

Sigils Made Of Flesh And Trees

Xasthur

Blood clotted sewage possessed my veins and mind.
Poisonous indulgence.
Suicidal voids filled with fragments of waste showers.
Dreaming a tormented memory to slash my throat.
Yet awakening in blood.
Vortex and scars on their mind.
To never forget the meaning of hate.
Resuscitate my dying breeze into the dreams of tangled living
corpses behind sigils made of flesh and trees.
To drain you of your soul, falling to your knees.
Echo's calling through stillborn wombs.
Unknown evil & chaos is spawned.
Hypnotic tones from far away.
Bring abysmal wings reborn through death thus bring a new eter
nity.