

The Last Bastion

Shadow Of Intent

We all ponder how he was bore
Born from the womb of a virgin whore?
The only sin is what you have done and for that you condemn us?

Awaiting the hour of worthy ascension, only to realize deception
The council twiddles their fingers ignoring this plague
You fools it will never leave

You are a bastard of the lowest hell, a truly visceral entity
No wonder you were left behind
Spreading deceptions, feeding ignorance with lies

Our species shall ensure humanity will have its resurrection and evolve once again
You will never have your fucking rapture, only a never-ending search for the answer
Inferi Sententia, you're nothing but a pitiful disaster

The compiled ruins of an unworthy master
You've corrupted our defensive ancilla to believe in your tale

We all ponder how he was bore
Born from the womb of a virgin whore?
The only sin is what we have done, and for that we condemn ourselves
For we cannot see there is no truth behind your deceit
My wife begins the indexing for there is no other option that I can carry out

This is our final bastion, the forefront, the Maginot Sphere
Mendicant Bias entangled in a world of flames comes forward to his creators to shed their blood in his name

By the time we reach the ark it may already be too late for the aeons might be consumed by the ghost of death and despair
And our flesh would replace the stars, death would replace life, we would never be seen in this universe again
All our marks would be forever consumed