

Fit For An Autopsy

"Wrath"

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Rise
I shall rise on these heathen wings
Upon
The fall of his entangled woes
Flames
The cold embrace of the beast that swallows worlds
Truth
That's raping all I reign

Stripping all the faith from the disease you have
created

A new beginning causing chaos for the human race
A cleansing of the weak and feeble
The ones unable to release their righteous ways
Saving themselves from the game of lies

We will strike down all the angels
Strike down
Self righteous fools now rise

I shall rise on these heathen wings
Flames
The cold embrace of the beast that swallows worlds

You alone have been led to believe in certain ways
And I am forthright in my deliverance of pain
I am calling out to you, who cannot hear
I sift through the sands of man
To end the work of demons

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