

Engineering the Antichrist

Thy Art Is Murder

Darkened Clouds approach the grounds where the innocent victims
await the outcome that could never be foreseen.
They come from beneath earth, they come to block out the sun, t
here will be no redemption, their blood spilled for Satan.
A trail of corpses lay behind them, stench of rotting flesh, th
ey slay all women/children leaving them without their heads.
I share the same addiction to the beast that I can taste, canni
bals they've become.
Infect the population with a plague that would last for a thous
and years,
Apocalyptic massacre, piles of burning bodies lie at the side o
f the streets,
As your bowels give way, your final breath will beg for forgive
ness.
I see the end is near, the streets awash with blood.
They're all dead in the end, no one to be spared.
No one to be spared, evil, Your faith will be your weakness.
Slit their throats,
Drain their blood,
Nothings left,
Look what I've done,
The gates have opened, my reigns begun,
This is my church,
My kingdom!