

Ethereal Scourge, Tombthroat

There is none - who understands
Not one who seeks after God
They've gone out of the way
And together they profit not

Their throat- is an open tomb
With their tongues they have practice
The venom of serpents under their lips
Their mouths full of cursing and spite

There is none righteous
No not one
None without blemish
For God's Son
There is none righteous
No - not one
Apart from God
There is none
There is none righteous

Their feet are swift to shed blood
Destruction - misery
The path of peace - they haven't know
No fear of God before their eyes
No one does good, no, not one...