

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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