

Akercocke, Valley Of The Crucified

Slowly drowning in sand
Dust and death greet you
In the valley of the crucified
Survey the slaughter
Of a hundred score
Crucified Christians
Eroded bones of victims past
Human detrilus scattered
Skulls crack underfoot
Aged blood stained and brown
The dead and the near dead
The unburiable stench of decay
Soft grey mouldy flesh
Dangles from withered bones
Forsaken sounds from parched throats

Cracked and arched spines succumb
To sand scoured days
Cadavers that fester
Like rotted fruit on the vine
This is not Hell
This is a place like any other brother
The sins of God and the sins of man
Their cuntinng holy trinity
Slowly forgotten in sand
The lesser law abideth as the key
Vessel of holy pain
Hear me dark ones of the pit