

## 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!