

Black Bile, White Lies

It Dies Today

He's reigning down in the shadow lands again.
Born as the bastard son, lost in his own pretension.
Dastardly concerned, yet chipped away in time,
You'll come to find out that your boy is never coming back.

He's reared himself a throne,
So bow to the king of nothing.
Lost himself again in black bile, bow to your king.
His majesty, the wretch.

He's drenched himself in the sweetest of all sin.
Just one more rail he cries, as one foot graces his grave.
Fearlessly inept, a failure from the womb.
Apologies but your boy is never coming back.

He's reared himself a throne,
So bow to the king of nothing.
Lost himself again in black bile, bow to your king.
His majesty, the wretch.

He's failed you all once again, conquered by the poisonous bliss.
There will be no revival this time around.
He's failed you all once again, conquered by the poisonous bliss.
Well, he's far too gone now, too far gone to save.

He's reared himself a throne,
So bow to the king of nothing.
Lost himself again in black bile, bow to your king.
His majesty, the wretch, his majesty.
Bow to the king.
His majesty, his majesty, the wretch