

Twisted

Phinehas

You breed malice into your pews
Like death you never have enough

Spewing your poison
over the four corners of the world
You're twisted in knots
pouring salt in every wound
Spewing your poison
like seeds of discontent
Flaunting your hate
as a means of backwards religion

Hell is not low enough to contain your depravity
Hell is not low enough to truly describe where you're heading

Your mouth is a festering wound
Never shut long enough to heal
Like death you never have enough
So your thirst will be quenched
It's just a matter of time before you beg due recompense
All the hate you spew will not save you before them

Death you never have enough
Like death you never have enough

Fall to your knees
Your redeemer's robes won't save you
and even your rules betray you
You breed malice into your pews
and make them suffer under your abuse

You breed malice into your pews
Like death you never have enough

Fall to your knees, Pharisee
and burn

Your mouth is a festering wound
Never shut long enough to heal
Like death you never have enough
So your thirst will be quenched
It's just a matter of time before you beg due recompense
All the hate you spew will not save you before them
Depart from me for I never knew you