

## Beware

## Death Grips

I close my eyes and seize it  
I clench my fists and beat it  
I light my torch and burn it  
I am the beast I worship...

And I know soon come my time  
For in mine void a pale horse burns  
But I fear not the time I'm taken  
Past the point of no return.  
Wage war like no tomorrow  
Cuz no hell there won't be one  
For all who deny the struggle  
The triumphant overcome

Trips to where, few have been  
Out of thin air, upon high winds  
Rites begin when the sun descends  
Have felt what few will ever know  
Have seen the truth beneath the glow,  
Of the ebb and flow, where roots of all mysteries grow  
I am below, so far below  
The bottom line  
Transmitting live, transmissions rise  
From the depths out of controlled by  
Suspended glance of an unblinking eyes  
Imminent gaze cast 'pon the path that winds  
'Pon the path I find, and claim as mine  
To ride the waves, of unrest  
Made to make me shine as a testament  
To why the ways of the blind will never get  
Shit but shanked by my disrespect  
Dismiss this life, worship death  
Cold blood night of serpent's breath  
Exhaled like spells from the endlessness  
In the bottomless wells of emptiness  
Channeled to invoke what we represent

Secret order  
Elitist horde of  
Creeping fire  
Seizing power  
Riders of the lupus hour  
Eye on palm  
Time is gone  
Moonlight drawn  
Fly til dawn  
Sacrifice to rise beyond  
Deep inside the violent calm  
Of the coming storm  
In blood sworn  
To glorify and for life adorn  
With all that dies to become unborn

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In the time before time eyes 'bove which horns  
Curve like psychotropic scythes  
And smell of torn flesh bled dry  
By hell swarms of pestis flies  
Vomiting forth flames lit by  
An older than ancient force  
That slays this life with no remorse

The spiral storm  
Of flames inside  
The torch I raise  
The force I ride

Feel my vessel go up in flames  
Flesh torch lit by thee unnamed  
Direct connection to the source  
Vestment of unnatural force  
Forever burning black torch  
Wisdom of the old and true  
Possessed by the chosen few  
Shining to reveal the ways  
Of a darkness that pervades  
All that is and ever was  
Inferno of witches blood

Worship is not on bended knee  
Nature knows not of mercy  
To pray is to accept defeat  
Power pisses on the weak  
Bow and beheaded by the beast  
Beggar on a bitches leash  
Scum is desperate for relief  
Worship is the way I ride  
Witching currents through the eye  
Of storms that force the false to die  
Worship the flames with which I rise  
Into apocalyptic skies

Harsh winds flay mine flesh to bone  
In splintered skeleton I roam  
Wastelands with not to call my own  
But the path I walk alone  
The hunger burns, within my gut  
As my bones turn into dust

And I know soon come my time  
For in mine void a pale horse burns  
But I fear not the time I'm taken  
Past the point of no return  
Wage war like no tomorrow, know well there wont we one  
For all who deny the struggle  
The triumphant overcome ...

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