

Morbid Angel

"Chapel Of Ghouls"

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You give praise to the statues of gods
Dispirited, they hear you not
You give offering to metal and stone
Dispirited, how can they respond?
The faith disheveled
Temples distained
You praise the mere shadows of gods
The word, discolored and vain
And the Gods, they know you not
They come when the Spirit speaks
But your words disdainful
Words spawned by the cultureless beings
Disclaimed by the once attentive Gods
Disarmed, the power words are empty
Your way being left to the winds
Bitter is the wailing of the sheep
Even now the memories are dis
Barren, the temple's reason was loss
In vulgarian was it swallowed
The mundane, so disbanded they are
Not of purpose can they find
The Great Mother, as if a criminal
Disaffiliated from One's people
Unwelcome like the rival of a culture
Removed, unwelcome She stands
Disarrayment of the Values' Core seeds discord
For now fulfillment cannot be formed
And the sheepfold mourn
In the forge of our will we manifest ourselves
Empowering our world
Yet the fables of a failed faith
Show the effects of this spiritual dis
Empty, the Gods disavow you
Understanding you have lost
For what fulfillment can you possibly hold
In the end of such means
Caught in the chains of enslavement
But these chains you do not know
You hold the Key to the Truth
But these chains they dull your mind
Shackled by the falsifiers

They share with you only the shadows of things
You commit to serve the mundane
Society's slave but you can not see
The Spirit so laden in the net of thorns
Entrapped by the other's spells
I speak, but you're ignorant to Me
Can you not see what you hold
They respond to the potent will
Of the Most High Standing
And being unchained by decision
Assemblage of the Ancient Way
With Incantations, manifesting our will
Expanding our Being

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