

Sympathy, Adorned In Apostasy

city of man, built by thieves, arrayed in splendor
stealing away the souls of men for your own pleasure
casting down their spent lives, you eat their flesh
consuming all, redeeming none, filled with death

church of wealth, built by blood, filled with pain
raping your own little ones for cursed gain
cannibal, entrap your prey, consume your fill
helpless, they relied on you to protect their youth

have you not secured the lowest regions of hell

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has this not ensured your endless torment

the distraught you leave in your own wake of chaos
they shall one day arise and rip your flesh
then will their angels rejoice in their justice
on that day will the grave take the apostate
that day shall wounded souls deal their torment

do not go unto her all you who are weary
for your soul shall find only decay, torment, disease and ill
nor offer to her your soothing comforts
for evil has purchase of her heart and she has become forsaken