

Goatwhore, Lair of Nastrond

Layer Upon Layer Of Blissful Lies
This Underworld Raised On All Misfortune

I Fly Upon The Wings Of Lucifer

Engulfing This Frail Emotion To Befall All Unearthed
As Bronzed Eyes Swallow All Fear
A Heat Purging Into Hearts Of Conquest
Too Those Who Dare Never To Return

Hiding These Eyes From Blinding Sun
Intertwined In Loving Grace
A Step Closer To Strike In Vain
This Bitter Air Set To Trap
Tasting An Every Move

Movement In Stagered Formation
Leaving A Trail Of Untouched Tides
An Ocean Of Unveiled Prints For Surprise

A Glare Of Stone Sight To Kill
The Fear Of Man Conforms
Questioning A Heresy Of Unjust Ways
This Answer Of Disbelief

His Might Is Built Upon Fear
An Unknowing Of Death
Questioning The Afterlife Of Religion

A Flowing River Of Scales In Continuum Against This Grain
Uninvited Conquest Brought To Its Knees
During This Blood Filled Reign

Only A Devil Shall Speak
The Forked Tongue Of The High One
These Strands Of Rivers Form
Peeling Outer Life To Reveal An Inner Beauty
Reaching Into This Molten River To Cast The Skin To Stone