

Epicure

"Vision Divine"

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I know all, mind set in stone, as I gaze in awe beyond
the sky.
Vision divine came to me, who we are, one true answer
is mine.
Around us all revolves, all that came to be.
At his mercy all dies, enforced by the deity.
Blind leads blind, prophets revealed, declares answers
that he can =
Never know.
Faith completes eyes are now sealed, all explained
man's existence =
Controlled.
>From man's mind born a god, figurehead bestowed.
Now he no longer sees, beyond the shell of his earthly
throne.
Divine right lost and retrieved, one more fool to explain
eternity.
The laws of what was, is, and will be, reclaimed
refabricated =
Belief.
A god dies one more born, from the mind of man.
Once again truth denied, blind fools.
Strain to see beyond their grasp.
Song: Hate
I hate you and your kind, burned in me through time.
Every facing thing about you I learned to despise.
A vision etched in me, you I do not see.
Just another random face, one of the enemy.
Conditioned to despise, aggressive sense of pride.
Replace the murdered unity, a quest to end your life.
And as I see you fall, your life crumbles away.
I am only glad that it's you instead of me.
>From an early age taught the way it's meant to be.
Molding of my mind into a blur of hating fear.
A world of black and white, clean divisions of the
human race.
Now I go to fight for my land the only thing I've ever
known.
It burns, inside, these thoughts of vengeance
smoldered in my mind.
The blows, repressing me to keep me under hold.

Your hand, contorting, my emotions for so long.
Enough, my hatred for your oppression explodes.
Now rise, to fight, our vision blurred, our anger to
unite.
No fear, intimidation pushes down deep inside.
As one, we ripped to shreds the Czar that held us
down.
In awe, the proud new owners of the tyrant's throne.
Conscious of the adrenaline that overrides my fear.
Aware of my developed power, my calculating mind.
But blurred are my perceptions as I complete the final
kill.
Animal inside me wins, my origin in time.
Drenched in sweat I wake, another vision of my morbid
past.
Knuckles white, a grip of fear recedes but still reside.
Forever changed, the hatred twists my mind into a
fractured state.
Servant to my god, my country, slave to dark emotions.
Thought.
Unknown.
Diseased minds, brainwashed through the passage of
extended time.
Born into intimidation, watched in every move.
Turbulent, the hate inside me tapped I will explode.
Used, enraged, I now become a valued tool, my inner
self controlled.

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