

Deicide "Servant Of The Enemy"

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Picture you a sight unseen, vengeance fills my head
satisfy my lust for blood when i see you dead
you were never what i would, something i won't sought
now that you are gone for good you have been forgot
feted the lord of death, as a deity
fuck you and your son of god, failure you will feast
bible the book of blood; it will be denied
servent of the enemy, its your turn to die
die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die
now i lay me down to sleep, pray no one my soul to
keep, if i die before i wake, i want your lord to stay
away
guide me not or take of me, internal torment i forsee
in his name i will not know, or follow him where he shall
go

die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die
in the name of god leaving us alone
raining fire in my life in hopes that i'll conform
all i fear is nothing new, death is something dear
wait the hour that i go your image disappears
feted the lord of death, as a deity
fuck you and your son of god, failure you will feast
bible the book of blood; it will be denied
servent of the enemy, its your turn to die

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