

You breed malice into your pews  
Like death you never have enough

Spewing your poison  
over the four corners of the world  
You're twisted in knots  
pouring salt in every wound  
Spewing your poison  
like seeds of discontent  
Flaunting your hate  
as a means of backwards religion

Hell is not low enough to contain your depravity  
Hell is not low enough to truly describe where you're heading

Your mouth is a festering wound  
Never shut long enough to heal  
Like death you never have enough  
So your thirst will be quenched  
It's just a matter of time before you beg due recompense  
All the hate you spew will not save you before them

Death you never have enough  
Like death you never have enough

Fall to your knees  
Your redeemer's robes won't save you  
and even your rules betray you  
You breed malice into your pews  
and make them suffer under your abuse

You breed malice into your pews  
Like death you never have enough

Fall to your knees, Pharisee  
and burn

Your mouth is a festering wound  
Never shut long enough to heal  
Like death you never have enough  
So your thirst will be quenched  
It's just a matter of time before you beg due recompense  
All the hate you spew will not save you before them  
Depart from me for I never knew you