

A Dish Best Served Cold

Forgotten Tomb

Sickness inside of us, another night to dream your killing
Unpunished- Filled with self-esteem
Our Goddess will be grateful

Naked bodies hacked to pieces
Sweet women' faces twisted and mutilated
Tied to a rope in the dark of these rooms
Force-fed with blood and cum

Our vision of heaven is the vision of hell itself

A raving point of exit, the destruction of every dream and hope
Today's youth discomfort - Fuel for the Propaganda engine
We'll slaughter your future and rape your new-born children
You don't exist, you never existed

Our art is made of gore and entrails
Paintings of cruelty to design your unexisting lives
Your breath is dying out frame after frame
This movie is no more blue
We painted blue with black and flesh with blood-red

You suffer your hell on Earth

To jerk-off as they cut you to pieces
To zoom on your agonizing desperate eyes
To stare your now eternal looks of terror
Your lives never meant anything to us.

To look (at) your empty faces dressing your own dead-skin masks
To think of your dreams we butchered at birth
No one is innocent

No one is innocent

Now we finally consumed our dish best served cold
You fucking die, we become Gods.