

When Death Replaces Life

Cannibal Corpse

Smashing the human horde, crushing religious filth
Nailing invertedly the ones who plant the seeds of doubt
Wasting inherent truth, confronting an inner hell
Cursing subconsciously the ones who reap the seeds of doubt

How can humans play God when all they all are slaves?
Their lack of souls will lead them to an early grave
Condemned to live a life of unrelenting praise
Their rotted corpse remains when death replaces life

Tearing the vocal chords of prophets
That spoke of lies unwanted
They are the ones controlling the seeds of doubt

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Fearing their fate, they chose a random date
When all life would cease and rapture would release
Trampling the meek, the gospel they did speak
Foretelling demise, speaking only lies, lies, lies, lies, lies

Feeding the senseless souls of mindless
Inhabitants not knowing they are the ones consuming the seeds of
doubt
Finding the source of stimulation, unnurtured realization
Of fools who will always against their will just end their lives

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