

# Fed to the Pigs

## Devourment

Gone, is, all reason  
Pitch darkness drowns each season  
Minds, fall, in despair  
Stench of death filling the air  
The pain surges swelling to release  
Thoughts of mayhem flow so freely  
Regard for life falls the way of apathy  
Tearing souls apart, cursing divinity  
Crimson dreams of what's to be  
Torn to shreds, Food for the pigs  
Rage will lead temptation  
Pain begets salvation  
Slaughter will set our demons free  
Well fuck this world dead  
When they find the steal penetrate the walls of their cold being  
Eyes stare cold and lifeless, empty souls fall to their knees  
No emotion in this wraith as the bodies rid of fluid

The pigs born of the flames below, consume all that is green  
Death to all that cross, tear out their beating heart,  
human gristle for the pigs

Death to all that cross, tear out their beating heart, human gristle for the pigs  
Fall of all humanity, the violent end that was foreseen  
The coming in the form of human plague  
Gone, is, all reason  
Pitch darkness drowns each season  
Minds, fall, in despair  
Stench of death filling the air  
Rage will lead temptation  
Pain begets salvation  
Slaughter will set our demons free  
Well fuck this filthy world dead to  
End to cleanse to cease the disease  
Fall to hell mans fate will be  
Rise will the beast a new dawn breeds  
Seeds of hatred planted  
Generations of bloodshed  
Calling for a definitive end

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.