Goatwhore
"Upon This Deathbed Of Cold Fire"

This touch of a lasting life
Awaits an impiety of pain
A life taken into its own hands
Falls on countless journeys

Can you feel the fallen ages?
This timeless slumber from cold
These frail fingers to untouch a life
This new mold

At long lasting emptiness
In sunken warmth
Fused into one being
For all eternity

Tasting a bitter delight
For this last transgression of praise
The winds are blown from an opposite plane
To conjure the eternal flame

As I drown in the poisoned river
Breathing a last breath in escape
Visualize a lost approach
To the beginning of a new man

This kiss of the accursed
On virgin lips
The dirty angel
Of all utmost sympathy, praised

Smoldering in forgotten

A cursed stone thrown
At those awaiting this judgment
View and isolate
Its unwanted display of power

Swallowing these sin submerged cities
With oceans of fire
To escape in legend
Will be unforgiven by all of man

Engravings of a sunken race to return to land
Uncovered city beneath the sands
Mighty fortresses covering the plains of crossroads

A smell of screams burn through the air
Grains of salt covering these grains of sand
Sharp were the thorns of this false kings fall

As I stand upon the mountain
Staring into the blackness
Seize of darkness, seize of hatred
Seize of evil

I fear not for my life
For I am one with death
A passage through sorrow
To taste winters breath

All the false images that lead the youth to damnation
These lost years have been written by an ancient divine
will
Misfortunes of the world a trait to be engulfed with sin
Holding the hands of unvirtue
Entwined blackness burns a creation to ash
An ungodliness that devours itself, whole

Manifest this chaos of the arts
Terror in the minds eye
A sick sea where brothers slay brothers
Stare within this foretold divine decree