

Goatwhore

"Provoking The Ritual Of Death"

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Understood in the start of all endings,
I've wandered so far from this discipline
Unease begins this climb to stellar thoughts,
Causing this descent into cavernous neglect

Carving these Egyptians into flesh, for this damned
access into the void
A white haze covers this perception, release me into
the layers of this demise
Open these channels of this self-murder,
The wish to deny the golden flight of skies
Transcend into breathless expiration, upon the layers
of this earthly prison

Prying apart the skeleton that is the cage to the soul,
Awaken from death as cage with teeth
Wreckage of emotion crumbled in this hateful
Obsession before this kiss of decay

Reborn without an emotional bond
To be cast into a depth of souls
Satisfied as I feed in cultural habit
Upon the buried trance of a savior

Unseeing I fall into starless rituals,
In this defiance the decay is born
Growling hunger of eternal rest,
Spreading like a virus of ravenous wolves

Absolute in confines of breathless domains,
Peeling off this skin to she'd this essence of shame
Exposing the truths behind this eminent return
That has been bred in burning earth

Without worth I climb
Lost to this darkness, emerging from black
Hallowing these souls that have defied this cryptic
heart of wrath

All will be burnt
All will be lost
As this veil of blood will pour from the skies

Washed of all that is pure

Be the tool that defiles

That carves the awareness from fragile minds

Burn out the sky

Black out my eyes

Unwrought vision for this sick design

Destroyed the emotion of the heart to

Conquer this place of death

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