

# Leviathan

## "Merging With Sword, Onto Them"

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The essence of seraphim  
Merging with sword, onto them  
And the seamless garment like the morning  
Dipped in the blood of men  
Made as the filth of the world  
And overwhelming to direct vision

Becoming the agents of torment  
Veins filled with the serum of prophesy  
Becoming the agents of torment  
Eyes weeping the tears of prophesy  
Become the agents of torment  
Ears filled with the semen of prophesy

Ultimate acts of perverted intimacy  
Nary a soul left without the punishment  
Mountains now full of yours  
Surrounded by their own graves  
Let no warning sound from the trumpets of gold  
Become the beginning of the end for the land of the living  
Delivered to death those of the whole of the globe

From the death of all  
Also claims those who call for it  
And none shall escape this

Be as shadows amongst the nations  
And cause great mourning

Wings upon wings upon wings  
Cause men to die  
Filled with iniquity and perfection  
Swallowing the holy mountain of god  
And it's fiery stones  
Incense down from capsized center  
Raise this voice to the ashes of the world  
Still hemorrhaging from the intoxication of rhema  
Dwelling within the hand of desolation  
Merging the sword, onto them  
The heir apparent  
And inflicter of delicious agony

The whole of the human race  
Gone as T-lymphocytes

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