

Dying Fetus

"...And The Weak Shall Be Crushed"

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On The Altar Stands A Priest With Bloodstained Hands,
He Curses Himself In Denial Of What He Has Done, But
The Worst Has Yet To Come, Within The Book It Has
Been Written, Those Deserved Shall Be Forgotten, But
The Ones Who Have Heard Nothing, They Are The
Pagans? Recite Verses From The Text, Control The
Darkness, Ancient Laws Malefic Chants, Disembodied
And Damned, Embrace The Words Ethereal And
Unforseen They Seek To Be Heard, Rhetoric I Now
Resist I Live To Expiate...Undergo...Rise To
Grace...Haistaa Vittu!!! Unbeknowing To The Priest
Beneath The Floor, Inside A Coffin Exists The Remnant
He Seeks, The Nun Is Dead, How She Bled, Died In Me,
Serving My Needs, He Exists Embodied In One, On Her I
Lay And Start To Pray...Satisfy The Need With This
Unyielding Spite, Purified Through Pain It's Just A Way
Of Life, Tribute To The Sane In This List Fille Rite,
Extrication!!! Falling To His Knees...Pray, Pplease God
Answer The Question Why You Gave, I Asked Not For
This "Gift Of Life" I'm Born Only With The Wish To Die

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