
Oh that vile stench of sin seems to seep from within
I still smell his burning fat, his bowels turned
Oh that rank smell of sin seems to stick to my skin
Was his death unjust? Well I dare hope not
His sentence may falter, but the end that he got
Neatly executed with impeccable skill
Just like I'd wish my end when it is fulfilled

I pray it must draw near
This burden turned to much to bear
I wish I could greet my long trusted friend
My only true companion to and through the end

Scrubbing skin, cleanse this bloodied flesh
Oh that vile stench of sin emanates from within
I still feel those woeful stares, their scent of fear
And that rank smell of sin seems to stick to my skin

Were their deaths unjust? Well I would bet not
Such nasty, demeanours account for a lot
So we sent them off to the best of our wills
Still that accursed room echoes with their screams so thrill

Is this endless delirious strain, sore pores and bloody chains
All I shall attain, has it been to no avail?
This raucous delirious strain returns again and again
The ghosts of the slain, from my bonded domain

I pray it must draw near, my burden grievous
I'd greet my trusted friend
Intent companion loyal through grace and grief parade and gutter
My aide through life and lot I beg you to collect me