

## **Devourment**

### **"Field Of The Plagued"**

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Dark days of crimson skies and fields of those  
forsaken  
The king that called for a higher brand of suffering be  
inflicted

His masses bent to serve his lust  
His will to impale all who oppose  
With force driven through a wooden pole  
Death would not come so soon for most

Forced through the anus smashing through internal  
organs  
Splinters tearing tissue, ripping through the sinew  
gushing pus  
Some were pulled with force, causing blood to shower  
the fertile ground  
Some were left to slowly drift, inch by inch, day by day  
Breathing while the stake would slowly pierce through  
their body  
Feeling every ounce of ungodly pain, completely  
coherent

Day one the spike will pierce the stomachs inner wall  
The victim will defecate from the hell bestowed upon  
Day two the spike runs through the diaphragm into the  
throat  
The uncontrollable twitching cannot prepare to the day  
that follows

Day threes come, suffering taken to unreal heights  
The spike emerged from the mouth, and the pig is  
stuck  
Eyes forced up to watch the sky and the bloodstained  
tip  
Forced in place to suffer as death slowly creeps in

The prince of darkness gazes proudly  
A field of impaled ten thousand strong  
Suffering of unparalleled proportions  
To strike fear into hearts of purity

