

## Harvest Pyre

Abbath

I am the ruin of all a squint can dim survey  
I am the dearth of hope's dystopic cowl dismay  
I cast the baubles through rapine my fortune, ill-acquired  
Upon the flames, rent the night, deny the trinkets vice desired

I squander riches, lay the bitches, lust a jaded spray  
Dream of nightmares, conjure monsters, sip decay  
From breast of goddess milk, the darkness blood, a dulling wine  
I angle sideways, path a blind maze, defy the scythe of time

Tap the jugular, bleed the vampire  
Tar the slime pit surf quagmire  
Heal cadaver, harvest pyre (Raw wound!)  
Pyre

I trawled the aether, sweating reefer  
Sole belief I'm beneath her  
Glow decrease her in abyss deep  
I unsheath her like a reaper

Tap the jugular, bleed the vampire  
Tar the slime pit surf quagmire  
Heal cadaver, harvest pyre (Raw wound!)  
Pyre (Raw wound!)