

Rape The Children Of Abel

Ancient

In due time you will feel my wrath
There's gonna be a macrocosmic psycho bath

Babylon whores, decrepit emperors
Suicidal self-loathers filled with terror
Enchanters of the immaculate hate
Trapped inside a neurotic cave

Beware oh children of Abel
When the end is plain to see
Even though you tormented me
I'm stronger than you could ever be
When darkness comes I'll be set free

Mesmerized by the thokkian vortex
Horror in my limbic cortex
Mystified by the thokkian vortex
Panic in my limbic cortex

Alone I felt the talons
Of my deep depression
Gnawing at my wounds
No hope for solution. So I shed my tears
And cried to the winter moon
Will there be no end. To my self-inflicted doom?

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I rose above the penumbral cloud
I journeyed into the third dimension
Obtained antideluvian wisdom
And found the path to my salvation
I found the path to my salvation...

Through the tunnels of the astral womb
The darkest corner in a tryptamine room
Visions appear in their most vivid hues
And show what is hiding inside of you. In due time you will feel my wrath
There's gonna be a macrocosmic psycho bath

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