

Lycantropy of Dead Flesh

Pathology

Lying half alive... not yet dead
I've waited hell for the gathering to
return
My awful sins are not to repent
to kneel before the Eternal...
And
rip his throat, bite his throat
and his eyes will be burned in lies
And to
transform from rotting putrid smells
and the meat i consume is from the virgin
skin
bestowed upon this being to rapture the pure
a divine for implementing
misery...
A divine nature of bloodthirsty to consume
a Eucharist from the
covenant of unholiness...
Lifeless inhabitation is certain contempt
to
demolish all that is breathing
An awaking of inner thirst for infamy and
despair
Raping the freshly decomposed
Desolate stare into god's dead
soul...
unleashed to hunt among the worthless living...
to sacrifice the dead
cadavers
Undead to become one with Darkness blessings
flesh transformed to
mutated pulp
a created cannibal for the hunt of life
to live with the hunger
for meat
feeding this darkness with in my soul