

Disgorge

"Raise The Pestilence"

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Ages of gorerotted sinful carnage
Lives through my dampening mind
Defiling all my rancid perverse aims
Worshipping all kind of putrid maims

Within the realms of narcotic fantasy
Blists my desires of reeking infamy
Vile ghastly enucleating your arteries
In frenzied bloodshed pieces

A flatulent gallery of grotesqueries
For my awful spiked of sin sentiments
Still purulent bags full of slag
Remains slimy between this inhume site

Abominably obsessed with pus
Living for vomit, blood and guts
Twisted waste of eructating gnaw
Grinding whirlwind of insanity

Rancious conjurings of the rot
Mixed with pot and steaming curdling clots

Voices
From beyond I must follow and obey
Grumes
Of tender soggyess crawls in this mess

Festering memories
Of pain and suffering
Of many vanquished meat for slaying
Rigor mortis collapses
Putrid afterglow
Invoking my lurking desires
I beg for fucking more

Septic carrion effluve ecstasy
Brings this plunder trance of lunacy
My fervour of the dead I must command
Sickening sensations when I suck your glans

Entombed relics of malicious art

Sadistic I boil when I collage your ward
How fuckin adore your funk in necrose
Puking once for more to obtain waste from below
Mercyless attraction for the pungent dues
A gruesome bliss invades my narcotic fumes

I raise the dead
I live for sin
I fuckin raise
The pestilence

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