

The Art Of Immolation

God Dethroned

Do you feel the jaws of my bastardsword when I stab you in the back?

Frost in your spine, immunes you from all pain into a peaceful sleep

Spots of black and blue, dance before your eyes, you're not hypnotized

you're just dead

The blade of my sword seperates the bones in your back and in your neck

The art of immolation

I am Jack. I bring you to the land of the dead

You can't believe it, when you see me, but it's really me, believe me

Yes. I am Jack. I bring you to the land of the dead.

Take my hand and I'll take your miserable fucking life

Slaughtered, you're just slaughtered.

you dare not to resist me

slaughtered, you're just slaughtered

You feeble mortal worm

The art of immolation

[lead - Henri]

Do you feel the jaws of my bastardsword when I stab you in the back?

Frost in your spine, immunes you from all pain into a peaceful sleep

You fail to scream for your breath is cut away from your throat just like your head