

Artemesia

"Script For The Play"

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A Banquet Of Brine Is The History Of
This Putrid Inhuman Nation
True Belief, Disbelief
Both Shall Sink Into Oblivion
Only The War God's Names Can't Be Forgotten
Cause They're Inscribed In Your Flesh

On The Edge
I Hold The False Prophet's Heart In My Hands
It's Heart Of Mine
The One Of the Inferior Race

Since The Beginning Of Time
It Has Ruled Human Feeble Minds
Come Take A Walk With Me
Gaze To The Past

Downward To The Halls Of The Elder Gods
You Still Hear Someone's Pleading Screams
Look At Their Names
Carved In Tormented Flesh
Of Those Who've Been Tortured And Killed
Here's Something To See
In This Bleak Gallery
In This Alley Of Frozen Remains
Crippled Statues Of Dead
Made Of Sacrificed Flesh
In The Name Of Those Who Ruled Here

Black Chronicles, Apocryphal Tales
An Eternal Struggle Of Greed And Belief
And Atrocious Crimes For The Faith
It Does Not Matter How You Will Be Crucified
On the Cross Or On the Inverted Cross, Be Sure My
Friend,
The Pain Will Be The Same Anyway

We Are Mimes In This Play
Vicious Dance Of Decay

Powers Of The Divine

They're Playing With Us

The Low Forms Of Life

The Slaughter Of Millions
Beyond My Belief Is What I See

With Blood-Spattered Banners
We March To Die For
What We Are Worshiping

We Are Pawns In Their Game
In This Hideous

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