

# The Deviating Ceremonies

Fleshgrind

A generation of instinctual assassins  
A lifetime of human deviations  
In a place of confidence and adulation

A world you now realize, has deceived your every thought  
You listen in detail, the prevalent screams  
Emanating through the vacant halls!!!

You sense the tranquillizing  
Feelings of accomplishment  
Yet this personal ritual means death

In the eyes of those that have manipulated our very minds!  
Reprisal is instinct a form of survival  
Placing their darkness in veil

As death comes life fades  
Where bullets fade soak in  
Their unmerciful passion honed for you... this time

You're doubting your own convictions  
Skepticism greets your fading thoughts  
As you are thrown into an unmarked grave

On the verge of your passing  
Feeling the damp cold soil penetrate your  
Bleeding wounds blanket your

Crippled, cramping body  
As you discern your killers  
You realize your certain mockery

Of honor demands death  
Reprisal is instinct a form of survival  
Placing their darkness in veil

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Their unmerciful passion honed for you... this time

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