

## Whitechapel "Father Of Lies"

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Tell me all the things you want  
I shall prove myself among the wise  
I have failed you  
Grant my wish I beg of thee  
For I have done all the deeds you have asked of me  
That whimpering wretched whore who birthed your  
adversary  
I retrieved her head and mutilated every last remain  
The blood of the innocent I have spread with no fucking  
remorse  
How dare you interfere my monumental wake  
Forever keep these words from my mouth  
I will become the father of lies  
Holiest of holy, I ensure your crucification  
Enlighten me O noble one of your mendacity  
Give me the clearest view of your so-called  
commonwealth  
We are your foes, annihilators of the sky  
Limb from limb  
The rites are carved into your forehead  
Limb from limb  
Engorged into your psyche  
Limb from limb  
I smell the decrepit stench of your demise  
Limb from limb  
Humanity will be destroyed  
My pro-creator I have warned thee of my prophecy  
Until that day, stand your fucking ground  
My pro-creator, stand your fucking ground

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