

Wretchedness Upon The Gates

Worm Shepherd

Bending and twisting and melting the bars of a prison that dwells in between the stars
Years I have spent running through the infernal maze
I've now escaped and set my gaze upon the painter of these scars

Only stopping to maim the gatekeepers
Drenching the stairs in the purest fluid
I bring the claw of Gehenna
Upon the doomed kingdom of God

Angelic overseers charge forward soaking in confidence
Chanting before I break them with a rod of iron and dash them to pieces like pottery

They are like chaff that the wind blows into the cold vacuum

Vengeance wrought upon the purest of lands
I bring forth unceasing scorn
For I am the living one, who holds the key to Death and Hades

Pestilence belongs to he who sits on the seat of the throne and to the lamb
I bring contamination to a land that breeds detestable weakness

Now I bring forth the biting frost of Treachery upon the altar
King dethroned, gutted, hanged for the valley's masses to behold

Never having rested within the shackles surrounded by hounds of damnation

Aeons plotting the extinction of the holy
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Never again will they hunger; never again will they thirst
For the lamb at the center of their throne shall become their Shepherd

Fiends unchained vomit forth smoldering tongues toward the carcass
His children stare as his once impeccable skin seethes and evaporates
Amen