

Sins Of The Tempter

The Forsaken

Screams of oblivion shadow the sun
The breed of Tartarus
Slayer of Balaam descends
Cast down to the snake wreathed margins of Sheol
Animating in subterfuge
Like the hound that bestrides the Witch of Endor
You roam the bottomless pit of Hades
You exult at the moans of a 1000 whores
Trading their souls for torment and gore
Forsaking virtue for decadence
Their sunken eyes wide with greed
They worship your deceit crawling at your feet
Vengeance is your father
Slander, your bride
We delight at the misfortune of one another
Our sins, your pride
Your hands carved the annihilation of Hiroshima
You danced on the graves of the dead at Srebrenica
Your voice echoed from the blazing guns at Vladivostok
The sheep who cradle final solutions; your flock
For 40 days you mocked the Redeemer
Yet your enthronement shall never be fulfilled
For while we the weak and pitiful succumb and falter
He shall stand forever supreme and tall
Vengeance is your father
Slander, your bride
We delight at the misfortune of each other
Our sins, your pride