

Atman

"Martyrs, Blasphemizers And The Sick"

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Martyrs, Blasphemizers and the Sick
fruits of thy collective madness
murderous legends and passions without reason

Inferior beings
that before thy ignorance
adore a god
that giveth thee the strength to survive
Living in a full material plane
that every day weareth the way

Thy ignorance maketh blood to flow
Children of the Flesh
Swine! what fault was it of mine
that in no god I did believe

Consecrated temples
loaded down with gold
Open the doors for the world

show thy hidden library
prove that god does not exist
and that everything is a farce
Blaze a trail within thy brains
draw learning from within thyselfes
come to know the Astral Plane
come to know there is no god

Starving Scabs!

Rot in the hell created by thy souls
Â'cause catch me thou shall not
IÂ'm outside
IÂ'm out of thy reach
Thy faith is thy prison and defeat
I, from here, will put and end
to the foulness of religion
Swine!

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