

Thy Art Is Murder "The False Prophet"

Visit "[The False Prophet](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Behold.

The beast arises from the depths of hell, sent forth to harvest the Christians.

And lead them to a kingdom of evil away from their god.

Before you stands a man, but beneath the flesh, stands a worthless creation.

Mortal slaves forced to serve, they pray to god, hoping he will forgive their sins and save them from damnation.

The art of deception serves the prophet well.

Gathering gods, servants like lambs to the slaughter, turning them against their lord, they will march against their creator.

Fuck your god!

I stand before you calling out your god.

Before you stands a figure, but beneath it's shell stands a false prophet disguised by shadows.

A servant to the dark lord, brought upon this earth to destroy humanity, driven by hate and vengeance, betraying their messiah, they follow Satan's chariot to Babylon.

The time has come for the armies of god to defend the holy one.

Satan's army is on the other horizon, waiting for the horn, unholy crusade against their creator, leaving god no choice but to eradicate his own.

Visit [Thy Art Is Murder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.