

Otep "Serv Asat"

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Serv asat, serv asat, serv asat

To exterminate the plague soiling my brain
I put the pen to the pad until the madness drains
'Cause words are colossal aggressive not docile
Infectious like a brothel, no need to get hostile

Calling all apostles, united we stand
They bleeding out they nostrils, I'm wicked with hands
Throwing vicious combinations, witness devastation
I just fucked your soul annihilation

Feel the sensation tickle and grow
Spreading over your mind and taking control
A noble savage on a rampage war is all that I know
Feeding hungry heads defeating all your heroes

Art saves, make the pain a weapon you can use
Art saves, make the pain a weapon you can use

From the moment I wake it rains grenades
So I scribble on the page and reality fades
I walk the Scottish moors with pagans on forest floors
Test the sacraments and conjure up thunderstorms

I hunt with Cernunnos and dance with satyrs
Conquer Rome in a day and battle armored invaders

Infested with ticks this existence is shit
All these traitors in the trees while the napalms drips
Words burn their lips like old roach clips
Holy as I infected by this

Art saves, make the pain a weapon you can use
Art saves, make the pain a weapon you can use

Serv asat

I liberate the devils in my head
Through the paragraphs crafted by my pen
These demons drip on the page
My blind, multi-eyed children of rage

I could'a took a bat to the back of his head
Or dropped a napalm bomb on the bed as she slept
But I split and wrote it down instead
At least now you know who you're fucking with
I'm sick but I'm free, you're weak and I'm built for the
siege
Burn

Art saves, make the pain a weapon you can use
Art saves, make the pain a weapon you can use

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