

# 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 Staggered 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