

God to the Illfated

Devian

Blood on the wall, whipping the thrall
Chain us, regain us - you're better than all

Bled me in vain, disccard as a stain
No honesty, no respect
Who believes in all your pain?

Smother the weak, outlaw the freak
Killanthrope, misanthrope, bare catastrophe
Blood on the wall, whipping the thrall
Action deems reaction you will see

Fuck your lies lies lies, fuck your crucifix
Monolithic six six six

Fallen from grace, thorn scratching your face
God to the ill-fated

That what you've got, all that I'm not
Ache for this, break for this
Leave you to rot

Blood-tasting breath, sleepless on meth
A blister, some transistor -
angelhead and full of death

No fashion demand, tattered and banned
Hostile, defiled, you can't understand
That what you've got, all that I'm not
You want to be us but could never be

Twist and contort the within -
our enemy fears for his skin
Twist and contort to win -
stapleshut to sin the within