

Murder Sermon

Whitechapel

Father I have sinned
Forgive me for I don't know what to do
I have become devoid of faith
I am devoid of faith
As I mutter these words into his ear
His hypocritical eyes show me the origin of fear
Suddenly it seems he has lost all faith
In the one who's faulty life he helped erased
He tells me that he can make things right
I take his inverted symbol of everlasting life
And brand it on his flesh, in between his eyes
This is a cold blooded crime
But it just feels so right
The upper hand is mine
And so is his life
On this cold night my sermon be preached before his
majesty
Now overthrown to be silenced by violence
This is not the devil's work
This is my murder sermon, proven to be real
Murder sermon
Murder sermon
On this cold night my sermon be preached before his
majesty
Now overthrown to be silenced by violence
This is not the devil's work
This is my murder sermon, proven to be real
I cannot be changed
You're the one to blame
Stare into the face
Of the one you can't save
So now you've taken all you can ingest
I rip your still beating heart from your chest
Look me in the eye as you take your last breath
I hope your soul never rests
I cannot be changed
You're the one to blame
Stare into the face
Of the one you can't save