

Martyr A.d., Withered Monarch

Spite the hand that breeds innocence
Light the fires of impurity
Pull the hood over your fucking face
And hide away your real self
If you've come here to pass judgement
Leave your cause behind fade away
You have come here to tear me apart
Then come to me and take this life from me
Your time your chance to show
Your worth is fading fast
When you wither I will ruin your shell
Spend a life wasting your every breath
And I will spend years wishing you pain
The pain of a thousand dead
Delivered to you as a gift
Of razor bladed through the eyes
And a nail through the tongue
Drawing life from a body
Kill it gently, slowly give it the numbing feeling
That you've given me before
Suffer kill off the weak to purify
Leave them behind to teach the wrong
Make from their bone an effigy
Of disease for the forgotten
Suffer to the end
We've come for the blood of a god