

# 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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