

Throw Of The Fetters

Deivos

Logistics of threat filled with subjugating doctrines
" Feed on worms and praise us, lords 'til death do us part "
Sick suppression taking control

Slumber no more, opposing ways shall collide
Filthest purity against purest filth
Choking with loud laughter at mindmelting devotion,
we conquer the very highest of worlds

But your will is nothing and your world is falling
to pieces. Red light's coming on
Merchants of fear have found the input to your mind
You're fucking sinking

Industries of deception - clean profit on the rot
Slime, which they force right down your soul,
decays you from inside
The mother of all diseases sets in, distributing fear

Disfigure their order, defile their ways
Oppress them with terror and sever their flesh
The conquest is ours, the hereafter is theirs
A sanctified delusion to which they cling

How they want our freedom when putting us in irons
Shitworld's waiting for the blind
Antechamber of bliss supreme is their place to be in
Watch the liberators freeing them from life

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" Feed on worms and praise us, lords 'til death do us part "
Repel this fucking rot or be crushed
between the grinding cogs