

Fleshgod Apocalypse

"Post-Enlightenment Executor"

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Hard and strenuous is the fate of whom
In the void of his soul
Searches something that he can't ever reach, cult

Punishment for the masses
Horrible hellish grief
Infinite grinding anguish
Corruption of the writs
You must deny

Once in the storm you'll be filled by the coils
Of a mishearing rule of the unwise
Lost in the haze of illusory prayers
You are forced to inhale your despair, cult

Prejudice made pretence segregation of the law
Gorgons and preachers, pour themselves in deadly
pits
Shiver of an ultimate all-damnation in the storm

Your impatience to reach an incoherence facing fear
Samned by assentence to something unmerciful
Full with pain of chocking obstinate and dreadful sins

I devastate cults
As the oracles lie
I starve with my scorn
Humiliating your failing god,
Where I march I evage

Exorcism of seed of madness is lost
In the depths of your pain
Morbid anthems of decaying purity, cult

Indoctrination's striding
Moves like a nemesis
Intoxication crisis
Rejected neurosis
Destroy the wretched

