

## **Enfold Darkness "Dead In The Brine"**

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Aeons have passed through the clasp of pain  
And bowed to fate's empowering will  
It all started with the Sumerian priests  
The rites of Babylon  
Hatred grew when only the few we're allowed my  
salvation  
Mystery - the taste of euphoria blew and  
Fellated with rusty nails  
The whole time they were fooled as their mouths  
Quickly drooled at the sight of my plague they've  
wrought

Next it passed to Romans fools and then the Israeli  
The holy roman empire ruled at the hands of  
My catholic church - My leash  
Dead in the brine - Their tombstones sent  
Ticking time it quickly was spent as the dark ages  
accrued  
Inquisitions and holy wars grew  
Worship me or die

If they only knew  
I sit and laught uncontrollably -  
Revelation was the book that so warned of me  
Writhe in pain, let them hang - As they suck on me  
If they only knew  
I could see them approach with theirs ships from afar  
Their destiny to manifest bought  
With sickness surmounting at a all new high  
Decimation of the natives now on neigh

And why? To be them? To free them from fate?  
Or to further their income gain?  
Indeed  
Dead in the brine - Their tombstone's sent  
Dead in the brine - No time to repent

Bring upon the storm of the final battle  
And dread's dark altars  
Even after all the pain received they still believe in me  
When Gog and Magog - My partners in destruction  
Gather in destruction gather in place to

Further the assumption  
Temporary achievement through material and  
weakness  
Their Achilles heel  
Dead in the brine - It was their fate

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