

Chastisement, Redeemer

Before my eyes a dark blue sky.
The mortal ones they drown in lies.
Hate in a new shape.
Within the flames a new breed walks.
Fetus of hate. Possession, fate.

Our apathy has been punctured by those.
We've been consumed by a firestorm.
Saviour, we call upon thee.

Born in an illusion of yours
I'm what you suppress, try to forget.
Now I have arrived to let you feel what is rightfully yours.

You are to me like an open book,
on page one you will find a human sacrifice.

This you call life. Just an illusion of mine.
This you call life. It equals a handful of pathetic lies.