

Father Of Lies

Whitechapel

Tell me all the things you want
I shall prove myself among the wise
I have failed you
Grant my wish I beg of thee
For I have done all the deeds you have asked of me
That whimpering wretched whore who birthed your adversary
I retrieved her head and mutilated every last remain
The blood of the innocent I have spread with no fucking remorse
How dare you interfere my monumental wake
Forever keep these words from my mouth
I will become the father of lies
Holiest of holy, I ensure your crucification
Enlighten me O noble one of your mendacity
Give me the clearest view of your so-called commonwealth
We are your foes, annihilators of the sky
Limb from limb
The rites are carved into your forehead
Limb from limb
Engorged into your psyche
Limb from limb
I smell the decrepit stench of your demise
Limb from limb
Humanity will be destroyed
My pro-creator I have warned thee of my prophecy
Until that day, stand your fucking ground
My pro-creator, stand your fucking ground

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