# Death Of The Meek

## Death Angel

Best be prepared to meet your maker
Best be prepared to face your god
Justified unholy nightmare
Crucified of pride, you're robbedNo escape, it's too late
The hammer crashes down
Do or dieCauterize to stop the blood flow
Still these tortures just begun
Eternal seconds keep on repeating
Charred retinas, a black collapsed lungNo escape, it's too late
The hammer crashes down
Do or dieAll your fears
Won't match the wasted years
Of isolation in due time
I will ingest your kind
Quench my starvationAll present and accounted for
Hush, do not speak
For tonight I raise a glass
To the death of the meekWe are the chosen
And we bare the sign
Their weapons are useless
Our weapons our mindNo you can't believe
How you will inspire
Soon set to be free
Our blessed desireYou won't be imprisoned
No, you won't be ashamed
You won't be stripped of your language
Or your family nameNo more inner demons
No more bitter spite
No more of the blood stained walls
Of your ancestral prideComatose, your eyes grow vacant
A paralyzing fear that builds
Stripped of your pathetic icons
Robbed of your heroic willArtifact, your way of thinking
Your bones hang up upon my wall
Another fallen empire
The most self-righteous one of allNo escape, it's too late
The hammer crashes down
Do or dieIn due time I will ingest mankind

Quench my starvation

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