Black Lord poured hell fire in my veins to digest the rest of m y soul

Indescribable pain and hatred in my eyes Strike weak human beings Very small onesbeside the power given to me How very dirty their forms

Folls born from a dirty womb of mother Who was a lover of the death corpse

I touch borders of madness and pain
The insanity and destruction obsessed me in lifetime
The kingdom of the deads call me
I burst the fellers of my life
I want to run away from the vale of fears
That empty and dead world

Hope - fools mother

Feeds her children on her venom

Holy war lasts. Blessed suicides

My enemy cries desperately

I'll do him the last service

I'll feed the vultures on his carcass

Fire cleans me, takes my life away

But gives me immortality

I don't leave my crusade. Not yet

Murder - in immemorial disgrace will last for ever