

Dissection, Son Of The Mourning

Evil son
Spread your wings of deepest black
Spit on god...
May his lies be forgotten
The son of the mourning
A gift to our earth
Christ stand tall no more
So bestove your face upon us
Gaze into the well of those restless souls
Eternally lost in fear of you godforsaken son
You have tasted suffering
That dove of life has died
Paralyzed, and terrorized
By the fear you feel inside
Caught within the floods of blood
Evil, departed sea
Immortal, but now it's like
to forever bleed
We saw the truth
It's draining of the blood
Of you false redeemer
The mourning son has now control
So what if its evil