Benighted

Spit

Behold the black door My sickness rose between us Here you roam, Confined in prison cell The ghost of your voice in a Disgusting taste whispers my name

Spit to the face my darkness shall embrace se**** meat disappeared in a blink Dogs always keep their promisies As you puke on my feet

Behold my entrails border Your flesh to the sublime With my claws sticking Into your decomposed remnants The essence of your soul Which streams in me And that I passionately hate

Despite your vain efforts Watch your remains Slide on the wall All these small pieces of you You, poor weak little thing

Nothing but this insidious And treacherous nature Wishing to expel you And your toxicity Exhale your soul Through my fetid breath

Spit to the face My darkness shall embrace Nothing but decay