

Pathogen "Warchild"

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For you have the power to set me free
To force me to live again.
But once it ebbs, reforming to night
Something shall still remain...

"Control shall rest upon our shoulders"
Cry the fools
But it will live when they are buried...
Buried in their tombs.

Sacred life was tainted with fret
As the wind blows, so shall I wander
Un-named, known by none
Un-needed, but there forever
Passed by all, behind your kind
Filled with desire, filled with the rage
To create the being of desecration and fulfillment
No-one knows the darkness that could be inside

Hypocrisy bleeding dark
Abandoned burning spark
Innocent warring child
Guilt-ridden fading smile...
Fading smile

Warchild come to me
Inferno set me free

Staying with none, it hurts them still
The infernal disease that rots it's thoughts
You who follow the path set for you
Led by the blind, you lose your sight
So fill me with your morals
So fill me with your lies
You who dare to call it lost
Will it care for their petty cries

For you have the power to set me free
To force me to live again.
But once it ebbs, reforming to night
Something shall still remain...
Remain...

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