

Paradigms Warped

Morbid Angel

To amend any treasons of the truth
Or of the soul
We the gods of all things share witness
So be it the law
That any being beneath our skies shall
Know our mercy when it is earned
And shall know the wrath of the gods
When it is deserved
Now we decide
These feeble yet volatile human beings have menaced
Beyond what is acceptable
Their yearning to self consume in misery
Has made them every bit expendable
Their reasoning brings questions of their
Understanding, their truth is anything
But logical and I suspect that the facts
Will show beyond a doubt, the evidence is clear to see

I share your hatred and I share in your disgust
I second the motion, beyond a doubt, they are expendable to us
Release all demons of the underworld, release the wrath of all
our kin
Release the demons beneath the soil, let this cleansing now beg
in

Now come our fury upon this world
Now come to bring upon them endless night
Resolve this land of these succubi
These humans, this burden