

Malice

Distant

Force fed by the blasphemous propaganda
Guided by the lies of humanity
Spreading the infection across consuming population
We are nothing but a processed cattle, willing to kindly sacrifice itself

Blindfolded eyes seeing nothing but a wall of lies
Born into exile, you're just born to die

I drain all the light of salvation
With no hope
Suffering
This endless damnation
Decay for eternity
Cast into the oblivion
Surrounded by the pitch black void

Children of a forsaken cosmos
They have carved their own tombs from the marrow of existence
Transforming this world into a sepulcher of eternal anguish

In the symphony of chaos
Both architects and captives of their own demise
Forever entwined in the intricate dance of creation and destruction

Bastard nations hungry for souls and complex satisfaction
You are nothing but sheeps guided by fake prophet
You will have to suffer from this endless devastation
I have made this world our only grave

Bastards children hungry for souls
We have made this world our only grave