

The Son of Misery

Thy Art Is Murder

I, the child of light
Siren of sanity
Scepter of the realm of absolute morality
I breathe the fire of the gods
The wisdom of the wicked
Consuming all
Carved out from stone
Commandments of deception
Ten lies to lead the weak
A tyrant to the congregation
Gather the flock
Bring them within the holy spire
Give them death, give them sin
Give them fire
Only ashes left to burn
Nothing shall return
Our destiny defined
Nothing will survive
Feed the mouths of sons and daughters
With the carcass of your father
Nothing will survive
Immortal relic
Raised to the heavens
Guide them by flame
Return unto me
I, the child of light
Siren of sanity
Scepter of the realm of absolute morality
I breathe the fire of the gods
The wisdom of the wicked
Consuming all
Bound, the heart of man
Enslaved to the lamb of Christ
Warmed in the furnace of hell
Cerebral sacrifice
Lay down the plow, pick up the sword, embrace the blade
Sewn the seed of judgment, now taste the fruit of the crusade
Only ashes left to burn
Nothing shall return
Our destiny defined
Nothing will survive
I, the child of light
Siren of sanity
Scepter of the realm of absolute morality
I breathe the fire of the gods
The wisdom of the wicked
Consuming all
Into the ether, I dissolve
Demon to dust, I evolve
Encase my body in the flame
Embrace the failure, embrace the pain
Tear away at the fabric of the universe
Accept the limitations of what we truly were
Transform, the fire set me free am reborn, all hail the son of misery
Hail the son of misery