

Godlike

Thy Art Is Murder

Let the darkness in, swallow you whole
Endless torture hardens the soul
Defy your nature, immolate
Into the dying sun
Chaos reborn as one

From death I came
And to death I shall return
From death I came
And to death I shall return

I feel the lust
Of becoming the beast
The pull of the damned
The fraying of strings
A tomb of sacrifice
No redemption, no peace
For the image of you
Is the violence in me

No hope in heaven, no fear of hell
Your life and your death
Bind your suffering shell
Prisoner of earth, king in the afterlife
We were born
We were born to be godlike

We were born to be godlike

Immortal thirst, oppose the heavens
Eternal calling, welcome the dead in
The myth of peace buried in sand
Forever I roam through the valleys of the damned

From death I came
And to death I shall return
From death I came
And to death I shall return

No hope in heaven, no fear of hell
Your life and your death
Bind your suffering shell
Prisoner of earth, king in the afterlife
We were born
We were born to be godlike

(We were born to be godlike)

I feel the lust
Of becoming the beast
The pull of the damned
The fraying of strings
A tomb of sacrifice
No redemption, no peace
For the image of you
Is the violence in me

Embrace the beast inside you

Embrace the beast inside you

No hope in heaven, no fear of hell
Your life and your death
Bind your suffering shell
Prisoner of earth, king in the afterlife
We were born
We were born to be godlike

We were born to be godlike
And god is vacant in me