

Mass Distortion

The Blood

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