

Serpent Of Old

Deinonychus

Spawn of grand whore
It is no surprise that I sow such twilight misery
The raping of your children and the...
I see of course as a gift to me.

The withering of mirth marks my path,
or I am the end of all ends.

The slaves of heaven who crave for redemption
Shall rewrite their books as I become their destiny.
Monuments of faith anchor me to eternity;
From the cradle of time they knew I had come to stay

Your ruinous creed has named me the evil in, man:
There is no one more blind than he who doesn't want to see.