

Visceral Holocaust

Psyclon Nine

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

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

Transcending life through sleep's decree
This I wear, I shall taste debris
Through rancor find serenity
Visceral holocaust to see

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

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