

# Deicide, The Gift That Keeps On Giving

Demonic fiend in the eyes of the lord  
A failed abortion to misfortune and scorn  
The kindred spirit with a soul that's possessed  
I walk alone through the valley of death  
Am I a figment of imagination?  
Unknown to myself, the struggling to move on  
Another day over, misery and regret  
Can't wait till it's over, I am better off dead

Your scar will not stop bleeding  
No sign of ever healing  
My heart if filled with darkness  
It's what you always wanted  
This life is not worth living  
The gift that keeps on giving  
A fist of adulation  
I accept the word of Satan-yes I do

Behind these eyes there is nothing to see  
Abominated by my choice to blaspheme  
Demonic forces overriding control  
The time predicted and the hour foretold  
Where is the fear that keeps you closer to god?  
Then I appear and you wish I would be gone  
Covered in terror far beyond your belief  
Never existed, am I only a dream?

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