

## Sympathy "Adorned In Apostasy"

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City of man, built by thieves, arrayed in splendor  
Stealing away the souls of men for your own pleasure  
Casting down their spent lives, you eat their flesh  
Consuming all, redeeming none, filled with death

Church of wealth, built by blood, filled with pain  
Raping your own little ones for cursed gain  
Cannibal, entrap your prey, consume your fill  
Helpless, they relied on you to protect their youth

Have you not secured the lowest regions of hell

Have you not secured the lowest regions of hell  
Has this not ensured your endless torment

The distraught you leave in your own wake of chaos  
They shall one day arise and rip your flesh  
Then will their angels rejoice in their justice  
On that day will the grave take the apostate  
That day shall wounded souls deal their torment

Do not go unto her all you who are weary  
For your soul shall find only decay, torment, disease  
and ill  
Nor offer to her your soothing comforts  
For evil has purchase of her heart and she has become  
forsaken

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