

Epitaph

Front Line Assembly

The filth, the greed, immoral needs
The shameless urge of consumption
A lustful motive against a fool
One's will by force to be ruled Vengeance is mine now Impulse to destroy
This anti matter
Contaminated with promise of belief This catalyst
A tour de force
A smut peddler with no redemption
Immortal and unclean
Infected and obscene
Ill-defined objection
Swimming in a world of creeps

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>