

Morbid Angel, God Of Emptiness - I The Accuser

Lies - And you fill their souls
With all oppressions of this world
And all the glory you receive?
So, What makes you supreme?
Lies - Your crown is falling
I offer fantasy
And you, you creator are
Blind with envy
Let the children come to me
Their mother loves me, so shall they
Woman, bleeding, ate my gifts
Man was close behind
Just like a snake I'm slithering
Thru my world divine
And like the cat I'm stalking
I'll take your soul and You'll
Be like me
In emptiness, free
Just bow to me faithfully
Bow to me splendidly