

## **Elaine Easom**

### **"The Onslaught"**

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Oh pariah, unholy fucking one, the blood of my sons,  
Plagued, blessed through my veins,  
I wield the sword, I wield the onslaught

Prepare for destruction, the end is nigh,  
Consuming all embracing within my sight,  
Complete laceration, delusive scripture now a branded  
guise,  
Flesh incision tells all evil graced upon thy mortal life

The startled cloud tear as they fall to their knees.

Nowhere to hide, nowhere to preach your false  
existence,  
I hunt the promised land, enslaved in human waste  
A sinister end, a soulful vengeance  
I lay beside my prized decay

Forever this be your tomb, a final stance  
Within my enemy, I offer no salvation, no mercy  
Thou shall kill, death shall come

Come face your destroyer,  
Come face your destroyer.

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