

The Cannibal Gods

Hour of Penance

My sworn enemies upon whom I will tread
With scorn and despise and disdain

Those worms are breeding in nests, and feeding from us
Their shameful souls I will devour in pain
Thirsty - blood spilt on my reign
This world soaked with fear, demise
The earth is covered in scars
Desolation

I shall recognize each torn corpse immolated
For I will decide a ritual knife
Secretly severing every bone
They shall become the square shaped sacrifice
The flesh pyramid upon which I'll call my new gods

Sacrifice - dead are piled
Prepare and incision on the cervical vertebra
Check the gusts - Check the stars
Thrusting a nail through the ocular orbit
Cross their arms - Wait the dawn
Cut the third finger in the handoff the seventh dead
Say the world - She your blood
Offer the flesh to honor the cannibal gods

Ferte Mortem
Ferte Mortem
Servi me - Servi me - Servi me - Servi me

Those worms are breeding in nests, and feeding from us
Their shameful souls I will devour in pain
Thirsty - blood spilt on my reign
This world soaked with fear, demise
The earth is covered in scars

Ferte Mortem
Ferte Mortem, fertote