

# Kingslayer

In Dying Arms

I was birthed by a god  
And sent to hell by angels  
Adopted by mortal flesh  
And I, I was raised by machines

I was raised by machines  
I was birthed by a god

I've come to seek my revenge  
Another child was left for dead  
To live on the streets with the wolves  
And to bleed out all of his wounds

Rotting eyes  
Perceiving matter in a paradox  
Condemning the unorthodox  
Deceived children  
Born of clay  
Molded in his image  
Given mortality  
You are deceived  
Forced to believe that you are the chosen  
You are just a drop amidst the ocean

You're just an insect  
Breeding wings that could never fly  
Insect  
Finding the way just to burn and die  
Weakling

I'll bring you suffering

Knowledge is power and you own half of it  
A processed coward with counterfeit habits  
A bottom feeder sitting oh so high  
You are nothing but a puppet in disguise

Carbon copied clone  
Mindless drone  
Can't even think on your own  
Climbing up a pile of bones  
Craving a view from the top of the compost  
The human compost  
The compost of human flesh