

# Cleansed in Pestilence (Blade of Elohim)

## Morbid Angel

Travesty the way the wretched stand  
Upon the earth blind in their ignorance  
Embracing the slavery of their  
minds  
Soulless voids of being, left wandering  
Take this blade of Elohim

Drain the life from within these fools

Release the soul, within the flesh  
Saviours your name we celebrate  
Tortured by Deities, they hold no  
relevance  
Forlorn, they shutter at their shrines  
Enslaved by the weakness of their minds  
Their crippled prayers,  
have left them smothering  
Seize this, The hand of our God

Drain this life the burden of these fools  
Release the soul, from within the flash

Cleanse the soul, of their lives  
Cleanse the soul of impurity  
Sickness Unyielding pestilence  
Sickness infests the  
meek  
Sickness bound by deities  
Sickness formed by lies[verse 1]

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