

Saint, The Path

I am the false prophet in tribulation
I'm seeking mighty goals and reputations
I serve the prince of hell
He's not forgotten
And there so many fell
And now they're rotten
I search from town to town
To drag who I can down
Don't step in my path
I've got you in my sights
You can't escape me
I've taken all your rights
My mark will set you free
Just let me brand your hide
Assume my genocide
I stand for all to see
My mark makes you like me
Be my device, I'll quickly kindle a fire
Of wrath from my inferno
And savor the lost, who have been tricked by me
My anger rides high for those who've
Escaped me up and through the sky
Then have deprived me and
Still there are some who won't bow down to me
They serve another
A God they can not see
And keep on running from my
Raging terror to be
My satisfaction won't be fulfilled
They must fall down to me
Or I'll have them killed
Don't step in my path