

Father Of Lies

Whitechapel

Tell me all the things you want
I shall prove myself among the wise
I have failed you
Grant my wish I beg of thee.

For I have done all the deeds you have asked of me
That whimpering wretched whore who birthed your adversary
I retrieved her head and mutilated every last remain
The blood of the innocent I have spread with no fucking
remorse.

How dare you interfere my monumental wake
Forever keep these words from my mouth.

I will become the father of lies
Holiest of holy I ensure your crucifixion
Enlighten me O noble one of your mendacity
Give me clearest view of your so-called commonwealth
We are your foes, annihilators of the sky.

Limb from limb, the rites are carved into your forehead.
Limb from limb, engorged into your psyche.
Limb from limb, I smell the decrepit stench of your
demise.
Limb from limb, humanity will be destroyed.

My procreator I have warned thee of my prophecy
Until that day, stand your fucking ground,
My procreator, stand your fucking ground.