

Bane

"Inherited Infection"

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Through the lands called life we can barely see your
prophecies realized
Too many aspects are against your pathetic lies
Our bodies filled with emptiness praise the facts of
your mortal desires
To become more illusional than any kind of wisdom
you'll never possess in your minds

The received wickedness is so natural an pure
Through generations I'm keeping this secret as the
truth
Your prayers will never wash it away
The filth in your blood can only guide you through this
path

An unborn pestilence, a forgettable code you know
By spilling your own blood, we never suspect
In the false fluid you generously drop
Preparing the upcoming, making them more vulnerable

And they will only serve me as their maker
For an eternity I shall infect the newborn ones
Receive me as your guide, feel me through your genes
of mortality
Expect an unpleasant voyage called reality.

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