

Teratism

"Triumph Of The Grotesque"

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Hammer strike driven by hatred
Through their doomed collective skull
An unprejudiced assault on humans
This sick tower of life will collapse
War grind this pit into a chasm
There's plenty of beauty to burn
Merely dust in a waste gate
Buried by the sands of time
The embers of the grotesque
Riddle an obsidian malice
Onward plight in a mirrored abyss
Unveiled by the soul's eclipse
Impalement with rusted nails
Through razor scarred wrists
Ritual pain infliction
In a tortured parody of crucifixion
Wreaking open wounds that forever
Bleed into the seas of woe
Sate the growing death lust
Let decades of flames and anguish pass
And the blood drenched children of God
Lay beneath the sands of time.

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