

In Service To His Madness

In Virtue

Dies irae ad portas
Anno regni Deus Ex Machina (Invictus)
Pia fraus habemus
Papam dementat
Victor servorum dei

Fiction of a new false prophecy
Rebirth of an ancient fallacy
Speak softly for it is heresy
To utter a word without invoking His name
Fear of a faceless god
We'll cast the martyr aside

Red queen in a white hat
Fear taking the crown

In service to His Madness we will all be forced to kneel
Before an earthly throne of flesh and bone
A world beyond the pale

Behold the ascent of treachery
Bow down to his mystic legacy
Blind faith is the name of tyranny
A curtain of rot to hide a mountain of shame
Fear is a fragile god
We'll take your terror away

Dead souls in a dead world
Fear serving his will

In service to His Madness we will all be forced to kneel
Before an earthly throne of flesh and bone
Til sanity prevails

Follow me
Into disease
We'll watch the world burning down

In service to His Madness
A walking corpse you'll be
A piece of papal property
Thinking with only one mind you will waste away
A pawn in a masquerade

Sun and moon align setting fire to the sky
A whisper in the darkness telling you it's time to die
You look me in the eye with a whimper and a cry
As the iron fist falls on you