

# Thousand-Fold Death

Marduk

Twisting and turning - intensively burning  
The flames of destruction through the city whirling  
Through smoke and through screams on bloodthirsty machines  
We storm forth in ecstasy to crush the resistance  
Now let the carnage build up, let the cleansing begin  
Explosions bursting out - ashen bell cloning in  
All that is flesh shall bleed - all that is dry shall burn  
None shall escape our wrath - death awaits at every turn

From under violent skies with violence in our hearts  
Spewing forth hate and lead, pouring out fiery death  
All that oppose us must perish in rampant flames  
Over and over - again and again  
Again and again and again and again shall we renew the massacre  
Renew the slaughter and renew the genocide  
Searching for flesh to burn, searching for blood to spill  
Combing through ruins in search for survivors to kill

Demoniac dignity - seeking enlightenment through genocide

Barbed wire, grass fire, steel-armored death choir  
Basks in the glare of the ever-growing pyre  
Winged projectiles of death - winged projectiles of doom  
Turning whole cities into graves and smoking tombs  
Relentless butchering, tireless killing-spree  
Human vermin in flames - cleansing death meant to be  
Cold oppression rising; panzer dawn - iron spring  
Legions of black fueled with burning hate, bad wine and gin

Slaughterous symphony - searching redemption through this holy war

No room for prisoners, no room for mercy  
No room for compassion or pity or sympathy  
Hear the tank engine roar - hear the gun-barrels sing  
As we run through everyone and through everything  
War drums are beating - the wheels of death spinning  
The freshly shed blood on our hands is as sweet as sin  
Screaming artillery - deafening mortar shells  
Tearing the streets to shreds - leaving nothing but a  
Trail of destruction and cities beyond repair  
The smell of burnt flesh and black powder fills in the air  
Gunfire from above, gunfire from below  
Marching through newly made mass graves with eyes aglow  
Shellfire shakes the ground - iron wings fill the sky  
Countless infantrymen armed and eager to die  
All that is whole shall burst, all that stands up shall fall  
'til all that's left is the echo of this holy war

Murderous harmony - seeking fulfillment through thousand-fold death