

Impaled Existence ('90 Demo Version)

Malevolent Creation

Passing of black, looms over the entity,
Ill omen surrounding all positive thought.
The words of pain trickling off his tongue,
To hear him say this world is done. Condemnation for the doomsayer,
The raking of hell's garden cultivates no prayer.
He laughs at the unholy blessing of terror,
Fermented in your mind. Craving an end to existence,
Fleeing life's pleas of surviving,
The winds taste of death,
Set souls free. Clouds impregnated, with the lust of despair.
Demons congregate, on the eve of strike.
Heaven is dormant, deaf to all cries.
Desperate fools will never find Christ. Hateful spite lunges from the throat.
Spat upon helpless beings of peace.
Looming in the corridors that lie between time.
This world's broken neck grasped in his hands. Dark secrets unlocked by a verbal key.
Promises once mocked are fulfilled fatalities precede. Screams distorted with blood.
Reverberate through vacated lives.
Punished for ignorance.
Extinction is your sentence

Songwriters

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