

Ulcus

"Near God - Closer To Hell"

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Thou serpent speak nothing but lies, with thy holy
infested tongues. But
Thou shall never touch my spirit, thou rapist of
misguided souls.

Awakening from the cursed trance. Sinning through
free spirited dance. Rebel
Searching for strength inside. Banished thrown out
from the light.

Preach not of right and wrong. Lecture not how life
unfolds. Speak not of
Peace of mind. There is no truth it's not to be found.

Terror through spiritual persecution. Judging all
individual solutions. But
I fear not your threat of damnation. Instead I gloat of
your pity pray for
Salvation

Preach not of right and wrong. Lecture not of how life
unfolds. Speak not of
Peace of mind. There is no truth it's not to be found.

A prisoner of belief in hot red sand. Trapped in the
desert, no sight of
Moist land. Self-contradiction is the water that keeps
you alive. But it
Tastes so bitter, the drops that dry out your faith.

The thought of nothingness frights you. A darkness
where no one listens to
Your twaddle. A solitude place, that never ends. But
you're prepared, cause
You're already dead.

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