

Weakened soul it's easy to see, possession and control it
pleases me! No holding back, the whore is fine! I cut out
her crotch, for it is mine! Grasping my throat cold and
wretched, breathless gasp, here comes axphyxiation! The
grave is calling to put me to rest, corpse lie rotting,
maggots and flesh! No holding back, the whore is fine! I
cut out her crotch, for it is mine! Blasphemed despodent,
re-creation of Heaven! Fallin' angels ablaze, sorcerer of
damnation, the weak shall perish, I spit on their
grave... the weak shall perish, I spit on their grave,
pleasure in pain as bones crackin' in your mind!