

...And the Weak Shall Be Crushed

Dying Fetus

On The Altar Stands A Priest With Bloodstained Hands, He Curses Himself In Denial Of What He Has Done,
But The Worst Has Yet To Come, Within The Book It Has Been Written, Those Deserved Shall Be Forgotten,
But The Ones Who Have Heard Nothing, They Are The Pagans? Recite Verses From The Text, Control The
Darkness, Ancient Laws Malefic Chants, Disembodied And Damned, Embrace The Words Ethereal And
Unforseen They Seek To Be Heard, Rhetoric I Now Resist I Live To Expiate...Undergo...Rise To
Grace...Haistaa Vittu!!! Unbeknowing To The Priest Beneath The Floor, Inside A Coffin Exists The Remnant
He Seeks, The Nun Is Dead, How She Bled, Died In Me, Serving My Needs, He Exists Embodied In One, On
Her I Lay And Start To Pray...Satisfy The Need With This Unyielding Spite, Purified Through Pain It's Just A
Way Of Life, Tribute To The Sane In This List Fille Rite, Extrication!!! Falling To His Knees...Pray, Pplease
God Answer The Question Why You Gave, I Asked Not For This "Gift Of Life" I'm Born Only With The Wish
To Die

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