

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