

Raise the Stakes

Impaled

[music - Andre LaBarre and Sean McGrath]

[lyrics - Ross Sewage][solo: "Full-Body Piercing" by A.S. LaBarre]An aceldama littered with corpses, withered

Cerebrum spills from heads hacked in twain

Incarnadine shower across land scoured

Quenching the sod, the blood of the slain

Battles we've fought and conquests we've wrought

In wholesale slaughter, embroiled

Harvesting dead for our dinner spread

To the victors, the fruit of the spoiledA quartet of gorelords, reigning in blood

Sweetmeats are ablated in a sanguine flood

Survivors of the melee are illaqueated

Deigned as pabulation, impinguatedRaise the stakes, leave them all impaled

Flagitations have all failed

Raise the stakes, leave them all impaled

Tapered pikes piercing entrailsTrodding down a path, beset on each side

By the ganced and their horrisnant cries

Astride cacuminated poles, they point the way

To an arescent feast celebrating victoryHeartily whiff a myriad of stench

Putrescine platters brought forth by wenches

Cruor bullion, the soup du jour

Into tankards, claret is poured

Crapulous carousing, the de rigueurDehiscent lungs bellow gargled parlance

Supplying ambienceCaitiff factions sullied our names

Beseiging their lands, we staked our claims

With their progeny dead and women caught

Now the impaled shall rotCulled from a paladin's remains

The redolant guts of peditastellus slain

Culinary skills are put to the test

For a seven corpse meal we can't wait to ingestFrom on high, the beleagured cry of suffering

Stuck like pigs on acicular sticks, uncontrolled blubbering

Atop gavelocks, punctured gralloch haemorrhage, therein

Their final view of this motley crew eating finewed kin[solo: "Slow Death" by S.C. McGrath]Sean, rip off their
flesh

Ross, bring me a glass of blood

Raul, prepare to make carcass stewRaise the stakes, leave them all impaled

No body left unnassailed

Raise the stakes, leave them all impaled

These life times we have curtailedGullets full of tripe harvested from foes

Through haughty engorgement, their flesh we have disposed

Skeletons lanced and left dangling in the air
Of our wrathful scourge, a grave reminder

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