

## Pointed Sticks

### "Desecrated"

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We are the blackest of the bastards.  
Our fathers are our gods.  
We smile like our creator as she tears out her septic  
heart.  
The trigger is seducing this poor pathetic will.  
Flesh will spill the ink as time prepares to kill.  
We are the princes of filth wearing the earth as a  
throne.  
We are the princes of filth.  
We're crumbling for a crown of frozen thorns.  
And so the ancients have sworn this name, creating  
earth and printing the idol's grave.  
Bringing the end, this warning will bring me in.  
And then we all just saw them die and listened to them  
rot.  
Why are the children bathing in their scales, chanting  
serpent names?  
We all just saw them die and listened to them rot.  
We all just saw them die and listened to them rot.  
We dance in their coils and chant and...  
When the intent of death fails it's end and makes life  
hell.  
Send us something that will maintain this despair.  
The hour sounds for an end.  
Watch yourself and your turning belief just fade and  
writhe.  
He says "Fall before me like stone."  
Blindness find me, writing and inscribing, carving  
legends into idol eyes.  
The dying sediments are sworn and tied to the martyrs  
pulse.  
The dishonored sun is boiling my body, pretending I'm  
dead.  
Worship in shame the worshipers of clay when the  
insipid fallacy is exposed.  
We are the blackest of the bastards.  
Our fathers are our gods.  
Our gods.  
Nothing but shame.  
Nothing but hate.  
For the unjust faith.

Just say a prayer.  
Say a prayer.  
Imbibe the words we claim to be so dear.  
The wasting of a generation.  
Forsaken prince of filth.  
Arise the blackest of bastards, the honored sons of sin.  
The wasting of a generation.  
Desecrated.  
Wake the ancients and then the stones will bleed.  
Wake the undead and then the bones will break.  
Wake from a thousand year sleep where ignorant and  
blinded weep.  
Wake the ancients and then the stones will bleed.  
Wake the undead and then the bones will break.  
Send us something that will maintain despair.  
Wake the ancients and then the stones will bleed,  
Desecrated.

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