

Cannibal Corpse, When Death Replaces Life

Smashing the human horde
Crushing religious filth
Nailing invertedly the ones who plant the seeds
Of doubt
Wasting inherent truth
Confronting an inner hell
Cursing subconsciously the ones who reap the
Seeds of doubt

How can humans play God when all they are are
Slaves?
Their lack of souls will lead them to an early
Grave
Condemned to live a life of unrelenting praise
Their rotted corpse remains when death replaces life

Tearing the vocal chords of prophets that spoke of lies
Unwanted
They are the ones controlling the seeds of doubt

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Condemned to live a life of unrelenting praise
Their rotted corpse remains when death replaces life

Fearing their fate they chose a random date
When all life would cease and rapture would
Release
Trampling the meek the gospel they did speak
Foretelling demise speaking only lies

Feeding the senseless souls of mindless
Inhabitants not knowing they are the ones
Consuming the seeds of doubt
Finding the source of stimulation unnurtured
Realization of fools who will always against their
Will just end their lives

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