

1: Snuffed In The Womb

Consequences veiled through
passion Of baseless human lust
Lacking any inward depth To
lacerated a young neck
Scene one, marching to the sound
of Their consummation of lecherous
Eros, carelessly, spewed into the
womb Woe to them!
Scene two, they leave the room
denying their soul knot And still,
they overlook the looming life
within Knitted together by the Lord
God above Cell by cell, forging forth
life
Scene three, effects birthed forth
from the door Of a pregnant, selfish
whore Puke formed in her, vile core
Her life transformed
Scene four, he says, "don't expect
me to be there." She says, "I would
not dare to care for this thing, My
life is so important to me."
Into the garbage bin
(random screams)
Snuffed In The Womb Selfish are
they who Partake in sex without
thought Slaying children left and
right Stupid,
foolish sluts

2: At The Root

Tell me Your doctrine's core, I need
to know 'Cause I can't Comprehend
your lifestyle
You use science to promulgate The
absence of a faithful God Yet in what
way can you say These theories have
snuffed him out? State your case,
build your base Set your faith upon
shifting sands That cannot disprove
the truth And so I ask you!
At the root Why do you choose?
At the root It's sin you choose
So then If not God's death then a
love of sin And still I Cannot discern
how that's a win You chase your tail,
a selfish spell Fading life, empty,
pale When you're done you think
there's hope It's a lie and you can't
cope Still you drink from the sink
Of sins festering stink And then you
deny God This is what I think!
At the root It's hope you kill
At the root It's him you refuse
Without God, there's no hope
Without God, there's no good Do
you not want both? What stops you
then? It's not science It's not logic It's
you Only you
Atheists, it is this He exists and he
persists Science doesn't shake his
fame Kill his plans, put him to
shame If you just stop your games
You can find life in his fame A
choice now you must make Find his
hope or forever bake

3: From Hell You're Sent (Familiar)

Can you tell me why Every day, ever
growing lie Agony fills my mind
Every thought about you
Terrified of myself Deliver me from
this hell Cry to God keep the dark
Don't let it control me
Twisted Fraudulent Blackened heart
From hell you're sent

Sickened Serpent A life, a lie My
heart you bent
Afflict You're sick My trust for you Is
a snuffed wick To me
You're dead Away with you From
hell you're sent
From hell you're sent
Can you elaborate Did you ever
show your true face Why did you
run this race with your intent
debased
My rage is at the floodgates Ready to
burst, from this hate Lord God, save
me from this poison Lest I become a
demon
Twisted Fraudulent Blackened heart
From hell you're sent
Sickened Serpent A life, a lie My
heart you bent
Afflict You're sick My trust for you Is
a snuffed wick To me
You're dead Away with you From
hell you're sent
Twisted Fraudulent Blackened heart
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Afflict You're sick My trust for you Is
a snuffed wick To me
You're dead Away with you From
hell you're sent
Twisted Fraudulent Serpent

4. God Bless America

God bless America Land of sheep
Slaves to money
Working Night and day For you to
tame The boss's leash
Sell Your soul for bills Take your
pills You're living beautifully So
hold The flag high Don the guise Of
liberty
Basking in the shades of a nation
founded on genocide Voting for the
sick politician with the least lies
Suckling on the bloated carcass of
the American dream
Robbing to preserve their assets of
bullet and grenade Nation Under
God Pervert His laws With our own
Oppress The poor At the door Of
the republic Ingest Anything
Liberally
For democracy
We Never went wrong All along We
were of hell
Red White And Blue
Violate you For the sake Of Security
Proud And true Depriving you Of
basic Human Need
Irrational anthem Held by the
masses Transcending classes
Erecting our casket

5: Lukewarm

Woe to the one who takes the name
Of the Lord in vain
Of the one whose cystic sinful life
Puts Him to shame Treat their
chosen walk with Holy Christ As if
it's a game Gorge upon their fecal
sinful might As if grace is lame
I maintain this scary truth That you
are no better than the ones who
refute
I implore you to finally choose Walk
the walk, talk the talk, you
lukewarm brood

Follower of Christ by day Harlot by
night
Lover of the bottle's kiss Upon the
cross you piss Line your pockets
with dead gold Your greed is
hopelessly obscene
File into the pool of The world's
ways
We are called to be set apart Yet you
are far From living for Him A slave
to your own whims Are you really
Christian? Or a liar bound to sin
You're alive, it's not too late To turn
from your old ways!
Faith without works is truly dead it's
what he said So, if your faith is
really true Where are they? Even
those fallen failures believe in His
name You are no different from
their ugly shame

6: Value And Truth

False Is the message you preach A
leech to Suck dry the truth of life
That you may keep your vice
Self Refuting claims Proclamation of
A Truth that contradicts you
Absurdity of which you choose State
No absolutes As if the Weight of your
stupid claim Can survive in its own
grave If No base exists How can you
State your "deep" truth That there is
none to use?

A proclamation so swept So that
vices could be kept A fault of logic
you've leapt "Self-destruction", it
wept
It wept It wept
Raise The notion of tolerance Except
when it Goes against your views of
those faults you happily spew
Plural Is your gait State that all
Religious views are of use But don't
you know contradiction is brewed
Christ Is the only way To get to God,
but you'd rather not believe this
truth, you break your lot Whether
You like it or not You're so Wrong,
and you're a throng of satan's might
Destined for eternal blight
Tolerate me please I won't uphold
your disease This thought needs to
cease Or kill me please
Kill me

7: Scales

The light's Might
Shaved the scales from my eyes
There I found The frightful truth of
my life That I Was Like These
demons waltzing with a vice And
Now I Must flee from this waltz
perverse
Let me free This is not me A slave
no more I am not your whore
I stood A man amidst the devil's
brood They Sing Pay homage to a
satanic king Without A whim They
offer their souls unto him Frightful
Still They do it all believing it's their
will
I shiver and I shake Is this my fate?
To die amidst snakes My soul they'll
break
The light saves me from the slaves
Snap the chains and set me free

8: Stoner Instrumental