

Profane Omen, Dealers Of Guilt

Twisting the truth with a tongue so worthless that even the taste of shit goes to waste, vomit those
Raise yourself to be a preacher; tell the people how to live a sorry life, pretending you're not conde
I hate your guts!

The parasites dealing this guilt with their lies,

I dream of the day when the last of those leeches will die, WILL DIE!

Worthless words from a worthless mouth, but the noise you make heard over the truth.

I'm not listening so quit your endless bitchin'.

Let Me Be!

False preacher, a mail-order Jesus got the answers I don't fucking want.

You're not a master, I'm not a puppet.

Go stare at a barrel of a gun!