

## Mystic Prophecy

### "Sowing The Evil In Our Hearts"

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Thou hath created religion.  
A seed of intolerance sown in the human heart.  
The most noxious convictions.  
Thou hath created gods.  
Skulls piled to build churches.  
Suffering in the name of.

Never ask a satyr the sense of life.  
Nobody can answer thy why.  
If living is suffering, hide it's meaning.  
Thou hath gone so far in the road of madness.  
After two thousand years, living in tears.

Sowing the Evil in Our Hearts.

Thou hath created laws.  
To rule thy unjust world.  
Then I created thy chaos.  
Thou hath created political science.  
The principles of moral enslavement.  
Then I created thy irreverence.

Sowing the Evil in Our Hearts.

Sowers of martyrdom and pain.  
Golden castles ruin in rain.  
The ten commandments are insane.

Sowers of schism and disgrace.  
Priests have no faith.  
World fall down in disgrace.

Never ask a satyr the sense of life.  
Nobody can answer thy why.

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