

Trigger The Bloodshed "The Infliction Of Tophet"

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As Lucifer himself reigns over, a demon possessed
with control,
Forcing desecration on those who oppose him,
President of death, of destruction,
Denounced genocidal wishes, rush through his brain,
As each, sickening action strikes the world with pain,
His fixed prominence an outrage,
As the first and second worlds struggle,
To overthrow the false graduation,
Forged with lies he stands surrounded, within a shroud
of terror,
His dark iron fist convulsing, grappling the throat of
normality,
A dictator of the underworld, conducting visions of a
bleak eternity,
As he annihilates the innocent, and gives them nothing
to believe in,
Upon his orders, hordes of minions, seek to destroy,
Fracturing everything, crushing the skulls of the just,
Crushing the skulls of the just,
Dominantly prosecuting the people of his blood
Violating the tenacious, shattering his own rule
The incestuous angel of the dark,
Tearing away, their lives, their families, their homes,
Until this descentation of hell, has been exalted by the
earth,
Corrupting isolated infant minds, from gestation to
their birth,
Expecting obsequiousness, this abated fool remains
strong,
Whilst he rests on a fabricating bed of sin woven to
cocoon,
No saviour has toiled to overthrow this exasperating
lord,
Abdication strikes not in his mind as he intoxicates his
realm,
As his Godforsaken inhabitants, reminisce on
rapturous halcyons,
Desperately clenching precarious sanity,
Anterior to, the conquest of this fiend.

