

Servants of the Gods

Hate Eternal

Let it be told
That our penchant for blood
Is sacred in designLet it be known
That our penance for our gods
Is pure and unifiedHeed not for our sins
For our sins hath no path
Of impurities
For it is I who will conquer
This plane of existenceHeed not for our scrolls
For our text hath no path
Of deviation
For it is I who will transcend to
This plane of existenceWe must appease the gods
For fear of obliteration
We fast as part of our offerings
As we pray for the sun and
The rain to appearI shall exact my revenge
For I am the top of the hierarchy
Heir to a tradition of unification
For I am the mother and the father
And the heart of our domain
I am the wiseman
I am a thing of evil

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