

The Supreme Art Of Derangement

Fleshgrind

I am your mind, I am your thought
Confined with my on disturbed existence
Through the sickening, supreme art of derangement

Regretfully, you disdain my art
As you become my next victim
That of death, and domination

You will soon see my developed system
I have called the supreme art of derangement

I control you
Waiting, hunting, so patiently
You're like a child, so naive to the fact

That I will strip you of life
Your ignorance is so pathetic
Strategically, to my advantage

In these depths that I call my mind
Desensitized to the fact that you are now dead
You lay there calm and quiet

So serene and tranquil, still
I am your blood, I am your rupture
I am your dominion
I am your suffering

You have since expired, but who is really truly dead
I, I am your power, I am your God
Dictating your actions, I am your only light

All hope, of us escaping, is completely gone
Come with me my children, don't forget you chose this
I control your life now, I have since perfected..

The supreme deed, the supreme need
Supreme art of derangement
Why can't I see, how can't I see?

That it is I, who is deranged
I cannot see, how could it be
Since it is I who perfected

The supreme deed, the supreme need,
The supreme art of derangement!