

Adoration Of Social Demise

Iperyt

The truth lies in blood and misery,
hidden in madness and guarded by fear
abstract but more real than life
thus feared, abhorred and ignored.
Only a few minds are strong enough
to face what is hidden behind the curtain of illusion.
Therefore the images of truth
are often false or blurred.

Through! ... magnificent adoration of social demise and the
worship of most malicious wills.
Through! ... the rituals of self-
dehumanization we're reborn and
blessed with human blood.

Rising in the glorious dawn
of inhuman ecstasy
we enter the new dimension
of lifeless aeon.
Following the black light of uncreation
we join the procession of universe's funeral.

Besides death, only few things are certain,
but you shan't hear the words of encouragement.
I'm sick and tired of you all!
... and may all be dead!