

# Field of the Impaled

## Devourment

Dark days of crimson skies and fields of those forsaken

The king that called for a higher brand of suffering be inflicted His masses bent to serve his lust

His will to impale all who oppose

With force driven through a wooden pole

Death would not come so soon for most Forced through the anus smashing through internal organs

Splinters tearing tissue, ripping through the sinew gushing pus

Some were pulled with force, causing blood to shower the fertile ground

Some were left to slowly drift, inch by inch, day by day

Breathing while the stake would slowly pierce through their body

Feeling every ounce of ungodly pain, completely coherent

Day one the spike will pierce the stomach's inner wall

The victim will defecate from the hell bestowed upon

Day two the spike runs through the diaphragm into the throat

The uncontrollable twitching cannot prepare to the day that follows Day three's come, suffering taken to unreal heights

The spike emerged from the mouth, and the pig is stuck

Eyes forced up to watch the sky and the bloodstained tip

Forced in place to suffer as death slowly creeps in

The prince of darkness gazes proudly

A field of impaled ten thousand strong

Suffering of unparalleled proportions

To strike fear into hearts of purity

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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