

Demiurg **"Flesh Festival"**

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What's dead should dead still be not breeding the soil
Commanding spineless beings to do it's abhorrent
bidding

At the flesh festival, where death and vermin breed

Soulless creatures at the beck and call of filth
Atrocious are the caverns where souls and maggots
merge

A swarming pool of wet the breeding ground of death
Not still as the dust but crawling with sickened lust

Creations subterranean awaiting the end of man
Rising from the filth to enthrone their sickened reign

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