

Unto the Knife

Arsis

A sulfurous stench that captures the greed of life
Like flesh unto the bone, and both unto the knife
An ulcerous wench enraptured with the falling night
Embracing with the moon while racing from the heaven's bite
For horns, forewarned
The dream evolved
For horns, forewarned
A race absolved

A race absolved and now...
The crawling web of sacred dead can rest, betrayed
To your lament will not be saved
The crawling web of sacred dead can rest, betrayed
To your lament will not be fucking saved...
By the vow of rapture or the holy ghost
And the vessel of virtue becomes the fevered host
For endless torture, to darkness betrothed
For horns, forewarned
The dream evolved
For horns, forewarned

A race absolved
A race absolved and now...
The crawling web of sacred dead can rest, betrayed
To your lament will not be saved
The crawling web of sacred death can rest, betrayed
To your lament the sacrament will not be fucking saving...
Divining heart, the rise of the dark... the dark
Feel the change in the sky, his stirring
Feel the cold and hellish blast
Feel the fatal lie enduring backwards through time to the past

When the righteous being dances unto the ways of rust
And the crux of truth collapses into a ghost of dust

The wrath of the watcher, in sacred rest betrayed
The wrath of the watcher, the sacred won't be saved