

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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