Mass Distortion

Enter the stairs to this last hope Never know what's hiding behind Thought the flames and tortured corpses Were illusions But it's a mirror where you topple to the master Ceremonies which crushed the altar A priest in a shattered pulpit Your simplicity for your feebleness Will be punished for eternity Take comfort... you're not the only one This suffering is for masses Incarcerated in a building grizzled machinations Never more a shelter... your god is distorted MASS DISTORTION... the end in everlasting fire

The Blood