

# 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