

The False Prophet

Thy Art Is Murder

Behold.

The beast arises from the depths of hell, sent forth to harvest
the

Christians.

And lead them to a kingdom of evil away from their god.

Before you stands a man, but beneath the flesh, stands a worthl
ess

creation.

Mortal slaves forced to serve, they pray to god, hoping he will
forgive

their sins and save them from damnation.

The art of deception serves the prophet well.

Gathering gods, servants like lambs to the slaughter, turning t
hem

against their lord, they will march against their creator.

Fuck your god!

I stand before you calling out your god.

I am the Prophet.

Speaking in serpents tonuge.

Before you stands a figure, but beneath it's shell stands a fal
se

prophet disguised by shadows.

A servant to the dark lord, brought upon this earth to destroy
humanity, driven by hate and vengeance, betraying their messiah

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they follow Satan's chariot to Babylon.

The time has come for the armies of god to defend the holy one.

Satan's army is on the other horizon, waiting for the horn, unh
oly

crusade against their creator, leaving god no choice but to era
dicate

his own.