

...And The Weak Shall Be Crushed

Dying Fetus

On The Altar Stands A Priest With Bloodstained Hands, He Curses
Himself In Denial Of What He Has Done, But The Worst Has Yet T
o Come, Within The Book It Has Been Written, Those Deserved Sha
ll Be Forgotten, But The Ones Who Have Heard Nothing, They Are
The Pagans? Recite Verses From The Text, Control The Darkness,
Ancient Laws Malefic Chants, Disembodied And Damned, Embrace Th
e Words Ethereal And Unforseen They Seek To Be Heard, Rhetoric
I Now Resist I Live To Expiate...Undergo...Rise To Grace...Hais
taa Vittu!!! Unbeknowing To The Priest Beneath The Floor, Insid
e A Coffin Exists The Remnant He Seeks, The Nun Is Dead, How Sh
e Bled, Died In Me, Serving My Needs, He Exists Embodied In One
, On Her I Lay And Start To Pray...Satisfy The Need With This U
nyielding Spite, Purified Through Pain It's Just A Way Of Life,
Tribute To The Sane In This List Fille Rite, Extrication!!! Fa
lling To His Knees...Pray, Pplease God Answer The Question Why
You Gave, I Asked Not For This "Gift Of Life" I'm Born Only Wit
h The Wish To Die