

Grand Belial's Key, Goat of a Thousand Young

Strips of flesh form a path to the cemetery
Old trees look menacing arching above
Bastard feet have since traveled these horrid grounds
A flock of mourners will kneel in his honour

The churchyard holds a most suspicious past
Guests were readily overcome with odd symptoms
In a number of days they'd be consumed by fevers
And graves were dug during the stillness of the night

The Nazarene now crawls to Bethany
To feed his lying mouth and lepers

Delicate paintings hang beside the once saviour
Lately a certain howling can be heard
The contour of Christ appears to shiver violently
And hordes ride freely into the vineyards
Conspicuous...

Conspicuous imagery adorns the nunery
Secrets of the Key are rooted beneath the garden
When dogs pass above it they foam at the mouth
And blind nuns play with their own feces

The Nazarene now crawls to Bethany
To feed his lying mouth and lepers

Conspicuous...