The Ancient and the Vile

Deathchain

They wouldn't understand even if they looked
Into the mouth of madness
They wouldn't comprehend
How small they are
Nothing would be different
Even if they understood
Darkness that surrounds is far greater
Than it ever could be

Lifeless – yet moving through ancient paths
Purpose – to fulfill this being with pain
Enslaver – of all creatures small and great
Releasing – only those pure in mind

The blind shall follow and obey
Slaving through night and through the day
Kingdoms taken away from man
Incineration guided by deaths hand
It loathes all good and clean
It spreads the flies and disease
The unworthy creatures it hates

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Feeding – on the flesh on dying gods
Sinking – mankinds hope is sinking now
Strenghtening – those strong in mind
Anti-human – slowly reaching it's goal

They hold tight to their beliefs and symbols
Choking by the chain around their necks
A stolen idea kept as something of their own
Lies upon lies to keep the crowds satisfied
Nothing on nothing does not make sense
The ancient and the vile are the ones
To break this uillusion

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Demand a life without slavery
Our deaths will be remembered

Deny the manmade deities
Our will carries us on
Expand all your knowing
Our strength is not in numbers
Gather all your knowledge
This will be our strenght

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