

# Septic Flesh, Age Of A New Messiahs

Gods are changing when people grow,  
and loose their faith from the hands of progress.  
They are transformed and look brand new.  
They change their names, but not their rules.  
Mercenaries will play the flute.  
Leading the rats with their comforting tune  
to wash their sins in toxic lakes.  
Redemption comes with hideous ways.

You were waiting for far to long, an age of new messiahs  
To come and teach you with every small detail a special kind of truth.

So many people all have to learn.  
They must be sent to opposite directions.  
Misinformation is a rewarding art.  
A lost soul tastes just like old wine.

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To come and teach you with every small detail a special kind of truth.