

# God Module, The Source

I have nothing to say to you  
no words left that sound true  
Your morals are your demise  
I don't need permission to fuck with your mind  
I won't listen to you anymore  
The useless babble of a used up whore  
Another world waits under the stairs  
Beyond of the lies you tell in your prayers

Can you see what I see?  
Can you hear what I hear?  
Visions of destruction the sound of fear  
The source of my evil is inside of you dear

Blood stains black on your red hands  
Speaking in words you don't understand  
Cutting yourself to pass the time  
Pretending that the monsters are all in your mind  
No method to control your fear  
Why should you hide if I'm already here  
No exit, no escape  
It's not just your precious soul that I'll take