

Blessed Are the Sick

Morbid Angel

Havahej another me born to serve
To plague and moan
So many years my seed condemned
No free to soar!!!

Will is yours? So, creator
No intend could shadow
My disease... Ever lusting pain

World of sickness
Blessed are we to taste
This life of sin

My touch is inhumane
Nocturnal beast inside
Is void of light
And empty shall remain