

Ulcerate "The Mask Of The Satyr"

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Cut away and start again

Cross out these serpentine eyes
Milk them for all they're worth
Shatter the white with Jane doe hammers
Slay the beast with three billion heads

Through noise and movement, filth is revealed
I can smell the decaying musk
Stale breath reeks of lust and violence
And shaking hands reveal the rest

For I am nausea
From you to me
A new slate is needed for this cannot be cleaned

Insight crawls, drunk and bruised
Deep within the leaden grey
But majority rules with iron fist
So swallow the blood and cover the face

To turn the other cheek
Or cut it open and rip out the tongue
For now and for this
Forgiveness is rot

I'd trade it all for a chance to mend
To kill, to cleanse, to purge, to end

Loathing saturates, sour and foul
Only to be eclipsed by the sorrow
To cut away those close and near
Pull back the hammer and let it swing
Let it swing

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