

In the Lies Where upon You Lay

Mayhem

In the century where man dies, We the hunters of the hollow hills
Must put ourselves above pity, Above self deception as law
We must be again as once were, We the soul of the earth
As reaping time descends, The sour grain of mercy withers
Into the night we must go, into the darkest abyss
To a level of consciousness unknown to Christendom
We want life, we crush the dream of heaven
As we bring the blade down, one swift move
We are the chosen ones, chosen by will to life
You lifeliars crawl on your bended knees
As you finally die, you will eventually have lost more

By not living by the sword than what you lose in death
Not by mercy, by strength we end your pity lives
Not by spirit, by flesh we awaken the beast within
Knee deep in your repulsive blood we march
Victorious by the power of our minds and bodies, Watch the twilight of your god
As your system cracks and all your life is DEAD priest
Take a look into our minds, Feel the pulse of omnipotent strength
Take a look into our souls, Feel your life drained of everything that was
Hear my words, feel my wrath, Your death is sweet, All your life is dead priest, DEAD