

# Bastard Son Of God

## Bloodbath

He is hater of the rotten earth  
He is the nova that will drape the sky in woe  
We drink from his poisoned water  
He is lord of those who dwell bound in sickness  
Spitting vomit in the face of faith  
Cleansing us who must atone for being weak  
We drink from his poisoned water  
He is the shadow cast upon those defiled  
Victorious call, it will not befall  
No salvation is free, death comes beckoning thee  
Encircle thee, voices come in wind  
Son of perdition, you come beckoning me  
The sky embedded in the death of a nova  
Effigy is seen in a second of light  
No voice in the crack of his mouth  
Bastard son of God

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