

Eighteen Visions

"The Nothing"

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Swallow me as I become
A living blaspheme
Force fed by your tyrant
Choke on the lies of the ancients
So you are the demon to design my fate

Disguise yourself as
An angel of god in his revolution
Spread your disease

Vesseled body
You've consecrated yourself
A missionary, now pray for me
To burn in the inferno of hell

Force fed by your tyrant
Choke on the lies of the ancients
So you are the demon to design my fate

Don't pray for me bitch
Don't pray for me Elise
The spoken word is that of the one who thinks
And how you think that you know me

Swallow me as I become a living blaspheme
Call his name in silent screams
Dethroned by a blackened sky
And even heaven has a black day

Show me the way to light
And truth as your almighty fucks you
Into unconsciousness
Five more angels fall from heaven
Swallow

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