

# Psyclon Nine, Visceral Holocaust

Transcending life through sleeps decree  
This I wear shall taste debris  
Through rancor find serenity  
Visceral holocaust to see

Inspid dreams were flowing red  
A sea of sin from cattle thats been bled  
Unbeknownst until the end  
With their backs to life they'd rather be home instead

Unto the beast an image made  
Of broken flesh culled from the sharpest blade  
They say we men are wretched things  
So full of hate lost hope and broken dreams

Infected skin  
Serrated grin  
Where was life and where does death begin?  
This hallowed sin  
Won't spoil within  
Reveals a path an exalted life to live

The cold the steel the razor the blade  
The tighter the noose the faster we fade