

Morbid Angel

"Brainstorm"

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God's transform me
This storm will cleanse me
Civilized I shall not be
By this holy strain of laws

I fall below the earth
I smell the ancient's breath
The fiends encircle me
They speak my name in tongues

For I'm no human now
I burn the ways conform
The gods are pleased with me
They speak my name in tongues

I am the seer
I know the texts divine
Thunder words
Demons race into my eyes

Azazel, lend to me your wings of twelve
I shall fly into the storm
I, son of fire, in anger become
The lightning bolts that strike the earth

I am the seer
I know the texts divine
Thunder words
Demons race into my eyes

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