

Corporation 187

"Provoking The Prophet"

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You make me want to break your face
Just pull the spine right through your mouth
I must degrade your god and his holy grace
To say you're sorry is to late
(You must know how I hate)

So now the war is on

It's sad to see that you believe
I spit on faith and on your kong
I must degrade your god
And his rotten lies
Provoking is the only way

Peeling your skin with my hands
So dead but yet so sweet

Rip it out
The heart of your son
Taste the blood and justify
Understand all the misery
You're in charge of our misery

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