

## **Dissection**

# **"Son Of Mourning"**

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Evil son, spread your wings of deepest black  
Spit on God, may His lies be forgotten

The son of the mourning, a gift to our earth  
Christ stands tall no more, so bestow your force upon  
us  
Gaze into the wall of these restless souls  
Eternally lost in fear of your Godforsaken son

You have tasted suffering that dove of life has died  
Paralyzed and terrorized by the fear you feel inside  
Caught within the floods of blood, evil, departed sea  
Immortal but now it's like to forever bleed

We saw the truth and it's the draining of the blood o  
O your false redeemer  
The mourning son has now control, so what if it's evil?

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