

Vile Creations

Thy Art Is Murder

Vile creations
Bearing the crest of the dark
Shaped by the flames that gave birth
Born into suffering
Weakened and left to rot

Crushed by the depression of humanity
Your blood barely circulates
Now claimed by the despair and agony
You too will burn with your faith

Forge your malice for my creator
As your body blisters below
Claw at the walls of your prison
Let this hatred grow

Sever the vine of faith
To drain all of it's life
So proudly put upon his throne
By the blind and weak alike
It will be undone

Sever the vine of faith
To drain all of it's life
Cleanse this Earth as the fire darkens the sky
It will be undone

I will reveal him
To drown his children in hatred
I will reveal these fucking vile creations

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You too will burn with your faith

Entombed in flesh and bone
You too will burn with your faith
Entombed in flesh and bone
You too will burn with your faith

Birther failures
Broken minds
Doomed to rot
Born to die

A flame with hatred he burns below
Entombed in flesh and bone