

Dreams of violence and murders fall down hard
Interzonic genocide high, the affusion of life
Now it's time for suicide, to break the pure disbelief
Its time to riddle the flaws of the physique of motors
And as we walk to the lost grounds of heaven tonight
To the battered face of the soul
We are damned from power burnt black
Watch as we crush their laws
Hail to funerals
And feast upon their minds
Pure pain, the bitter souls stice bleeds in vain
Cold sky sin, broken veins breathe
Spirit mass corruption of deceit and death
Now it's time for genocide, just another child to burn
More to beat of sin, to the rhythm of darkness deep
within
And as we walk to the lost grounds of heaven tonight
To the battered face of the soul
We are damned from power burnt black
Watch as we crush their laws
Hail to funerals
And feast up on their minds
Pure pain, the bitter soulstice bleeds in vain