

# Iced Earth, Creator Failure

A lonely maiden stands  
Bound to the obelisk  
As she tugs and pulls  
And tries to twist  
Shackles slice her virgin wrists  
Blood now covers her tiny hands

How does thou receive this fate?  
She asks of her own mind  
Purity, innocence, encourage death  
Life... gone is mine

I also ask of you my lord  
Thy god in heaven  
For I understand the error of mans ways  
But of creation and the seven days  
When was created the murky haze  
From which the beast has risen

Fail me not my master  
For this is your creation  
Your son the bastard  
Leviathan

Blackness, dripping stench  
Unrelenting vice  
Vile embellishment  
Transcending pure evil

Standing now before her eyes  
Wings expanding... she's going to die  
Belching blue green fire  
Flesh feeds the desire  
The serpent gods apocalyptic smile

Come to me my demon brother  
Of us both and our fathers  
A failure of creation... abomination