

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