

# 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