

Genitorturers, Procession

Subjected nevermore, to the whims of the dying
Steal their flesh, from the pool of the lying
Injected more, erythematous moisture
Beyond high, by the chosen kind
Feel it, to breathe evermore
Of the wicked of the world, where processions' end
Subjected nevermore, to the fears of the dying
Feel their high, attempts to allude
Your flesh will sigh, in the midst of moisture
One sect more for the chosen kind
Can you feel it? Can you feel their high?
Feel it! Breathe evermore!
Breathe from the chosen kind, then lie back down
Feel their high and breathe evermore
End your search for the nevermore