

Three Bastards

Infant Annihilator

Beneath the hallowed golden halls
Wails of death hum from the walls
The floorboards echo with the stains of rape
And weeping infant's calls

Shadows of the ancient doctrines grip the kingdom by the thighs
A penitentiary of royal penetration
Fetal enslavement
Prepubescent prisoners held inside
The ways of The Galèriarch endure
Though centuries passed
Generations expired
The ways of Galèriarch endure

Hollow dwellings now frame the citadel
Littered with carcasses and festering rot
Withered remnants of a long-ruined realm
The hopeless souls of a forgotten God

Forced to feast on the fat of the damned
Shamefully savouring the shafts of their siblings
Defiled peasants matured and psychotic
Sadistic and necrotic
Gaped and sadomasochistic

From the depths crawled The First
Scavenger of battlefields
Seeking jewel covered carnality

Leader of Grief
Hungry for divinity through meat and eating royalty
He was The Second

The Last
Emerging from the void
Unearthed unholy wisdom through systematic sodomy

Three Bastards
United only by their cruelty, malice and absolute revulsion of all life

The Royal Sanctum
Their underlying desire
A mere echo of a thought as they engulf the world in fire

Ere the solemn shadows close
The Warlords gather to pledge their oath
Ere the well-known landscapes fade
The call to battle shall be obeyed

Slithering, slurping fucks eager for a taste
Blood and spit drip down from their face
As they draw their gaze to the cunts they've slain
Cloaked in the innocent, the Warlords bathe
Doused in viremia
Deviant disciples fist-deep in the harlot-horde
Municipal bastards
Medieval masturbators

Seduced by the scripture of God

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From the degraded and hopeless creatures of the plague arose three cannibalistic Warlords

They will lay the Kingdom to unholy ruin