

# Procession

## Genitorturers

Subjected nevermore, to the whims of the dying  
Steal their flesh, from the pool of the lying  
Injected more, erythematous moisture  
Beyond high, by the chosen kind  
Feel it, to breathe evermore  
Of the wicked of the world, where processions' end  
Subjected nevermore, to the fears of the dying  
Feel their high, attempts to allude  
Your flesh will sigh, in the midst of moisture  
One sect more for the chosen kind  
Can you feel it? Can you feel their high?  
Feel it! Breathe evermore!  
Breathe from the chosen kind, then lie back down  
Feel their high and breathe evermore  
End your search for the nevermore

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