

Cleansed In Pestilence (Blade of Elohim)

Morbid Angel

Travesty the way the wretched stand
Upon the earth blind in their ignorance
Embracing the slavery of their
minds
Soulless voids of being, left wandering
Take this blade of Elohim

Drain the life from within these fools

Release the soul, within the flesh
Saviours your name we celebrate
Tortured by Deities, they hold no
relevance
Forlorn, they shutter at their shrines
Enslaved by the weakness of their minds
Their crippled prayers,
have left them smothering
Seize this, The hand of our God

Drain this life the burden of these fools
Release the soul, from within the flash

Cleanse the soul, of their lives
Cleanse the soul of impurity
Sickness Unyielding pestilence
Sickness infests the
meek
Sickness bound by deities
Sickness formed by lies[verse 1]

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