Eighteen Visions, The Nothing

swallow me as I become a living blaspheme.
force fed by your tyrant.
choke on the lies of the ancients.
so are the demon to design my fate.
disguise yourself as an angel of god in his revolution.
spread your disease. vessled body.
you're consecrated youself a missionary.
now pray for me to burn in inferno of hell.

force fed by your tyrant.
choke on the lies of the ancients.
so are the demon to design my fate.
don't pray for me bitch. don't pray for me elise.
the spoken word is that of the one who thinks and how you think that you know me.
swallow me as I become a living blaspheme.
call his name in silent screams. dethroned by a blackened sky.
and even heaven has a black day.
show me the way to light and truth as your almighty fucks you into unconsciousness.
five more angels fall from heaven. swallow.