

Day of Suffering

Morbid Angel

A call to take your hand
For I'm at one with the dark
How dare you come with me
And again you must die
So ancient curse known to me
Behold the powers I unleash
Upon your throne
Know my words, feel my hate descend
Lord of light
I will swarm against you now
Gods perverse
Wicked at my side
Misery
Thorns to lance your every word
Nazarene
Now I crown you king in pain
Suffer