

Second Death

Black Tongue

When I stand upon my altar
Resplendent in profane glory
I shall care not for the maggots squirming beneath me
Now squirm, you will squirm maggot, you will squirm

Your pathetic shells will crack
Under the weight of agony
In the shadow of the blackest spire
In the deepest circle, the bend

A knee, a back, desperate supplication
They could never imagine such pain as this
Squirm beneath me, I care not
Your pathetic shells will crack

Their screams echo in the void
And they echo with mine
The false ring of sacrament
They howl and I howl with them

"My lord, hear us
Free us from this scalding cell
My lord, hear us
Save us from this unending hell"

Oh lord, hear me
I suffer in this pit as well
My lord, hear me
I ring truer than deaths keen kneel

Your pathetic shells will crack
Under the weight of agony
In the shadow of the blackest spire
In the deepest circle, they bend
They bend
They bend
Squirm beneath me, I care not

Beckoning a darkness you all have ushered
The only reality is pain
I want you all to suffer as I have suffered

I want you all to suffer

Suffer
Suffer
Suffer
Suffer