

## Teramaze

### "Wail Of The Whortodox"

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Lo do ye wretch'd despair.  
Lo do ye worthless cry.  
No grace awaits thee,  
Our days rise!  
Whine like beaten dogs for stench'd messiahs.  
Choke out fearful begging cloth'd in fearful prayer.  
Submit your weakn'd worth to wolvern priests,  
For prostitut'd rot veiled as faith.  
Strike feebly at the gates of tepid hope.  
Leprous grasp falls short of your seeping god.  
Feed upon the scraps of splinter'd cross,  
That even scavenging raven shall not touch.  
Wail you whorthodox of drown'd and conquer'd child.  
You have been judg'd found wanting.  
Crucifying nails remain to hold you up,  
For you have been judg'd found wanting.  
No sparing god awaits your final days.  
Your stone commandments now lie in ember'd dust.  
Desperate slaves of parasite lost,  
Screeching at your law is broke and fell.  
A blind eye in return for your lie.  
A razor'd moth at the neck of your truth.  
Rise oh weak to you inherit'd earth,  
What remains in the ash of your eternal reward.  
Clutch at your fellow failur'd kin,  
In great rapture worthy of your god.  
Whine like beaten dogs for stench'd messiahs.  
Choke out fearful begging coth'd in fearful prayer.

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