

# Woundwort

## Fall Of Efrafa

At the crux of our nation the cornea dies.  
Spills out dissension a barrage of cries.  
Written in looks and glanced rebellion,  
we gather these ugly wounds, weep words opposition.  
Tilled fields bare bitter fruit,  
tendrils like needles furrow and root.  
Clasped hands dig nails through skin and through wood,  
gouge out the terms of our parenthood. Those who would summon to court these assumptions,  
to cut out the blemish of the idiot prince.  
The godhead resides within the welt of coercion,  
defiles the virtue of all our children.  
The accent of piety,  
the idiot prince.  
Pigheaded, exalted  
and guilty as sin. We no longer cower in his necrotic penumbra,  
the prophetic repugnance wore out long ago.  
the call is heard, the word is given,  
the throng descends upon his eminence.  
Attempted offerings, he weeps in his woe.  
The walls of his womb rock to an fro.  
We will come knocking with baited breath,  
the scent of the apostate rife with repent. With icons dismantled the firmament cleansed.  
We carve out new effigies and runes in the sand.  
Faces of kindred, faces of kind,  
the worship of kinship fuels starving minds.  
Where we lay,  
we will build.  
Though we may falter,  
we will build.

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