

Thyrane

"Ways Of A Parasite"

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In the filth of your failure, still suppressive
The overlord's standing supreme
Wounded through time, still it's breeding
Your beckon call ignored

Not of the divine, still it's drinking your wine
A parasites' vanquish in the light
You are the well that waters his hatred
Upon your sins he is feeding

The sins you made
When Adam got laid
Your life is a bitch
Because Eve got paid

...and the truth shall set you free...

Liar
This blade I give to thee
I put my trust in you
Deep in you
May your blood keep it warm

Liar
The ways of the parasite
Not for your eyes to see
As your icon withers
Odin carries the prophecy

Fire forever

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