

Servile

The Breathing Process

You will witness
I've become the purge infecting the crypts
Baptized in sludge will lead to metamorphosis

As you lie awake
Pray your soul to keep
They'll kill your sons, daughters, mothers and fathers

Make ready to slaughter the sons by the guilt of their fathers
lest they rise and possess the earth
To fill the breadth of the world with tyrants

Nightfall weakens as the legions emerge
Bereft of refuge
Malevolence in masses, sacrificial practice

Submit your will to me, all who are besieged
Under the yoke of slavery
Showered in the blood of children scorned
Vermin and whores
Mutilated and torn

As you lie awake
Pray your soul to keep
They'll kill your sons, daughters, mothers and fathers

You have become material puppets
With every pulse you are now controlled by my dominion
As the sludge begins it's course
This perfection inside is nigh
I am the shrills and the cries
Erect from the stench of dead men

Born from the horrors of life
Strife taken in stride
An awful gift creates a divide
Now I am tyrannical and mad
Angry but glad I was bestowed death

I am whole
I am one
I am God

I am the only revered God
I have seen the sky
There is only I

Amidst the space and molecules of the world
Spreading as one, you will become mine.