

Acrimonious

"The Curse Of Eden"

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And fire is chosen to be, among the silent flesh, just
whispering in a need for torture, to deify the deeds of
the Lord.

And Death is chosen to be, to brace our hearts with joy
at the sight of hungry slaves, piercing the hearts of
children!

And as the fruit of life seem ruined, He penetrates your
soul with disease, formless institution of raping.

As the flames burn my eyes with Thy rays, the fires
shall rise as the flesh of Christos fades.

And let their trinity rule the world, Iesus Nazarenus
Rex Hebraiorus.

For his blood blessed the blind in sin, for his blood is
my vomit, a divine sparkle to descend the sleepless
snake.

Holy fire was chosen to be, among the burning flesh,
just whispering in a need for healing, to beg for mercy
from their lord, to deify the deeds of our Lord!

And death is chosen to be, to brace our hearts with joy,
at the sight of hungry slaves, piercing the hearts of
children

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