

# Chambers of Dis

## Morbid Angel

You give praise to the statues of gods  
Dispirited, they hear you not  
You give offering to metal and stone  
Dispirited, how can they respond?  
The faith disheveled  
Temples distained  
You praise the mere shadows of gods  
The word, discolored and vain  
And the Gods, they know you not  
They come when the Spirit speaks  
But your words disdainful  
Words spawned by the cultureless beings  
Disclaimed by the once attentive Gods  
Disarmed, the power words are empty  
Your way being left to the winds  
Bitter is the wailing of the sheep  
Even now the memories are dis  
Barren, the temple's reason was loss  
In vulgarian was it swallowed  
The mundane, so disbanded they are  
Not of purpose can they find  
The Great Mother, as if a criminal  
Disaffiliated from One's people  
Unwelcome like the rival of a culture  
Removed, unwelcome She stands  
Disarrayment of the Values' Core seeds discord  
For now fulfillment cannot be formed  
And the sheepfold mourn  
In the forge of our will we manifest ourselves  
Empowering our world  
Yet the fables of a failed faith  
Show the effects of this spiritual dis  
Empty, the Gods disavow you  
Understanding you have lost  
For what fulfillment can you possibly hold  
In the end of such means  
Caught in the chains of enslavement  
But these chains you do not know  
You hold the Key to the Truth

But these chains they dull your mind  
Shackled by the falsifiers  
They share with you only the shadows of things  
You commit to serve the mundane  
Society's slave but you can not see  
The Spirit so laden in the net of thorns  
Entrapped by the other's spells  
I speak, but you're ignorant to Me  
Can you not see what you hold  
They respond to the potent will  
Of the Most High Standing  
And being unchained by decision  
Assemblage of the Ancient Way  
With Incantations, manifesting our will  
Expanding our Being

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