

Morbid Angel, Cleansed In Pestilence

Travesty the way the wretched stand
Upon the earth blind in their ignorance
Embracing the slavery of their minds
Soulless voids of being, left wandering

Take this blade of Elohim
Drain the life from within these fools
Release the soul, within the flesh
Saviours your name we celebrate

Forlorn, they shutter at their shrines
Tortured by Deities, they hold no relevance
Enslaved by the weakness of their minds
Their crippled prayers, have left them smothering

Seize this, The hand of our God
Drain this life the burden of these fools
Release the soul, from within the flash
Cleanse the soul, of their lives
Cleanse the soul of impurity

Sickness Unyielding pestilence
Sickness infests the meek
Sickness bound by deities
Sickness formed by lies

[verse 1]