

# The Word Was Made Flesh Turned Into Chaos Again

Devilish Impressions

Whispers of pendulum filling the cage of your mind  
Painting it's walls with pure hatred  
Freezing the flames of chaos once turned into word  
Cosmic feeling once turned into dust  
Together we stand and challenge the crowds of god

Annihilation of lies hidden beyond the core  
Thoughts of free will spinning around  
And waiting for souls where life doesn't mean anything -  
Dream of a Kingdom where Chaos and Word used to be Unity  
Congregation of those who revengefully look into eyes of deceiver  
And burn out his world of forbidden truth

Whispers of pendulum filling the cage of your mind  
Painting it's walls with pure hatred  
Freezing the flames of word once turned into chaos

[Lead: Quazarre]

[Lead: Armers]

And you - nail him down to the cross  
Feel sweet taste of power and omnipotence  
And they nail you down to the cross  
Feel sweet taste of retribution  
And greed for the power of someone who claims to be God

"Et cum consummati fuerint mille anni solvetur Satanas  
De carcere suo et exhibit et seducet gentes quae sunt  
Super quattuor angulos terrae Gog et Magog et congregabit eos  
In proelium quorum numerus est sicut harena maris"