

# The Fall Of The Idols Of Flesh

Angel Corpse

Dash against the rocks the sickling and his cries  
Break the back of the steed upon you ride  
Boiling bodies of water, to glass the sand  
And may mother's breasts shrivel and dust  
Tongues shall be cut from gaping mouths  
For I voice a culling course towards desolation  
Yet those chained to their own foul flesh  
Know only obsolescence- their nakedness

Push the rabble back, to the victor come the spoils  
Work to certain death the labor that toils  
Bloat and putrefy that which flowers  
And tear from womb the bleating babe  
The blind and wretched shall be left to rot  
The diseased and alme dispatched  
Give me your sick, your meek, your lowly  
For I will kick the dogs when they are down

For I am the inferno  
And you the kindling you the fuel  
And I am the vulture  
Feasting on your idols of flesh  
I am the shepherd and you my flock  
The lightning strike that splits the rock  
For I am wrath- vindication  
And the world my abattoir

Visions of war dreams of anger ecstasy  
A maelstorm of flame infernos of might  
Lightning phallus crack of thunder roars  
A lion in furious fight

Cleansing fire insatiable cleaving sword  
The fall of the idols of flesh

The stellar winds beneath my wings  
Are purest vengeance  
The firestorms within my eyes  
Black purest hate  
Of blood unvanquished blasphemies  
My will: one voice  
With strike of tumult- aftermath  
In withered flesh rejoice

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