

Thronged
Herded as cattle, and so unsuspecting
Yet volatile
Blind and deluded you prattle
Calling forth the demon
Summon your king
A horror on wings

Primed for the slaughter

Oh, how you toil
While precious walls are breaking
Your lies unspoiled
Your souls mine for the taking

And while you grope in the dark
I will walk in your midst
Poisoned sting at the ready
And there will be no awakening

Rise, minions
From venom reborn
Shed your innocence
Let the massacre commence

A simple ascent
Luring in the hapless to turn on themselves
Death in the air
You fall
Like raving fiends, you murder your own
Humans will be humans
When caught in my mare

But the worst is yet to come
As your mindless spree continues
I prepare to deliver the master stroke
Your gods, your progenies
Your guardian angels unguarded
As I approach the inner sanctum
In treachery cloaked

Unseeing offspring of sanctimonious bigotry
Here is my gift to you
My procreation in visceral blasphemy

Receive my seed
Slowly to incubate
Deep gorging into oblivion
As your doom is plunged into your flesh

As they trickle down
Drip, drip, drip, one by one
A living, breathing feast awaits my spawn
The longer you live
The stronger they'll become inside you
Ah, look at them writhe, my little ones

And you will call me your god
Begging me to deliverance from your sins
And you won't even know
Until they eat through your skin