

# In Legions, I Am Wars of Wrath

## Goatwhore

The bellows breath  
Fueling the fire of wrath  
Spoken in a tongue only embraced by cast out gods  
Thrown from the heavens like discharged light  
A thousand year exile beneath this sulfur cage  
Prying open the cranial vault for this source of passage  
Utter the incantations of this vile onslaught  
Spinning webs up to the stars for insurrection  
Inviting this disaster to the gardens of Eden  
Sink these teeth of blasphemy into the skin of faith  
As weakness devours this broken intellect  
White eyes grasp white fires and the black shadow of death  
Reborn through frenzied tasks to sacrifice the hung words of Judas  
Upon a throne of suffering with visions of hateful awakening  
Permit these words of hell to be written among the upper regions  
Lies! Lies!  
Swallowing the poison in which to despise  
Journey through this mental torture  
Filled with hate in veins of this desire  
Rise! Rise!  
Through this inquisition of the storm of bane  
Sorcery of intellect to enslave these virgin minds  
These godless wounds shall bring the skies below the earth  
Reaching forth from the judgment in his wicked defiance  
In legions, I am the words of spite and hate  
In legions, I am the wars of wrath  
Tranquil curses in winded swears  
These solid wishes of creations end  
Forewarn in anthem of whispered deaths  
Transcendence defines this sadistic life  
In rage I become the virus, revenge is what is to be bled  
Exhibit of morbid reactions that pave roads  
With the slain remains of the dead  
Resurface the bones from these mental  
Chambers of this secret abyss  
Heaving the words that will open  
The gates of this vengeance

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