

Path Of Golconda "A Cannibal Crusade"

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Disguise for the last time's ignorance-
A flood of flowers and a dagger behind
And million twins of rotten, cloned hysteria
Like hungry drones scaling bones and souls abide-
A final storm on desert fields,
The thunderous herald of Blitzkrieg...

The tapestries of hate and their fate
Enarmour'd and feverish to attack!

Under the kisses of a ravening sunset
The feeble faith of mankind left a bloody stain
And moral kneels, heart-cuffed and crippled
Beneath poor hybris, proud in vain

Torn between two worlds of glass
And steel without skilled paints
Cruel saints, misled and wolfskin- shed
Obey and judge my thrill- ferocious aftermath...

And crouching in this pit of words
Where voices harm like sharper swords
In light outside prides the amount
Of far insaner bodycount.

Hail! Hail! Hail!
Hail Sin-
On their knees
Begging for salvation
In the tongue of slaughter-ecstasy
Devouring the dinner of disease
Served with tears, thick dead desires
And lost verses...

Whilst I lay, away
From the sound and woe of earth,
Warmed on siege and opiates,
A sidled vision passed
And while my body rested there
And all my bones found peace
My mind inspired from this tomb
And found new blood to feast (on)

What lies beneath
'came torn apart

by serpent drill- bits, demon hearts
burning Rome for Holy War...
Two spirits slain
For endlessly our grace was ripped:
From harmony to the love for
Mortal sin
...and Cannibal Crusades

Down with the devil, an eye for an eye
A funeral banquet from faith to a lie
Never again will enslavement be torn
Never again be a Cherubim born
Seraphine Horrors as blood veils the sight
This carnage mistaken for eternal rights
Chewing on Allah's celestial guts
Enflaming the earth so carnivorous...

Mocking at runes of a prophecy, gone,
A new Hydra rising from witchcraft undone
Bloated, like bodies submerged in the cold,
Motionless waters of vision and void
Each neck a fable and each head its dread
Hissing more curses brought into effect
Reborn as puppets with razorblade strings
Poured into masques like gold without glimpse

Forever- this fever
By the pulse of broken hearts
Grows violent, so silent
Like a prayer on battlefields
Caged in the chasm of murderous darkness
The feeble faith a mankind left a bloody stain
And moral fell, heart-cuffed and crippled
Beneath poor hybris, blindly slain...

I fade away
Drowning into nightmares
Of a sightless, perverse entity
No more again
Shall we taste of innocence
We, who scattered greed.....

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