

## Dark Creations, Dead Creators

Vektor

Conjurers of the old abyss  
Mystified the distant serpent's hiss  
A spark of life into imagined forms  
A spark of faith and a lie is born

Death to the immortal realm  
False truths propagate fear  
Death to all religion now  
And the fools who can't see through the clear  
Death to all those who confound  
And regress our people as a whole  
Death upon this bloodied ground  
Sever the hand of His stranglehold

Dark creations from ailing brains  
Fiends of falsehood that cannot ascertain  
Truth from logic in modern times  
Cut the baggage of this profound lie

Only the truth will survive

Death is raining down from the abysmal clouds  
Of their minds  
Give the apocalypse to the believers now  
It's about damn time

There's no life in your false creator

Believers of the lie refuse to see the gain  
With their eyes  
Slaves lying motionless in broken, bloody chains  
It's their own demise

There's no truth at all in dark creations