

Vespertine Decay

Aborted

At the stroke of twelve
I feel alive

I was born with the birthmark of cinders
Wreaking havoc through
The torment growing within me
Heresy, vespertine decay

Mere tools for my needs, with every inch deep
A corpus delicti of the worst kind
Necrotic excavation for erotic deformations

I was born with the birthmark of cinders
Wreaking havoc through
The torment growing within me
Depravity, vespertine decay

As the casket creaks
My morbid fascination becomes real
The flavour of dead meat, true pleasure divine

As nostalgia grows - prophecies foretold
Nourishment of perversity deep within me
A cavernous exaltation
Decency bereft, grotesqueries untold
Exquisite stench of dead flesh a perfume
A malodorous banquet

Six feet deep
My morbid fascination becomes real
Fresh cold cuts at my feet
For my pulsating meat

Cold touch, sweet lust
Thy innocence lost with every thrush
A vulgar humiliation
Sinner in the hands of a dirty god
Let me prey

As nostalgia grows - prophecies foretold
Nourishment of perversity deep within me
A cavernous exaltation
Decency bereft, grotesqueries untold
Exquisite stench of dead flesh a perfume
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Stroke of twelve
I feel alive - oh sweet vespertine decay
Morbid depravity - I worship death
Erotic insantiy - faith unrestrained
Morbid depravity, embracing apathy
Erotic lunacy, with brute force

Cold touch, sweet lust
Thy innocence lost with every thrust
A vulgar humiliation
Corrupt the corpse with every breath

Heresy, without hesitation

Sinner in the hands of a dirty god
Let me prey
Sinner in the hands of a dirty god
Let me prey