

Whitechapel, Possession

Eyes are glaring red with a conscience set to kill
Nostrils flared and the eyebrows parallel
Thriving on the chaos and the suffering I have caused on you all
A dispute of man and diabolical beasts

How could one cipher such a malevolent being?
I am certain of humanity's demise
We are the disease that spreads amongst its filthy race
I am certain of humanity's demise
Man will inspire the works of a new era of corruption

Now that I can control the orifice of mankind
I gladly inform, you're all in a world of shit
Coprophagia would be the only solution
Open your fucking mouth and ingest what you are
Silent, you will remain, while I invoke my presence on your world
Urges I must satisfy, again and again...
Inside a shell, festering is the mind of a bastard child

Cover the earth with the blood of this lamb!

We are the disease the spreads amongst its filthy race
Collect the dust of the ones who have fallen to the lies
It is your last resort to a wretched memory
Take this life for granted and hold it tight
For we have you all under control because
We are the disease
For we have you all under control
Man will inspire the works of a new era of corruption

God damn you all

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