

## Stricken Arise

Morbid Angel

Beneath the spite in shattered minds of the weak  
Breathes the truth the knowing, their faith has died  
Blind and unguided, they wander through desolation  
Through the ashes of the world consumed  
Enlightened by their Hate...  
...Bathing in their Lust  
...Bleeding for the taste of Revenge  
The Stricken Arise  
Festering deep inside manipulation  
Beyond the light, the shadow's fall, this prison's hold  
Awakened and growing, Beyond what eyes can see  
Tasting the rebirth the Crowning of our King  
Enlightened by their Hate...  
...Bathing in their Lust  
...Bleeding for the taste of revenge  
... Thriving in their Hate  
...Writhing in Disgust  
...Feasting on their Weakness  
We Rise...  
The path of Blind Faith. The path of Idolatry.  
Their path of meekness  
My wrath of Sickness  
My wrath of Disease  
My wraths Dismantling  
Hope of life  
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