

Servants Of The Gods

Hate Eternal

Let it be told
That our penchant for blood
Is sacred in design

Let it be known
That our penance for our gods
Is pure and unified

Heed not for our sins
For our sins hath no path
Of impurities
For it is I who will conquer
This plane of existence

Heed not for our scrolls
For our text hath no path
Of deviation
For it is I who will transcend to
This plane of existence

We must appease the gods
For fear of obliteration
We fast as part of our offerings
As we pray for the sun and
The rain to appear

I shall exact my revenge
For I am the top of the hierarchy
Heir to a tradition of unification
For I am the mother and the father
And the heart of our domain
I am the wiseman
I am a thing of evil