

Onslaught, A Prayer For The Dead

I am the face of death
Creator of the thread
Manipulation master class
The lines between unread
I am the broken one
The soul you once betrayed
Disciple of impurity
The epitaph I crave
Our father cast down from heaven
Evil be my name
Save your breath and say a prayer for the dead
Save your breath and say a prayer for the dead
Save your breath and say a prayer for the dead
Say a prayer here's a bullet for your head
I am your truth untold
Reality reborn
Intimidator of mankind
Infected to the core
I am your darkest hour
The scarred you left behind
A festering theology
Implanted in my mind
Our father cast down from heaven
Evil be my name
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Save your breath and say a prayer for the dead
Say a prayer here's a bullet for your head
I am the judge and the jury too
I am the execution of your life's demise
You wear the mask of my misery
Imprisoned in the chaos of my twisted mind
Justice for all or insanity
A morbid fascination of the darkest kind
All alone as you bleed as you plead as you scream
I am the prosecution and the sentence is death
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