

## 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.