

# Morbid Angel, Cleansed In Pestilence (Blade Of E

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, from within the flesh  
Saviours your name we celebrate

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

Seize this, the hand of our god  
Drain this life the burden of this fools  
Release the soul, from within the flesh  
Cleanse the soul, of their lives  
Cleanse the soul fo impurity  
Sickness unyielding pestilence  
Sickness infects of meek  
Sickness bound to deities  
Sickness formed by lies

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