

Acrimonious

"Gospel Of Perdition"

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It cuts so deep.

In flesh and mind, a horizon of confusion,

With soul I hail the king of keys.

See Him.

With sceptres rising, cuming your precious cunts, to
see you all in tears, not of joy, but of sorrow.

Devotion to his blood, conquerors and those who were
conquered..for his crowning spew plagues to the
seeing, but (also) to those with no eyes.

I feel nothing, but the blessing of Satan, to destroy and
wither.

A servant who burnt by the Devil's Mark.

For the key to your gate brings,

Salvation through Perdition,

Salvation through Death.

Behold!

Divine!

Come forth and Shine!

Grasped by horns of sorrow, yet caught by veils of
pain, drowned in the thousand swamps of the sacred
holocaust.

See Him.

With sceptres rising, cuming your precious
cunts, to see you all in tears, not of joy, but of sorrow.

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