

Crimson Thorn, Dissection

In the kingdom of the cults
False prophets abound
Willfully ignoring
Where the truth may be found
Outwardly they're cloaked
In the attire of a sheep
But sincere intentions
Won't hinder what they'll reap

Dissection of the cultic corpse
Extraction of the lies
Preparation for burial
The malignancy must die

Fulfillment of prophetic visions
False teachings shall arise
To satisfy their itching ears
Men believe the Hell-spawned lies
By altering the scriptures
Divine truths are nullified
To the point of tears Paul warned us
Those worst fears are now realized

How many will be infected
In this plague of compromise
With the constant call for unity
Satan's found his best disguise
All teachings and doctrines
Must be put to the test
Divine scripture is the standard
Upholding truth must be our quest