

Baphomet, Valley of the Dead

I have walked through the valley of the death
I have felt the cold grip of death
being beckoned towards the dark
in the valley there is no light

I have tasted
the pain and suffering
of the unborn child
and disease ridden flesh
the slaughtered and unwanted
crying out in torment

Their cries and anguish scare my soul
a dream or is it death I do not know

I thought I was safe from the pain
but the suffering still remains
put into a macabre life past
eternal molestation is where I'm cast

The pain and suffering of which I have felt
was not of the innocent but of the guilty ones
this peace of horror
and eternal suffering
built for reprisal
against the vile

I can't wait until I'm dead