

Martyrs (Of The Wendigo)

Within Destruction

I have awoken
The cunning mischief and corruption
Famine feeds the starving soul
The purest flesh decayed and withering
Shows off dried skin and bone
It's downcast bloodshot eyes
Direct the gaze upon the known
A fearsome flash of wit
Dictates my sense to slay

As soon as the murder has been performed
Immediate stir up flows through the veins
It is an erection, arousal of pleasure
To slay and to butcher with no bounded measure

Bring me blood
Feed me flesh

Now that my gruesome act is complete
The crave upon feeding
Burns from within
It will devour all the remains

With every incision the heart pumps faster
Sliced in to pieces like a psychotic work of art
Blended with the filth and the scum
That possesses the Earth

Just glut and digest
Repeat at all cost

The limbs are sear and deformed
The mind is dazzled with lust and distress
What once resembled a living subsistence
Now just a malicious umbrage

A monster of famine
A spectre of demise