

Profugus Mortis, Vile

Vile human
the world, it weeps on your existence.
At just the sight of you, my blood it boils
I see all that you do
I see the poison in you
But you know that few will stand tall in your way

Plant your seeds with evil deeds
Posion more minds
All that you find
Experts in greed, they take all they see
Destroying peace, corroding the innocent
Vile being your heart is black and veins run cold
Love the wages of wickedness seducer

Your life hangs by threads

Fear is how we fall
the fear that we are not strong
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