

## At Vance

### "Worshipper Of A Weak Lord"

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I bring you life, I bring you death.  
Moments of happiness, years of awful tortures.  
You are a devote slave, chained.  
Pain is a true feeling, it is the answer of mistakes you  
made.  
You worship him, you cry.  
Never he will come back to you.  
Lost creature, dust in the wind.  
Listen to the voice of the deadly abyss.  
Your thoughts circle around and your views are full of  
fear.  
It is the taste of your own blood.  
Wet is it, wet and warm.  
I bring you life, I bring you death.  
Moments of happiness, years of awful tortures.  
You are devote slave, chained.

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