

Honey Tongue of Satan

Infernal Majesty

Righteous pleasures drull from the sexed spent lips of the beast
 Feel his tongue pinching at your face
 Feel the acide sting as I melt into your flesh
Whilst boring out your cunt with pumping grace week and bleeding
 Insetuos unearthing the might masked orgy of darkness files
 Satan's semen locking their jaws into thy flesh and soul of man
 Clamed filled hands talon the flesh of your quivering breast
Pillowed around his serpent prick Behold thyn is the one who speaks true bliss
Like wine the glory flows into the throne to fill the mote with all your mortal
 Percged upon his back now the greedy hordes waiting to fuck the scraps
 Tearing pieces of your carcassede mind
 Awaiting the birth in the church of the blessed dead
 I continue to see your face come to me my child
O gaze into an ocean blue your eyes that spark the fear of god in man your demise Now all there in are time and
 death of man and beast
 Placental mammals giving birth to ilk and sin
Dark and damp and filled with rats Spewing his seed into the world Frenzied passion an erupting dark epoch
 extinguishing the light of heavens bliss
 This could not give birth to your messiah who walks to earth
 But the minions of the dead condemned to hell
Celebrating the arrival thy unholy king of evil rippling tidings quake across the land
Angels die like moths falling from the sky choking on the smoke, of the week I'm burning
Drowning in your blood, lamenting to some god, blackened sky's wrought the face of satan
Festering in the womb punging the unborn sipping piss from vineyards of the dieing
 Behold thyn is the one who speaks true bliss
Like wine the glory flows into the throne to fill the mote with all your mortal
 Percged upon his back now the greedy hordes waiting to fuck the scraps
 Tearing pieces of your carcassede mind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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