

In this walking nightmare  
This life, an Abominable Revelation  
No flesh shall quench my impulses to kill  
Mouldy muliebral textures I relentlessly crave  
This final absolution I grand the human race

Revel in a purulent bliss, a goregasmic pit  
Pathetic meaningless lives, zealots in a rotting cesspool  
This is the end of all flesh

Cataclismic discharge of emotional decay  
A waste of breath and time, with the saw I extirpate  
A pathological nightmare or a deity's wrath,  
For man is disease and must be put down at last

The world a canvas for me to corrupt -  
Rid this stinking earth of all that rots  
For all those I desecrate, for the corpuscles inanimate  
Merely a detrimental mass grave

Global termination - for which man was born  
Genocidal Salvation - aftermath forlorn  
Global Termination - for which man was born  
Genocidal Salvation - we are the end of the world

In this walking nightmare  
This death, a prolonged rapture  
No flesh shall quench my impulses to kill  
The end of all life I relentlessly crave  
This final absolution I grant the human race