Mass Distortion

Blood

Enter the stairs to this last hope
Never know what's hiding behind
Thought the flames and tortured corpses
Were illusions
But it's a mirror where you topple to the master
Ceremonies which crushed the altar
A priest in a shattered pulpit
Your simplicity for your feebleness
Will be punished for eternity
Take comfort
You're not the only one
This suffering is for masses
Incarcerated in a building grizzled machinations
Never more a shelter
Your god is distorted
MASS DISTORTION
The end in everlasting fire
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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