

Man Is the Enemy

Thy Art Is Murder

They fed you the lie and you swallowed it
Rabid ignorance, no remedy

You weren't given the crown
You merely borrowed it
The sword is drawn
Man is the enemy

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As above, so below
The pits fill of the fallen
As above, so below
We deepen the graves that we crawl in

Repentless, the violence shall be relentless
Unyielding chaos heaves its hooks into the bones
Sentenced to serve, the spine comes unnerved
A blood oath to the ruinous throne

They carry the curse of the land
Into the caverns of the hallowed mind
The grace of the feral hand
Grows frail, withers and desires to die

The flies will feed
Upon the fields of marrow
No salvation
By swarm they are swallowed

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By swarm they are swallowed

As above, so below
The pits fill of the fallen
As above, so below
We deepen the graves that we crawl in

The agony is endless
Centuries of flesh
Fall victim to sword and twisting tongue

The sun retreats to the cold
As the deceiver of souls
Yearns for what is to come

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