Psyclon Nine, Visceral Holocaust

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

Insipid 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