

## Vile Creations

### Thy Art Is Murder

Vile creations  
Bearing the crest of the dark  
Shaped by the flames that gave birth  
Born into suffering  
Weakened and left to rot

Crushed by the depression of humanity  
Your blood barely circulates  
Now claimed by the despair and agony  
You too will burn with your faith

Forge your malice for my creator  
As your body blisters below  
Claw at the walls of your prison  
Let this hatred grow

Sever the vine of faith  
To drain all of it's life  
So proudly put upon his throne  
By the blind and weak alike  
It will be undone

Sever the vine of faith  
To drain all of it's life  
Cleanse this Earth as the fire darkens the sky  
It will be undone

I will reveal him  
To drown his children in hatred  
I will reveal these fucking vile creations

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Your blood barely circulates  
Now claimed by the despair and agony  
You too will burn with your faith

Entombed in flesh and bone  
You too will burn with your faith  
Entombed in flesh and bone  
You too will burn with your faith

Birther failures  
Broken minds  
Doomed to rot  
Born to die

A flame with hatred he burns below  
Entombed in flesh and bone