

Impending Doom, My Nemesis

I've felt his presence, I've heard his whispers,
Slithered inside me, He's crowded my mind.
Poisoning, Haunting, Deceiving, he has a burning desire for my soul,
An enemy who takes all control.
He hates everything I am, he hates everything you are,
In the almighty saviors name.
I hope I scare the hell out of you.
And you'll crush the head of the one strangling you,
From breathing the breath of life,
The one who blinds you from seeing heaven and the father reaching for you,
This creature is-is dead to me, bowing before-bowing before my God,
He has made my-my footstool.
Reach for the father, who's reaching for you.