

## Byzantine

### "The Filth Of Our Underlings"

Visit "[The Filth Of Our Underlings](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The filth of our underlings  
Shall never nourish me completely

Our knowledge is bending our brainwaves congealing  
Force feed thge piety that humans are bleeding  
Silk purse from a sows ear is what I'm knitting  
Nourishing off the fat of our rendering

Hail to our underlings  
Our destinies embraced  
Surrender unto our abysmal weight  
Toiling away  
Collapsing into a servile state

Mouth of komodo shall harbour our healing  
Poisons the serum as our sores are revealing

Hang nerves to dry to dampen the feeling  
Rendering for self-symbiotic feeding

Hail to our underlings  
Who knows not to fight  
Peel back the scabs to blind them all with light

The filth of our underings  
Shall never nourish me completely

Visit [Byzantine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.