

## Garden of Disdain

Morbid Angel

No God will claim this garden  
Too sickening to the eyes to see this  
Long ignored my words of warning  
From the world I built, erased  
So it shall know no peace in my time

In absence of my voice for guidance  
In the absence of my hand and whip  
Grew the absence of the knowing  
Unknowing  
Grew the absence and grew the festering  
A boiling abscess that  
Was sure to burst with failure

From a distance I have observed  
Minding my slaves like children  
Absorbing your petty struggles  
Disgusted by your petty lives  
I have witnessed your sleight of hand  
I was betrayed by you many times  
I have craved to bring forth my vengeance  
I have yearned to dismantle this

World of unfathomed treasures  
This garden disgraced by man  
Your ways despised by beasts and gods alike  
All gods agree your ways must end  
They have waited long to see this  
You claim to not need my guidance

Yet you reach for my hand and plead  
Obsessed with your futile struggles  
You are mistaken to think I feel  
From a distance I have observed  
Minding my slaves like children  
Absorbing your petty strife  
Disgusted by your petty life

All gods have left this garden  
These gods have left in shame  
Dismissed and long forgotten  
This world of useless being  
This endless festering