

For our time is running over and you better understand
We ain't nothing but a sparkle in a million of flames

Controlled exploitation and your nations fall
A little twist of sacrifice, destination: loss

Time holds the strings of this strain
Consecrating what we did in all this
Time holds the strings, flowing blind
Crawling forth to find another reason to die

Mere losers and abusers, we are victims of our times
Let then come the due conclusion to the illusion of life

Sheer irrelevance and numbness, that's what you are
So concerned about the structure, sick tallow dolls

Your society is a cancer
And your world such a failure
I will never be a slave to your laws

As above, so below
For all creation shall now fall

Celebrate
On the war fields of massacre
The eve of eternity
For the end of humanity
Is now close at hand

Nemo dat quod non habet

It's on us all the stench of fear so putrid
As we march on towards our destination

For the conflict never ever ends like the pain inside
Torn between all extremes till the end of time