

Brainstorm

Morbid Angel

God's transform me
This storm will cleanse me
Civilized I shall not be
By this holy strain of laws I fall below the earth
I smell the ancient's breath
The fiends encircle me
They speak my name in tongues For I'm no human now
I burn the ways conform
The gods are pleased with me
They speak my name in tongues I am the seer
I know the texts divine
Thunder words
Demons race into my eyes Azazel, lend to me your wings of twelve
I shall fly into the storm
I, son of fire, in anger become
The lightning bolts that strike the earth I am the seer
I know the texts divine
Thunder words
Demons race into my eyes

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>