

# Cryptopsy, Cryptopsy - Graves Of The Fathers

Sextons of the churchyard  
Have seen unblest things;  
Ground no longer hallowed  
Has sprouted new graves.

Descendants of clan  
That usurped maternity  
hear whispers in their blood;  
This summons of the Fathers.

Adherence to the principle  
Of "man by woman born"...  
Anachronistic ritual  
Soon to be obsolete.

"Forgive me Father  
For I know not what I do;  
My grave beckons  
As irresistible as drawing breath."

Nature abhors a vacuum,  
The same is true to a tomb...  
It cannot be empty.  
A barren womb of plenty...  
A vacant grave must be filled.  
For this the Fathers' will,  
Material birth be abjure,  
A mother's cunt is unpure.

Sired in blasphemy,  
In nocturnal obeisance to rotted hearts  
Filled with necrolatry  
Reverse the life cycle be reborn through Death.

"Forgive me Father  
For I know not what I do;  
I leave a void to fill one,  
Hear my prayers from far below."