

## **Nephasth**

# **"Conceived By Inhuman Blood"**

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The blow of the wind that erase your prays  
It brings the dust of a perverse thought  
I prefer to die in free will  
Instead to drown in rotten lamentations  
Tear the pages of your fears  
Become your own thought

Headed to the power I went down  
Because of the envy of those that preach the  
misfortune  
Sometimes I can feel that your disillusion make me  
stronger

I am conceived by the blasphemy  
Conceived by inhuman blood

The reading of the filthy book  
Can blind a true thought

Your blind hand can't discern an act of freedom  
I suffer the anguish for the wisdom  
I take with me a revenge traced by hate  
Heading to dominate

I destroy the stones in my road  
Fear my acts if you are still alive  
Then you will see my immortal victory  
And you will die rusted for the envy

I am conceived by the blasphemy  
Conceived by inhuman blood

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