

Undying, This Day All Gods Dies

Ten thousand years into the reign of our madness
and misery from the fertile wombs of the near east born one lifestyle
and tradition like a raging storm
this brutish culture swarmed across the continents and seas to pillage and rape,
with lust this earth to take,
now we stand on the brink of destruction
outside of nature stands angelic our mother culture.
we've been blindly led down darkened halls of a ravaged world deplored.
within this society lay the suffering seed.
we must dispel the falsehood and lies
and kill the gods the so desperately need

a way of life filled with grief and strife and a failing sense of mind.
for how we used to live,
how we used to thrive in the global community.
but now we stand alone
and struggle to fulfill the so-called destiny of humankind.
to rule this sacred earth, for what the scars are worth,
i will live as a full-sworn enemy

burn the altars upon which their dwindling faith lies.
tear the pages from their holy scriptures
(prophets speak empty words)
crucify their convictions
(for love of the world i stray from the selfish path of salvation)
for with each life which turns its back on their beliefs.
the gods which make up the base of their culture cease to be.
the gifts of civilization and technology which their gods bestow are
but despair and disease gilded in fool's gold

of what does our voice sing in the chorus of distress?
this day all gods dies