

# With Their Flesh, He'll Create

## Gorguts

God itself, for him has always been  
A stupid, grotesque person worthless to believe in  
With the help of his sick morbidous studies  
He denied god's existence with demented theoriesHe can revive, imortalize  
The coldest flesh now dead for a whileLimbs of those forgotten  
Structures his creation  
Which now awaits  
The omnious resurrection[Lead: Marcoux]The light of life, through his syringe glows  
Soon, in the veinsm the soul will flow  
Injections in a body once deceased... Re-animates  
The flesh-made puzzle soon will start to breathe  
RegenerateRemoving stiffness in every limb  
Metabolism of life has started from within[Lead: Lemay]Terrified, he beholds  
The rise of his creation  
Guided by an artificial soul  
Zombified, uncontrolledWith their flesh, he'll create...  
With their flesh, he'll create...Remnants of the dead  
Structured his creation  
Which has failed  
The omnious resurrection

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