

# The Root of Evil

Havok

Before Christ in a time of fear  
Ideas and faith reinforce with a spear  
With the crescent ruling  
Flesh by flesh  
Non-believers perished  
Now you can see  
It's ideology  
Creed is gone  
It's their permanent reality

Lie to the people  
Those who speak see no evil  
Loss of power is not an option  
Surrender your spirits to us  
Thirsty to reign  
Everything to lose, but nothing to gain  
It's ultimate supremacy  
Control is maintained

Whipping, torture, killing, rotting  
I have seen the abuse  
Whipping, torture, killing, rotting  
Rotten

Time to act  
As I hear their screams  
I've lost touch with reality  
Killing is my specialty  
Dark and hollow, I feel no sorrow  
For the victims at my blade  
I feel nothing as I piece their brains

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