

Howling, for the Nightmare Shall Consume

Integrity

The last vestiges of spiritual collusion
Our covenant of Lycanthropic indulgence
Tearing off the flesh down to its feral base
Eviscerating everything in her name
HOWLING, FOR THE NIGHTMARE SHALL CONSUME
Testify, speak in tongues, fill this room
There is a hand beneath the stairs
Flooding into the flickering light that rolls itself throughout
our minds
Bellowing archetype, I can't find myself wrong
This is how I smell the rot-
The pungent stench of dreams
Their thirst does resemble your blood
Parasite night screams in her lair
Like the raw flesh of seductive eyes
The elegant serenity of the twice drowned sacrifice
Await in silence
She keeps her secret in the swamps of Rome
And this is where the Devil comes through
Between me and you-
We never had much of a chance
As hard as we tried to resist
We were always destined for this
We were always coming home
We are the hate that they created
It never leaves us . .