

# Whitechapel, Father Of Lies

Tell me all the things I want  
I shall prove myself among the wise  
I have failed you  
Grant my wish, I beg of thee  
For I have done all the deeds you have asked of me  
That whimpering, wretched whore that birthed your adversary  
I retrieved her head and mutilated every last remain  
The blood of the innocent, I have spread with no fucking remorse  
How dare you interfere; my monumental wake  
Forever keep these words from my mouth

I will become the Father of Lies

Holiest of Holy, I ensure your crucifixion  
Enlighten me, 'O Noble One, of your mendacity  
Give me the clearest view of your so-called commonwealth  
We are your foes, Annihilators of the Sky

(Limb from limb)  
The rites are carved into your forehead  
(Limb from limb)  
Engorged into your psyche  
(Limb from limb)  
I smell the stench of your demise  
(Limb from limb)  
Humanity will be destroyed

My Procreator, I have warned thee of my prophecy  
Until that day, stand your fucking ground  
My Procreator, stand your fucking ground