

Winans Phase 2

"Forcefed Into Blasphemy"

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The air is black, gazing at your stone cold forest
In near reach, dazed staring down at nothing
Wondering what you must see
They pray for your salvation
I know your true destiny
Sitting by a root of life
Branches grasp my soul
Praying hands mean nothing to me!!!

Satan whispers
Heed your blood to me, I shall give you eternal life

Flames spitting forth their movement
I stare, wanting your powers
The forthcoming mist
Lying in a field of tear
Unconscious hatred black my mind
Why! Why!
Faith is for the weak, faith are lies
And give Satan your full mortal lives!

Rape religion

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