

In The Narrow Confines Of Defilement

Goatwhore

Devourment of ghost
Sacrifice in homage to reject this mercy
Cruelty to consume the vitality beneath the flesh
Legacy of the funeral

Allow this body of the soulless to be raised as great gate
Channeling the chambers of blood to bring his rebirth

Shaping this myth within a lunatics mind
No forgiveness attained
Alive within this altar of flesh
Forever to be this restraint in promised pain

Veins are emptied and embalmed with the appetite of betrayal
Speechless lips are removed to invoke the words of the dead
Infestation of belief that promised broken lies
These ties with the unholy came true before these eyes

Take these hands of betrayal and succumb to the defiance of death
Lying in the arms of the sick, kissing this seduction of spilling blood
The reality in promised faith now lies imprisoned in dark shrines
Breathing out these streams of blood, this horror grows inside

These fears await the butchers knife
On wings of steel a soul will rise
Methods of enslaving of the absolute
For the degrading of eternity

Blessed in the grasp of desecrated rites
This fearless journey to resurrect
Upon countless years weve died
Etched scars in the skin of the attained
The lifeless reborn once again
Addiction in this infernal flame

Surface this unclean soul as mouths of the underworld speak through wounds
The regeneration of silenced pureness is strangled by intestines

In halls of the confined this silence dies
By avenging screams seeds of life cease
Amnesty in the corrupt
This black consumes the mind
The paleness of the eyes
This sight is content in submergence
Emerged from stripped flesh

Arise from the shell of god

Flood waters of the baptized engulfing life to give birth to the cold of hell
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Self indulgence in the creation of perverse fear
Hands now made tools of surgery

Sinister ways of salvation
Dissection of this savior
Released from the calling of sighs

Succumb to this arrogance in these words that dominate
Blood runs beneath these eyes
Entrance to the skull we find sickness of life
Now march to the sounds of funeral cries