

Sons of Vipers, How Will You Escape the Judgement of Hell

A Plea for Purging

Fear your drama to the serpents,
your lies.
Your stench fills the air,
your lies.
Oh this city is yours you say?
Well hide behind your walls cause your city is crumbling down.
Body Count,
How many more would have to die with the kiss of a viper?
Mock me.
Stalk my words.
Wait for my move.
I smell the fear on you.
Raise your glasses high cause you won't have the hands that hold those cups for long.
Wear your face.
Wear it well.
No flesh could hide what's inside.
Wear your face.
Wear it well.
No flesh could hide that which is behind.
Life not designed by your words,
Spit out your filth,
It doesn't add up.
Now your time has come.
Creep back to your hole.
Two hundred fifty steps of sorrow.