Heathens

Bestial Warlust

Air is frozen the leaves are dead
The moon is full, darkness enshrouds the light
Fire is ablaze, the ancient ours are here
Streams run black, the sword drips bloodFire ise ablaze, streams run black, sword drips blood
Witches, demons, sluts
Lustful sluts with juiced up cunts, getting fucked
Drinking poisoned wineDancing orgastically in a form of possession
Draped in robes drinking the juice of vein
The chalice lies upon the ceremonial stone
Unfortunate soul hooked from the uterus
Swinging in the, leafless tree in pain
Masked supremacy, rises his chalice high
The congregation, falls to caseWith her eyes open, her head is raised high
For all to see, celebrant drowned in red
He plunges his jaws, in neck of whore
Her swinging remains, are ripped from the tree
Multiple orifices filled with phallus
Suspended red menace raped to the core
Congregants they derobe
Acts of sodomy and perverse carnalityBrought beyond this world, drinking poisoned wine
Their ghastly shrieks echo through the forest
All in great homage, to their unholy divine.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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