

A Plea For Purging "Sons Of Vipers, How Will You Escape The Judgement Of Hell"

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Fear your drama to the serpents, your lies
Your stench fills the air, your lies
Oh this city is yours you say?
Well hide behind your walls cause your city is
crumbling down

Body count
How many more would have to die with the kiss of a
viper?

Mock me
Stalk my words
Wait for my move
I smell the fear on you

Raise your glasses high cause you won't have the
hands
that Hold those cups for long

Wear your face
Wear it well
No flesh could hide what's inside
Wear your face
Wear it well
No flesh could hide that which is behind

Life not designed by your words
Spit out your filth
It doesn't add up

Now your time has come
Creep back to your hole
Two hundred fifty steps of sorrow

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