

Liege of Inveracity

Suffocation

Forced into your mind, passed down through the centuries

Cultures will collide, holy wars for what?

Holy book of God, holy book of lies Chanting scriptures in vain, hoping to allow to rest

Hopeful peaceful life, compassion all but gone

Effigy of what's to come, hopeless, worthless dreams

Sorrow scars your brain, end the weak, all is dead Come, see my light, misguided fools, I shall guide

Grant thyself, all your minds, liege of inveracity

Follow still you will, puppets to take your Lord

Only gaining faith for an imminent demise Reduce your wretched mind

With these false prophecies

Now I will prevail

All servants left to rot A new race I will now create

As I end their pitiful lives

My destiny has only begun

To torture future minds

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