

Abattoir

Gehenna

Death is its wings
Riding you like a plague
The clock is ticking
Your life will fade
This nightly realm
Is void of your god

Can not hide
Can not deny
Can not turn away
Can not pray

You are lost
And hold no key
Can not defend yourself
Death is certain

Drowning in the disgust
Your own regurgitated blood
Pain will keep your senses clear
Like visions of the dying cross
Surrender your flesh
To furnish the flames

It has destroyed you