

Prophet

Boondox

Pray for the sick, the wicked
The hypocrites afflicted

Pray for the sick, the wicked
Rainin blood, rain in hell
Bring the end of eternity
The hypocrites afflicted
Would you cry?
Would you die, lie, sin, and burn for me?
Pray for the sick, the wicked
Fall down on your knees and scream thy name
The hypocrites afflicted
Burn mothafucker, burn up in flames

I slit your motherfuckin throat bitch
Choker, you're my enemy
On your busted knees, silent screams bitch while you bleed
Turnin' to the afterlife I lead, just follow me
Demon full of semen, plant my seed which swallowed me
Born a bastard child straight out the womb of perdition
Seen as an apparition by the fools who have no vision
And cursed to walk the earth, to view the birth of all the nations
First and feeling hurt, destroy the worst of all creation
When fear itself won't fear itself but you deny it for yourself
Nonbeliever, save yourself, you're denying fear of hell
But unbeknownst to hypocrites, you're burnin with your shit, the piss
Denial with your ignorance won't save you unless you repent
When I was born and sockin skulls and steel was meltin pockets
Just a glance, your necromance
State more lies with guns and rockets
When you hear the trumpet sound, turn your head, look to the skies
When I creep up right beside, kiss your cheek and watch you die

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Melt down on your knees
But will you bleed for me, conceive for me
As for cures to cancer, I don't answer, disbelief for me
Hypocrite bigots, hateful cynics want eternity
Take your hate and wait, go conversate down with a burning tree
Water turned to blood but just to drink it is all good
Corpses ridin' on the street but you still thinkin it's our hood
Ignorance is bliss, but still a kiss can't get delight
Just as quick as slittin wrists, a jealous fist with a knife
And you still want forgiveness
Bearing witness to transgression
Doing as I will, they'll wipe it down while they confessin'
Just like Saddam, make a mural

Rain down hell and watch it burn
Takin lives like I'm embalmed
Save your children, hope they learn
Tonight I repeat mistakes and fill the lakes with soul and shells
When the horseman slay their face, and death he finally close the bells
And when I take the hands of heathens
Stand the rest, they'll blind the sun
Feed the fools to all the demons
That's my will, that will be done...

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And know the kings of the hearse
The great men
The rich men
And every free man hid themselves
And the deers and the rocks, and the mountains
And said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us
Hiding from the face of him
Sit up on the throne, hid from his wrath
The end is near my friends
Repent or face his wrath now!

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