

Incipit

Anima Damnata

Down in filth and blood, under the surface of sin
Crawl in shit of thousand sons of Goat
My slave in your beliefs, devoured by fear.

Bow to me, I'm messenger of bliss
Now pain is your priest, leading to disgrace
No god you will see upon, no god but fear.

Burn in blessing of infernal fire
Pahtetic whores, christian liers

Self-blinded kneel among desolated tombs
Struggle in stench of your stupid weakness
No god you will see upon, no god but fear.

Bow to me I'm messenger of bliss.