

The Serpent Servant

Impending Doom

Dress me in your cloak,
Induct me into your cult.
Use an open tomb as my throat,
The laws that I live by will not replace the reason he
died,
Brainwash me with set standards and a loss of hope.

Then put me under this microscope.
Do I fit the perfect description?
Poster boy for your artificial religion.
Do I fit the perfect description?
Never!

You filled the world with fervent deceit,
Now the serpent and the servant meet.

Behold your end when you seduce with corruption.
False light draws false life.
When the depths have risen we will bring down the
heavens.
The laws that I live by will not replace the reason he
died.
Brainwash with set standards.
False light draws false life.
Hell must fear me!
Hell must fear us all.
Serpent servant bring your fury.
Hell must fear me!