

Psyclon Nine, Lamb Of God

The children will suffer underneath a cold black sky
A testament to their heathen destruction
Broken teeth on blood soaked soil
From the smiles of religious seduction
Wretched disease only foreplay to pain your fates pre-ordained
Broken soul of a time before time
Put to death but I cannot die
Refuse called from a life of anguish
Spreading disease to kill the sacred Lamb of God