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 sicknessSpitting 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 defiledVictorious 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 meThe 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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