

# 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