

## Medeia "Ceremonial"

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On the cement floor lies a cross made  
From your intestines  
Embracing your commitment  
And the cause you died for  
People around relish the sacrifice  
(And) can't stop salivating upon your remains  
The circle closes  
And the rest is eaten away  
You got stoned, but not the way you used to  
This time it's better than ever before  
Sensation of death in your grasp  
Makes you feel alive for the very first time  
Once divested, no longer enslaved  
Rejoice in malice  
Our goddess leads the way  
Her deceitful lips sing a tune of decay  
Your body is torn asunder  
By a thousand fingers  
Intestines are placed carefully  
In a diabolical fashion  
You're now closer to god  
Than you were ever before  
As your putrid insides  
Decorate the floor  
You got stones, but not the way you used to  
This time it's better than ever before  
Sensation of death in your grasp  
Makes you feel alive for the very first time  
Once divested, no longer enslaved  
Her deceitful lips sing a tune of decay  
Once divested, no longer enslaved  
Rejoice in malice  
Our goddess leads the way  
Her deceitful lips sing a tune of decay  
Tune of decay

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