

Desecrated

The Crimson Armada

We're always searching for the answer be it disclosed in lion's heart.

He smiles as the claimer of freshly driven carnal parts.

This bastard has but stolen the skin of sheep for selfish will.

Temptation's in his whisper as he lightly hums what only kills.
He is the prince of all filth, wearing the earth as a throne.
He is the prince of all filth, crumbling for a crown of frozen thorns.

And so the ancients hath sworn his name, bidding the earth and printing the idol graves.

He brings the end, a warning that will bring us in so we can all watch ourselves die.

So listen to it rot.

Why are the children bathing in his scales chanting serpent names? Broken porcelain glides along the marble floors.

Idol eyes will never turn back to their Lord.

They dance in his coils and chant... and when this intention of death fails its end and makes life hell.

Pray "Send us something to declare from this despair"

The hour sounds for an end.

Watch yourself and your turning belief simply fade and writhe.

He says

"Fall before me like stone.

But the blindness finds me writing and inscribing, carving legends into idol eyes."

The dying sediments doth beg of God,

"Belay my sin and cast this off.

The dishonored sun is boiling my body, pretending I'm dead."

Worship in shame the worshipers of clay when the insipid fallacy is exposed.

This command is from my master.

There is but one and only one God.

And they shall say a prayer.

They'll say a prayer to belie the unspoken scent of a nations mortified worship a thousand years in its dissent.

Wake the ancients so we may breathe again to simply come to live again.

Wake the truth from it's sleepless death.

Wake from a thousand year sleep where the ignorant and blinded weep.

Desecrated, lie in ash as the idols turn to dust.

Desecrated is the prayer that a stone can not indulge.

Desecrated, leave them dying to believe again to simply come to
live again.
Desecrated, they lie in ash.
Desecrated, lie in ash as the idols turn to dust.
Desecrated is the prayer that a stone can not indulge.
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