

Fall Of The Hypocrites

Whitechapel

Bleeding from the anus
Now you know what it truly feels like
To be an unholy abomination
I'm not even close to being done with you
This is for the people
Multiple counts of murder to be deemed legal
This is gonna be your last night alive
So bend over, squeeze tight and try not to cry

Just relax
I know it hurts
But remember what you said
Thank god for the dead
It really seems
That you should get on your knees
And thank god for me

Gather all these hypocrites
Bury them in vomit and shit
Picket their deaths and celebrate this glorious fall
The fall of the hypocrites

You know who you are
Everyone sees right through those hateful scars
It's a matter of time before we right these wrongs
We can start by using my chainsaw
The tongues come out first to prevent venomous words
Then we'll cauterize them and hang you by your necks
Behold the eighth wonder of the world

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