

# Death of the Meek

Death Angel

Best be prepared to meet your maker  
Best be prepared to face your god  
Justified unholy nightmare  
Crucified of pride, you're robbed

No escape, it's too late  
The hammer crashes down  
Do or die

Cauterize to stop the blood flow  
Still this tortures just begun  
Eternal seconds keep on repeating  
Charred retinas, a black collapsed lung

No escape, it's too late  
The hammer crashes down  
Do or die

All your fears  
Won't match the wasted years  
of isolation  
In due time  
I will ingest your kind  
quench my starvation

All present and accounted for  
Hush! Do not speak  
For tonight I raise a glass  
To the death of the meek

We are the chosen  
and we bare the sign  
Their weapons are useless  
Our weapons our mind

No you can't believe  
How you will inspire  
Soon set to be free  
Our blessed desire

You won't be imprisoned  
No, you won't be ashamed  
You won't be stripped of your language  
or your family name

No more inner demons  
No more bitter spite  
No more of the blood stained walls  
of your ancestral pride

Comatose, your eyes grow vacant  
A paralyzing fear that builds  
Stripped of your pathetic icons  
Robbed of your heroic will

Artifact, your way of thinking  
Your bones hang up upon my wall

Another fallen empire  
The most self-righteous one of all

No escape, it's too late  
The hammer crashes down  
Do or die

In due time I will ingest mankind  
Quench my starvation