

Maledictus

Distant

We are doomed
In this world of the serpents
I am the omnichrist
I am the answer for this pain
And agony for centuries of treachery on

My Rapture
My Sword
Never worthy of the deprivation

Oh mother, oh father
Please beg for your souls
Let me make the martyrs for my sins out of you

Bite through the sorrow
Bow to your god

I'll take your kingdom with my legions of serpents
I'll take my revenge on my father and Higher Planes
All that is sacred is lost forever in the Void

Take my soul

I am rotting through your mind
I am the cure

Take me