

# In the Narrow Confines of Defilement

## Goatwhore

Devourment of ghost  
Sacrifice in homage to reject this mercy  
Cruelty to consume the vitality beneath the flesh  
Legacy of the funeral  
Allow this body of the soulless to be raised as great gate  
Channeling the chambers of blood to bring his rebirth  
Shaping this myth within a lunatic's mind  
No forgiveness attained  
Alive within this altar of flesh  
Forever to be this restraint in promised pain  
Veins are emptied and embalmed with the appetite of betrayal  
Speechless lips are removed to invoke the words of the dead  
Infestation of belief that promised broken lies  
These ties with the unholy came true before these eyes  
Take these hands of betrayal and succumb to the defiance of death  
Lying in the arms of the sick, kissing this seduction of spilling blood  
The reality in promised faith now lies imprisoned in dark shrines  
Breathing out these streams of blood, this horror grows inside  
These fears await the butcher's knife  
On wings of steel a soul will rise  
Methods of enslaving of the absolute  
For the degrading of eternity  
Blessed in the grasp of desecrated rites  
This fearless journey to resurrect  
Upon countless years we've died  
Etched scars in the skin of the attained  
The lifeless reborn once again  
Addiction in this infernal flame  
Surface this unclean soul as mouths of the underworld speak through wounds  
The regeneration of silenced pureness is strangled by intestines  
In halls of the confined this silence dies  
By avenging screams seeds of life cease  
Amnesty in the corrupt  
This black consumes the mind  
The paleness of the eyes  
This sight is content in submergence  
Emerged from stripped flesh  
Arise from the shell of god  
Flood waters of the baptized engulfing life to give birth to the cold of hell

Self indulgence in the creation of perverse fear  
Hands now made tools of surgery  
Sinister ways of salvation  
Dissection of this savior  
Released from the calling of sighs  
Succumb to this arrogance in these words that dominate  
Blood runs beneath these eyes  
Entrance to the skull we find sickness of life  
Now march to the sounds of funeral cries

Songwriters

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