

# Blood, Mass Distortion

Enter the stairs to this last hope  
Never know what's hiding behind  
Thought the flames and tortured corpses  
Were illusions  
But it's a mirror where you topple to the master  
Ceremonies which crushed the altar  
A priest in a shattered pulpit  
Your simplicity for your feebleness  
Will be punished for eternity  
Take comfort ... you're not the only one  
This suffering is for masses  
Incarcerated in a building grizzled machinations  
Never more a shelter ... your god is distorted  
MASS DISTORTION ... the end in everlasting fire