

Total Funeral

Watain

At first a noisome pack
I am the rancid mark that devours making man
Once upon a whimpering babe
I am the murderer's hand that wields the blade of regicide
Oh Babylon thou harlot
Succubus of a thousand suitors
I am the foetid stench of thy burning hag's embrace
A perverse incubation
I am the olive branch corrupt with venomous asps
Total funeral
Desolate one
Total funeral
Total death
Around their neck the noose draws tight
A knot of thorns felling holy men and kings
I am the vile countenance of the gibbet's grasp
Of what was wrought and where was spent the seed
I am the black spider, the splinter within our minds
Fill your mouth with the foul earth
Suffocate on the souls
I am the messiah of famine and (f)lies
Grim brilliance in frost
Desolation made flesh
I am the son of darkness and death
Total funeral
Desolate one
Total funeral
Total death!

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

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