

Pentacle

"Prophet Of Perdition"

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Created before creation, the mother of all wars
Indicement against purity, the father of impiety
War-lusting spirits, embodied in flesh and soul
Marching through the gate of agony and trample down
life's gift

A deity without a mortal form,
craving for insanity pure
A struggle within the soul,
consuming dignity as a whole
The roaring without sound
penetrates the void unknown
Possessing the sanctum of innocence,
riding the infernal winds
It's the bearer of seed of what is being called "war"
It's the voice without any sound

It's the thought which drives one insane
It's the hand which ends your reign
Now, you've reached the point
where no humanity is left
A servant of utmost extremities
is what you have become at last
The horrors of insanity
The acts of inhumanity
The bestial thoughts of a war-torn mind
The indifference of a destructive kind
Worshipping the realm of war and serving it with all
your might
Through iron and lead you'll proclaim the word of
terror and fright
Bearer of the Seed

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