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 your 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