

Death Dealer

Thy Art Is Murder

In the mist of solitude
Under the rotting leaves
On the forest floor, the olive branch
And the skin shed from the son of Eve

In torment watch it grow
Sprout up into life
The vine of hatred, sewn in my soul
Now fear consumes my eyes

Oh lord
From the serpent's tongue compel thee
Divide in spite
And conquer all in bigotry

Defiled, erased
The dignity in man
Removed, disgraced
Banished by the tyrant's hand

Death defied
Soul divine
Plague of guilt and grand design
Tainted lives in clandestine
Withdrawn from life on the outside

Forsaken
Baptized in blood and sand
Awaken
Malevolence upon the land

Unholy master
Merchant of despair
Rally the weak
Give them their bloodhsed

Faith healer, death dealer
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Kill in the name of your tyrant
Nothing left but cowards in silence

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