

Ghosts of the Charnel House

Primordial

Ghosts Of The Charnel House
Our knees were cracked and broken
Genuflect in dirt and broken glass
Grinds the teeth as black as the demons
Of the cloth that come at night
To rape our wretched flesh at the alter
The ghosts of the charnel house
Were born to deathless guilt
The ghosts of the charnel house
Were born to shameful night
Pale backs are ripe from the lash
Fingers worked to the bone
Scavengers of the cross
Flicker in perdition's light
Rancid leather and rotten faith
Welts young skin
Charnel fodder for an unmarked grave
In the house of the lord
The poor mouth speaks
Of begging bowl politics
It's words cast long shadows
From the doorway of the charnel house
To every ploughed field
And rotten ear of corn
We are born of deathless guilt
And shameful night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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