

# Hatebound

Deivos

Unified in blandless standardized to normality  
Nothingness embodied in a perfect from of humany zombies  
Compulsively consuming  
The machine is running can't stop the madness  
You're bloated and flooded  
The brain stays dormant though the body's acting

Enraget beyond belief it's the cross I'll gladly bear  
I think I'm going hatebound...

Three pounds of shit in your skull you can't control what is no  
t  
My hand it grabs you tight by the throat  
I'll squeeze out every last breath from this hollow flesh  
That should have never been fucking born

From escapism to the carnage  
From the putrid temples to the pyres  
The modern age crusade strike of devastation  
Tonight after sundown we'll raise our torches high  
Without a tear without a frown burn this place to the ground

Three pounds of hate in my skull can't control what I loathe  
it dwells so deep inside  
Only the dead have seen the end of war  
and many shall see it soon  
To rubble they will turn in fiery infermo burn