

Cirith Gorgor

"Ritual"

Visit "[Ritual](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dismay, hatred and despair fiercely blazing from their eyes
As the crowd solemnly yet violently proceeds. Proudly a coffin
Is exposed amidst followers of the hearse; glorified.
And wives
Cry over him, dead: a well-deserved consequence of a mortal sin.
An act of blasphemy; the twisted perspective condemns
and proclaims:
Retribution! A lugubrious scene, violent curses and screams.
Sombre is the mournful death's pall that silently echoes their pains;
The ever-recurring rites of the ritual, it not only seems...

For it proves to be another immortalised, religiously justified
Gift, which unconsciously benefits us and contributes
To a greater cause: destruction of 'humanity' has intensified
And more will happily follow. The death ceremony continues.
Yes, it is a disease as well as a cure, I plead accordingly,
Inflicting death generates an effect so pure and healthy.

It is increasing... the self-inflicted reduction on their sick creed,
And utterly ignorant they are. The already grand, excessive pleasure
Thrives. These are the gruesome yet pathetic deeds on which I feed,
Every time their grief amuses me. I eagerly await the next measure.
Inevitably, death multiplies death. The end is nowhere near,
And I laugh when in procession the next crowd sheds a

tear.

Organised religion, how shameful and suffocating it
may
appear,
Still, the submissive weaklings merely lead the truth
imposed
Upon them destructively and willingly to my one sheer
Desire that all of them will eventually cease. The last
coffin closed,
As is the last chapter of their miserable lives. A sad
contradiction
They preach, but it only strengthens me and thus my
conviction.

Dismay, hatred and despair fiercely blazing from their
eyes
As the crowd solemnly yet violently proceeds. Proudly a
coffin
Is exposed amidst followers of the hearse; glorified.
And wives
Cry over him, dead: a well-deserved consequence of a
mortal sin.
An act of blasphemy; the twisted perspective
condemns
and proclaims:
Retribution! A lugubrious scene, violent curses and
screams.
Sombre is the mournful death's pall that silently
echoes their pains;
The rites of the death ritual comprise far more than it
seems.

Visit [Cirith Gorgor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.