

# 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...