Visceral Holocaust

Psyclon Nine

Transcending life through sleeps decree
This I wear shall taste debris
Through rancor find serenity
Visceral holocaust to seeInsipid dreams were flowing red
A sea of sin from cattle thats been bled
Unbeknownst until the end
With their backs to life they'd rather be home insteadUnto the beast an image made
Of broken flesh culled from the sharpest blade
They say we men are wretched things
So full of hate lost hope and broken dreamsInfected skin
Serrated grin
Where was life and where does death begin?
This hallowed sin
Wont spoil within
Reveals a path an exalted life to live

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