

For No Master

Morbid Angel

Gone is the will, gone is the time, the ways of the righteous
Again we will never see them
Gone is the strength, gone is the courage, to deny these treasures
Gone is the way of every king

To no kings have we prayed
To no kings do we bow down
To no prayers do we yield our cleansing
Your gods rejoice in your end

Hear us sing
Of man in eulogy
Mocking the gods and their heresy

In glory of how it soon will be
Mourning no gods, for they will know defeat

Gone is their pride, gone is their hate, gone is every witness
Gone is the need to decide
Gone is all life, gone is the tumor that is human being
Gone is the need for their gods

With no gods do we feast
From no gods do we cower
No prayer will yield our cleansing
This fate no god would change