

# The Son of Misery

Thy Art Is Murder

I, the child of light  
Siren of sanity  
Scepter of the realm of absolute morality  
I breathe the fire of the gods  
The wisdom of the wicked  
Consuming all  
Carved out from stone  
Commandments of deception  
Ten lies to lead the weak  
A tyrant to the congregation  
Gather the flock  
Bring them within the holy spire  
Give them death, give them sin  
Give them fire  
Only ashes left to burn  
Nothing shall return  
Our destiny defined  
Nothing will survive  
Feed the mouths of sons and daughters  
With the carcass of your father  
Nothing will survive  
Immortal relic  
Raised to the heavens  
Guide them by flame  
Return unto me  
I, the child of light  
Siren of sanity  
Scepter of the realm of absolute morality  
I breathe the fire of the gods  
The wisdom of the wicked  
Consuming all  
Bound, the heart of man  
Enslaved to the lamb of Christ  
Warmed in the furnace of hell  
Cerebral sacrifice  
Lay down the plow, pick up the sword, embrace the blade  
Sewn the seed of judgment, now taste the fruit of the crusade  
Only ashes left to burn  
Nothing shall return  
Our destiny defined  
Nothing will survive  
I, the child of light  
Siren of sanity  
Scepter of the realm of absolute morality  
I breathe the fire of the gods  
The wisdom of the wicked  
Consuming all  
Into the ether, I dissolve  
Demon to dust, I evolve  
Encase my body in the flame  
Embrace the failure, embrace the pain  
Tear away at the fabric of the universe  
Accept the limitations of what we truly were  
Transform, the fire set me free am reborn, all hail the son of misery  
Hail the son of misery