

# Wrath

## Fit For An Autopsy

Rise

I shall rise on these heathen wings

Upon

The fall of his entangled woes

Flames

The cold embrace of the beast that swallows worlds

Truth

Thats raping all I reign

Stripping all the faith from the disease you have created

A new beginning causing chaos for the human race

A cleansing of the weak and feeble

The ones unable to release their righteous ways

Saving themselves from the game of lies

We will strike down all the angels

Strike down

Self righteous fools now rise

I shall rise on these heathen wings

Flames

The cold embrace of the beast that swallows worlds

You alone have been led to believe in certain ways

And I am forthright in my deliverance of pain

I am calling out to you, who cannot hear

I sift through the sands of man

To end the work of demons