

# Morbid Angel, God Of Emptiness - I The Accuser

Lies - And you fill their souls  
With all oppressions of this world  
And all the glory you receive?  
So, What makes you supreme?  
Lies - Your crown is falling  
I offer fantasy  
And you, you creator are  
Blind with envy  
Let the children come to me  
Their mother loves me, so shall they  
Woman, bleeding, ate my gifts  
Man was close behind  
Just like a snake I'm slithering  
Thru my world divine  
And like the cat I'm stalking  
I'll take your soul and You'll  
Be like me  
In emptiness, free  
Just bow to me faithfully  
Bow to me splendidly