

Mandatory Mayhem

Deivos

Tremble! For here they come to get you
The priests of the foreign gods
Believe - don't say a word
No questions. no denial,
Lay down your head on the block
Naive fodder of this world - who's its creator
And how did the things become as they are
Scream!

You cower from the thought what would happen next
By the time you will be mature enough
Your blood shall be spilled
In the meaningless rites
The priests - the butchers
Sadistic surgeons. divine emissaries.
Perform the rite in the eyes of the Lord
Blessed be! Chop off. mutilate, gut and stitch it up anew
Answer, obey - the life on silver platter
Day of your birth, the curse has begun

A promise of further disgrace
Enslaved among your kin
Your words mean nothing here
Cut your flesh in the eyes of the Lord
Bleed out. die in the eyes of the Lord
The rite strips you down of your dignity The offering shall be complete, come
madness and death
Mandatory mayhem
Tears, razor-sharp tools, yet pain so dull

Without anesthesia, without inhibition
Beloved genitalia. priests' favorite regions

Lead this calf to the slaughter!
Infection in the eyes of the Lord
Humiliation in the eyes of the Lord
Death in the eyes of the Lord

You lay down your head
On your mother's knees
She covers your eyes
On the wooden stake you clench your teeth
Awaiting
And here comes the butcher...
Consciousness lost out of pain
It still hurts after you're awake
No one cares, you might as well die here
For the offering's been made.
A glimpse of luck - you're saved
Your wound is healed
And you're alive, yet it doesn't matter
They won't rest until every single pleasure
I have been taken away from you

You have been marked from the day you were born.
Legacy of prejudice
It is our tradition

You either adapt or you perish
You are unaware piece of nothing.