

Infinite Forms

Thy Art Is Murder

I am the everlasting prophet of destruction
I walk the earth
I stalk my prey and seek my vengeance
Like filthy plagues you flee my grasp and seek your shelter
In finite forms your weakness crumbles to my power

You are the parasites
Your time to decay
You recoil from my face, my form, my ever present being
Fearful of my gaze you grasp for something true
No false idols
No wretched priest to cast away
My everlasting tyranny

Plagues
I pull the space around this vessel for your life
The only essence of my being
I rip through time to seek the origins of you
This worthless attempt at humanity I despise

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I am the prophet
I am the abyss
Don't fear my immortal disease
You will feel my gaze

I am the infinite
I've come for your destruction
(?)
I stretch the time across the universe to search for where you hide
Irrelevant in immortality I shake the earth

I am the prophet
I am the abyss
Don't fear my immortal disease
Feel my gaze
Feel my gaze,
Feel my gaze,
Stare into the abyss
I stare back,
Stare into the abyss
Feel my gaze

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