

Spawn Of Possession "Render My Prey"

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Grave insomnia has now obtained my strung out mind.
Robbed of the one place that gives me solitude from
them.

I must now face the perfected madness that will eat me
as I'm slowly turning into what I dread.

Deprived of sight, my introverted eyes guides my
awake steps into sinfulness.

Profane is the soul purpose here, I know it and still I let
my inner steer me.

I am becoming the infestation, now it's clear what I
intend to do

As I reach the house of god I'll take and keep my price
forever.

Render my prey as I descend, render my prey.

Web of cords stretched from heel to throat.

With Iron ropes I strap him down and hard.

The blood in my plams shimmers with the rust.

Caught in a lonesome sermon he never saw me come.

Dragged out from his abode, a robe of the fallen now
bestowed.

Useless struggling for it's not my mind that drives my
actions

It is clearly a non human authority.

[Solo: O'Brien]

Candles of a thousand not lit by hands of man.

In my blinded darkness, lights my depraved path.

Where's my solace, this deed gave me no fractions of
inner peace

Although I know I have him alive, a purpose I dear not
quest for nor implement.

Through serpent eyes I watch my hands do carnal
damage as they hung him up, swinging from the
ceiling upside down.

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