

# 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  
Save your breath and say a prayer for the dead  
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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  
Save your breath and say a prayer for the dead  
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Say a prayer here's a bullet for your head  
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