

Old Mans Child, Felonies Of The Christian Art

Death in its purest form,
Welcome to the sacrificed world
Those beneath the holy ground
Buried in the dirt of the mortal's sin
Just like a dream in mysterious splendour
Cross the line to dimensional glory
Absorb the light of heaven's messenger
Arise and feel the sensation of monotony
As you grow old and reluctant to fall
Believing a lie of immortality
Life as you know it, soon you shall crawl
Beg for your soul and your sanity
Ignorance, devotion for God
Educated in the art of fraud
Imprinted in minds, they all want more
Let's engage in the art of war
With all means infiltrate and destroy
Make the weaklings suffer
Kill the traitors kill them all at once
Summon the beast and crush'em