

Alas, Tyranny

"The Talent Of Deceit"

Visit "[The Talent Of Deceit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lies, misery, a hatred in disguise
Tyranny in death, the ruler of the skies
Elysium, Paradise, lies for your denial
A lasting impression to fool the mind

Murder, conscience, a void of morality
Possession is mine, the talent of deceit
To inhabit a host, a soul in my command
The victim I seek is a mask for my hate

I have found a soul, the perfect host
A creature of comfort, afraid of his future
My murderous intent will drive him to his fate

Young and naive, ripe for the taking
In want of need, liberation in passing
I know the truth is an enemy of mine
Shut off your mind and come with me

Bow down to my creed, sign on this line
I won't make you: You'll give up for free

Taking your heart, stealing your soul
Subversion to my cause: Give till it hurts

I have won the mercy of this man
The guilt, the power of despair
I am God to this fool
Mental degradation

Murder, conscience, a void of morality
Possession is mine, the talent of deceit
To inhabit a host, a soul in my command
The victim I own is a mask for my hate

Bow down to me

Visit [Alas, Tyranny](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.