

Paths Of Possession "Engulfing The Pure"

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You called it down
A bloody wrath
A finger points to the distant horizon
You try to scream
With bulging eyes
Your feet are frozen in your steady barren hole
A blinding light
A flash of heat
Those who are there disintegrated immediately
Melted masses with an idiots faith you fall

Let it burn down
All hallowed ground
There are none that are exempt from this selection
I wear m mark
A wrinkled scar
A wound that's deep enough to call upon this judgment
Your god is a fool
And your prophet is doomed
You think that soon you'll awaken in the heavens
As you burn alive with all your brethren

And in this, the chosen have been cleansed
Unaware of their time
An eastern wind carries the sweet stench of decay
May we mark it in flesh

With none alive, you are the witness, I am the fire
You are afraid, you should be, I am the burn
Your searing pain, I know it well, I am the fire
You are afraid, you should be, I am the burn

I am
Engulfing the pure
Engulf the pure

You can look inside yourself for the answers
But you will never know the purity of this hour.

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