

Field Of The Impaled

Devourment

Dark days of crimson skies and fields of those forsaken
The king that called for a higher brand of suffering be inflicted

His masses bent to serve his lust
His will to impale all who oppose
With force driven through a wooden pole
Death would not come so soon for most

Forced through the anus smashing through internal organs
Splinters tearing tissue, ripping through the sinew gushing pus

Some were pulled with force, causing blood to shower the fertile ground

Some were left to slowly drift, inch by inch, day by day
Breathing while the stake would slowly pierce through their body

Feeling every ounce of ungodly pain, completely coherent

Day one the spike will pierce the stomach's inner wall
The victim will defecate from the hell bestowed upon
Day two the spike runs through the diaphragm into the throat
The uncontrollable twitching cannot prepare to the day that follows

Day three's come, suffering taken to unreal heights
The spike emerged from the mouth, and the pig is stuck
Eyes forced up to watch the sky and the bloodstained tip
Forced in place to suffer as death slowly creeps in

The prince of darkness gazes proudly
A field of impaled ten thousand strong
Suffering of unparalleled proportions
To strike fear into hearts of purity