

Blood Red Throne, Guttural Screams

Guttural screams echoes in the dark, silenced only by a murder of crows.
Another victim made sacrifice. Blood spilt on the throne as before.
Cult obscure, genitalia facemasks; Clad in blood crust and gore. The
ground is alive with thousand of corpses, ancient remains of murder and mayhem.
Blind to see the cruelty. Fresh gall now pours from jagged wounds.
Faint heartbeats cease to be. Ivory virgin bleed dry on cold stone.
Sacrificed on the throne of "blood", offering to a long forgotten God.
Pentacles of entrails marks the spot where the trees turns their back, blind to see the cruelty.
Drums beat like they have forever.
No present like the past. No gift as thrilling. Pulsating crimson fountain yet short in life.
Forever dead in memory as long as we remember.
This gives life to thee from here and to eternity.