

Fleshgrind, The Deviating Ceremonies

A generation of instinctual assassins
A lifetime of human deviations
In a place of confidence and adulation

A world you now realize, has deceived your every thought
You listen in detail, the prevalent screams
Emanating through the vacant halls!!!

You sense the tranquillizing
Feelings of accomplishment
Yet this personal ritual means death

In the eyes of those that have manipulated our very minds!
Reprisal is instinct a form of survival
Placing their darkness in veil

As death comes life fades
Where bullets fade soak in
Their unmerciful passion honed for you... this time

You're doubting your own convictions
Skepticism greets your fading thoughts
As you are thrown into an unmarked grave

On the verge of your passing
Feeling the damp cold soil penetrate your
Bleeding wounds blanket your

Crippled, cramping body
As you discern your killers
You realize your certain mockery

Of honor demands death
Reprisal is instinct a form of survival
Placing their darkness in veil

As death comes life fades
Where bullets fade soak in
Their unmerciful passion honed for you... this time

You're doubting... your own convictions