

The Last Bitter Twist

Coldworker

Your hands are the pestilence
Everything shall crumble at their touch
Lips drip of malevolence
Tirades of hate erupt
Fingers slithering unseen
Reaching for the crown of tyranny
Your breed is old
Archaic, in control
Shepherds to the weak

Lords of the lie
Holier than I
The dogma blurs the vision
Corruption lives within your flesh
Incriminate
High on the hate
Secular circumcision
The willing kneel until their death

The last forgotten fear
Relive the lie

Your hands are at my throat
Choking out the life behind my eyes
Carnal tombs incorporate
Those devoid of life
Risen silhouette of majesty
Induce hallucinating idiocy
The immaculate die
In the day of the hive
The nightfall of my soul

Lords of the lie
Holier than I
The dogma blurs the vision
Corruption lives within your flesh
Incriminate
High on the hate
Secular circumcision
The willing kneel until their death

The last bitter twist
A joke played by god on me
The plug is pulled
And now I start to fade
The last bitter twist
Resurgence of a vicious breed
At last I slip into
The cold embrace of my god

Lords of the lie
Holier than I
The dogma blurs the vision
Corruption lives within your flesh
Incriminate
High on the hate
Secular circumcision

The willing kneel until their death