

# Suspyre, Father of Hate

I am the god of pain  
The one that stalks you at night  
So hold your dear pillow tight, here's your father  
The evil has you now,  
A thing you can not escape  
The demon's grasping you tight,  
Leave your past life behind...

All your thoughts are mine to take...

Leave your darkened terrain  
Misty black child of the saints I hate  
Where's your god now?  
Is he here with you now?  
Misty black child of the lord I hate

The war is far from done  
A thing that can not be won  
I have a grasp on your soul and your mind  
The gods are calling him  
The can not rid us of him  
They are deceiving the child of the lord...

I am the father of pain...

Leave your darkened terrain  
Misty black child of the saints I hate  
Where's your god now?  
Is he here with you now?  
Misty black child of the lord I hate

Immortal as he stands  
His spirit roaming the lands  
He cannot see past the fields that he's used to  
Regardless of his fate  
He fights the father of hate  
Returning light back to the  
god that we all confine...

Fighting for the god of peace...

Leave your darkened terrain  
Misty black child of the saints I hate  
Where's your god now?  
Is he here with you now?  
Misty black child of the lord I hate