

The Source

God Module

I have nothing to say to you
No words left that sound true
Your morals are your demise
I don't need permission to fuck with your mind

I won't listen to you anymore
The useless babble of a used-up whore
Another world waits under the stairs
Beyond all the lies you tell in your prayers

Can you see what I see?
Can you hear what I hear?
Visions of destruction, the sound of fear
The source of my evil is inside of you, dear

Bloodstains black on your red hands
Speaking in words you don't understand
Cutting yourself to pass the time
Pretending that the monsters are all in your mind

No method to control your fear
Why should you hide if I'm already here
No exit, no escape
It's not just your precious soul that I'll take