

The Psychotic Thought

Eighteen Visions

Death to your king in his glorified horror, killing time
Bathing in his own beautiful sin
Kill your maker and the shadows will unleash
A forgotten soul, releasing theThe human nature of a bloodbath, born by the night
Let them take praise to this extinction
Who wears the horns now?
The psychotic thought that you gave us
Kill each other, kill each other, I will kill youHe has spoken with a forked tongue
The prophecies begin to unfold
He has spoken with a forked tongue
The prophecies begin to unfoldYou sold your soul to the devil for a day
And now your kingdom has fallen to his reign
Don't you know?
You're the devil's advocate, Satan's psychotic thought
In this dying hour of life
The prophetic one leads the non-believers into war, yeahYou, you had it all planned out
And I, and I saw at winter's solace
That you, that you tried to freeze hell overLaugh at me while I burn in ecstasy
Laugh at me while I burn in ecstasy
Laugh at me while I burn in ecstasy
Laugh at me while I burnOne, one true Armageddon
God, God is his own Antichrist
God, God is his own Antichrist

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