

Wicked Disposition

Helstar

A man of the cross
Forced down on his knees
He questions his faith and morality
Drawn by the smell
And the luxury of sin
He prays for forgiveness
But still he gives in
Desperately falling
But not knowing why
Into the darkness
He is living a lie

Lambs to the slaughter
Each led in deceit
Blind and misguided
Feeble and weak

Wicked disposition
Lost of all faith and hope for his soul
Wicked disposition

His collar is tarnished
His cross upside down
The Holy Scriptures
Are thrown to the ground
Perplexed by his feelings
This soul laid to waste
Eternal damnation
There's no saving grace
No longer a servant
Of the unseen
His words sacrilegious
To praise the obscene

Lambs to the slaughter
Each led in deceit
Blind and misguided
Feeble and weak

Wicked disposition
Lost of all faith and hope for his soul
Wicked disposition

Screams form the pulpit
Such blasphemous things
He is the culprit
Defaced Nazarene
Black is the blood
That flows through his veins
Sin is a flood
That keeps him in chains

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Each led in deceit
Blind and misguided
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