

# Fleshgrind, The Supreme Art of Derangement

I am your mind, I am your thought  
Confined with my on disturbed existence  
Through the sickening, supreme art of derangement

Regretfully, you disdain my art  
As you become my next victim  
That of death, and domination

You will soon see my developed system  
I have called the supreme art of derangement

I control you  
Waiting, hunting, so patiently  
You're like a child, so naive to the fact

That I will strip you of life  
Your ignorance is so pathetic  
Strategically, to my advantage

In these depths that I call my mind  
Desensitized to the fact that you are now dead  
You lay there calm and quiet

So serene and tranquil, still  
I am your blood, I am your rupture  
I am your dominion  
I am your suffering

You have since expired, but who is really truly dead  
I, I am your power, I am your God  
Dictating your actions, I am your only light

All hope, of us escaping, is completely gone  
Come with me my children, don't forget you chose this  
I control your life now, I have since perfected..

The supreme deed, the supreme need  
Supreme art of derangement  
Why can't I see, how can't I see?

That it is I, who is deranged  
I cannot see, how could it be  
Since it is I who perfected

The supreme deed, the supreme need,  
The supreme art of derangement!