

To The Rack With Them

The Gates of Slumber

Upon your Judas cradle
Ropes made from your skin
Burning scent of incense
The aroma of your flesh
Burning cauldron of tar
You're a fancy self made god
Completely bound and tied
With a mouth full of shit

To the rack with them

Broken bones pulled out joints
Eyes gouged with hot irons
Raped by holy man
Agonized pain for hours
Burning cauldron of tar
You're a fancy self made god
Open from gut to neck
Rats feast from within

To the rack with them
To the rack with them