

Goatwhore "Apocalyptic Havoc"

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Watch the skies as hell comes riding in
On a horse of pale to name this wrath
Torturing worthless souls as this reign begins
This hand of doom is set to rule the world

A wilted faith in these times of regret
Sculpting death in madness obsessed

Words of this mayhem cast out loud
A timeless torture foretold in a sky of black
Torn souls from the mold of flesh and bone
Hordes of plague in this path of all decay

Obliterate the screams of the weak
Who needs a god when you've got Satan
No god to offer this forgiveness
No god to punish for these sins
Tormented for the prize of salvation
Broken loyalty to life after death

These dark thoughts of this revival
Answered by the prayers of this carnage
Confusion caused in the spread of horror
The answer to your nightmares has just begun

Forgotten praise of a savior from the rapture beyond
the clouds
A burning fear of the wrongs that the slave has chosen

Cleansed in flame, purified through ash
These burning rites of the vengeful
The head of three faces, severed in confession
Ritual abuse to swarm the insects of famine

Endless weight of sufferance closing the source of
breath
Battle call for the rise of genocide for the righteous
believers
Unholy force to be summoned by the screams of
slaughter
The wicked tongue of plague calling forth the death of
god

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