

Ashbury Heights, Christ

Devilgod - Paralyzed
By unreasonable fear high
On expectations, drunk on Perrir

Devilgod - Analyzed by the best
And the beast a sovereign of
Madmen, at the very least

Make my day, my world my Silverchair
Make your way, all through my faux despair

Clap your hands you motherfuckers
Buy the record sing along
The moment that you dig this song
I will become your newborn Christ

Clap your hands you motherfuckers
Buy the record sing along
I'm coming now, it won't be long
Before I am your Antichrist

Devilgod - Demonesque
Apalling deity deteste
Vanity incarnate, malicious manifest

Devilgod - Desperate to retain his
Cheap glamour we're all paper stars,
At point de non retour

Make my day, my world my silverchair
Make your way, all through my faux despair