

Thy Serpent Tongue

Psyclon Nine

Holocaust

Behind the eyes of the heretics shaded visage

Genocide

No longer repressed

Pray to purge us of all our restraint

To bring about the end of days, the end of pain not so far away

(it's only foreplay)

Wish upon the fallen star to wash away this new set of scars

(digging with the needle 'til we bloody the wrist)

Forever gliding the light, guiding blind to sight and the sick
to lust

Forever gliding the light, guiding blind to sight and the sick
to lust again

Vexing this carcass needle the filth

The maggots eat away at our pain

Stigmata nails bleeding the blackness

Gilded, so silver thy serpent tongue

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I am the wrath, the wretched, the fury