

# Immolation, The Devil I Know

Cold and empty  
His essence malign  
This absence of light  
Casts out and condemns...  
God's will

His soul, his essence  
Lives inside us  
This wretched mark  
Has stained our souls...  
Forever

Through us his war is won  
Victorious over God and his son  
Persuasive and dominant his presence  
Shall break the strongest of wills  
The devout can't endure his storms  
Grant passage into our world

His shadow will consume his storms  
Grant passage into our world  
His shadow will consume and feed  
Upon your blessed trinity  
Cripple and erase it's curse  
Bring upon the end of faith  
Until your savior comes again  
He'll come alive through our beliefs  
We hear his laughter through our tears

His cries of glory as we stray from the light  
Defeated and shamed, chastised and silent  
Angels, and Saints, and God forgotten  
The path to heaven ends at conception  
Our souls will fall far below the clouds

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