

Dark Sermon

"Testament"

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Sacrilegious and unholy
My hand continues
To feverishly scrawl words
I would never dream of speaking
Onto scarred and bleeding parchment
I am torn
Between the kingdoms of Heaven and Hell

Quartered by angels and demons
My shredded flesh rests in heaps
Pecked at by doves and crows alike

My very soul is oppressed
For this battle is far from over
There is no devil on my shoulder
For He has comfortably made
His home inside of me

Unsuccessful exorcisms
Are attempted in vain
For a tortured soul
I remain

I am but a vessel
An extension of His blackened sway
Imprisoned in my own mind
Held at knifepoint and forced to transcribe

His will
His wicked word
His will
His wicked word

I frantically whisper prayers to God
When I find myself alone
But the malicious one
He will soon return
He will soon return

I frantically whisper prayers to God
When I find myself alone

But the malicious one
He will soon return
And I will meet punishment

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