

## Arbeit Macht Tod

Ad Hominem

I like the smell of a dead child  
Whose I cut the throat  
After torturing him a bit  
For nothing but pleasure

Innocence bleeds  
As the feeble lamb lies  
Sadism will lead us to glory

The sweetness of cruelty  
The power of free will  
Make me go into raptures  
Why should I have mercy?  
Through sadism I come

I wish death to all children  
To all the weak worldwide

Death to all