Reckoning Of The Soul Made Godless

[Goatwhore](#)

Memory of these blood stained faces,
In the darkest corners of primeval wisdom
She lays awaiting the masters of faithMistreated actions take form, in an outlet to avenge this rage
Drowning within the spiral of this hellish planeA naked body layered with sigils of this summoning
These preaching altars transformed for consecrationLike blood and fire
In the sacred chalice of Satan
I hail the blood stained horns
The goat of a thousand youngClandestine episode of inflicting torture,
On the self to culminate the powers of evil
An urge to take lives in these sadistic waysReflection of horrific gaze
Frozen with blurred visions
Trembled lips beg in whispers
To represent the force of this offeringConvert the virgin essence,
In offers of rape to the black goat
Sanctified gestures of the perverse
Attained in the source of anointing the God of fireMy name is spoken
Echoing through the voidDisciples of the damned
March into the firesTreacherous disciples
That brand the names of hell across virgin skin
Forcing a trauma that induces this demonic hallucinationBleeding soul of the virgin whore
Swallowed in the storms of flesh
A rising dawn of cruelty
Awaken the impurePerception of the deviant, to the judges of mankind
Slashing her wrists and arms, in hell their hearts lieThis proof of devotion
It had death's face
Anticipate the cry of a hundred prayers for the release of painThis eve of lucid conjuring
Defiled notion of praise
Fatten the beast with her flesh
Her screams are unheard, except for the deadAdorn this whore of God with horns
Screaming fury of eternal escape
Conceptual journey to seek the birth of evilArouse her fury in various states of amputation
Crawling epidemic in quiet confines,
This falsified concubine of the heavens

Lyrics provided by