

Dark Creations, Dead Creators

Vektor

Conjurers of the old abyss
Mystified the distant serpent's hiss
A spark of life into imagined forms
A spark of faith and a lie is born

Death to the immortal realm
False truths propagate fear
Death to all religion now
And the fools who can't see through the clear
Death to all those who confound
And regress our people as a whole
Death upon this bloodied ground
Sever the hand of His stranglehold

Dark creations from ailing brains
Fiends of falsehood that cannot ascertain
Truth from logic in modern times
Cut the baggage of this profound lie

Only the truth will survive

Death is raining down from the abysmal clouds
Of their minds
Give the apocalypse to the believers now
It's about damn time

There's no life in your false creator

Believers of the lie refuse to see the gain
With their eyes
Slaves lying motionless in broken, bloody chains
It's their own demise

There's no truth at all in dark creations