

Angel Corpse, The Fall of the Idols of Flesh

Dash against the rocks the sickling and his cries
Break the back of the steed upon you ride
Boiling bodies of water, to glass the sand
And may mother's breasts shrivel and dust
Tongues shall be cut from gaping mouths
For I voice a culling course towards desolation
Yet those chained to their own foul flesh
Know only obsolescence- their nakedness

Push the rabble back, to the victor come the spoils
Work to certain death the labor that toils
Bloat and putrefy that which flowers
And tear from womb the bleating babe
The blind and wretched shall be left to rot
The diseased and alme dispatched
Give me your sick, your meek, your lowly
For I will kick the dogs when they are down

For I am the inferno
And you the kindling you the fuel
And I am the vulture
Feasting on your idols of flesh
I am the shepherd and you my flock
The lightning strike that splits the rock
For I am wrath- vindication
And the world my abattoir

Visions of war dreams of anger ecstasy
A maelstorm of flame infernos of might
Lightning phallus crack of thunder roars
A lion in furious fight

Cleansing fire insatiable cleaving sword
The fall of the idols of flesh

The stellar winds beneath my wings
Are purest vengeance
The firestorms within my eyes
Black purest hate
Of blood unvanquished blasphemies
My will: one voice
With strike of tumult- aftermath
In withered flesh rejoice

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