

The Horns

Disfear

I'm the knife on the throat of your father,
Your son and your holy ghost
I'm the bastard son
The spawn of god
The pretender to the throne
In the shadows of the horns,
The world is that ablaze
Nation after nation,
Going down in flames
Angel of mercy you sound
Like a broken record reapeating
You curse you turn the ofter
Cheek hell, it unfurls
Salvation set in reverse