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 liesChanting 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 deadCome, 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 demiseReduce your wretched mind
With these false prophecies
Now I will prevail
All servants left to rotA 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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