

Render My Prey

Spawn of Possession

Grave insomnia has now obtained my strung out mind.
Robbed of the one place that gives me solitude from them.
I must now face the perfected madness that will eat me as I'm slowly turning into what I dread.

Deprived of sight, my introverted eyes guides my awake steps in to sinfulness.
Profane is the soul purpose here, I know it and still I let my inner steer me.

I am becoming the infestation, now it's clear what I intend to do
As I reach the house of god I'll take and keep my price forever
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Render my prey as I descend, render my prey.

Web of cords stretched from heel to throat.
With Iron ropes I strap him down and hard.
The blood in my plams shimmers with the rust.
Caught in a lonesome sermon he never saw me come.

Dragged out from his abode, a robe of the fallen now bestowed.
Useless struggling for it's not my mind that drives my actions
It is clearly a non human authority.

Candles of a thousand not lit by hands of man.
In my blinded darkness, lights my depraved path.

Where's my solace, this deed gave me no fractions of inner peace
Although I know I have him alive, a purpose I dear not quest for nor implement.

Through serpent eyes I watch my hands do carnal damage as they hung him up, swinging from the ceiling upside down.

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