

# Purging Of The Wicked

## Sea Of Treachery

The stench of charred remains,  
cascades outward,  
draining life from,  
huddled masses.  
Black out their names.  
forget their faces.  
without a trace,  
they disappear.  
They prayed for this,  
such intrinsic,  
beneficial,  
genocide. This life (this life) is so full of possibilities  
that we  
(that we)  
must purge  
(must purge)  
ourselves of this disgrace.  
please wait!  
perhaps  
we should think this through?  
but you  
make haste  
to provide for us all.  
(Provide for us all) This place is hell  
and can't be ignored.  
i hold out hope.  
such blatant disregard  
for human life  
won't be ignored.  
I hold out hope.  
such empty promises  
to your people.  
they'll turn on you.  
Your day of judgment will come.  
I felt the burden  
of demons on my back.  
instead of angels  
Taking me from this...  
the screams of children

echo from the prison,  
conveying torture  
and regret. Make them suffer  
for their crimes.  
the time has come to...  
Pay the price.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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