

Psyclon Nine

"Visceral Holocaust"

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Transcending life through sleeps decree
This I wear shall taste debris
Through rancor find serenity
Visceral holocaust to see

Inspid dreams were flowing red
A sea of sin from cattle thats been bled
Unbeknownst until the end
With their backs to life they'd rather be home instead

Unto the beast an image made
Of broken flesh culled from the sharpest blade
They say we men are wretched things
So full of hate lost hope and broken dreams
Infected skin
Serrated grin
Where was life and where does death begin?
This hallowed sin
Wont spoil within
Reveals a path an exalted life to live

The cold the steel the razor the blade
The tighter the noose the faster we fade

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