

Why should we serve that which betrays
Leeches, they steal of our lives
Why should we lower ourselves to the beasts
Submissive they are to be made
We need not to be held in their chains
Illusions but they can still hold
We rise within the strength
The One Who lays them to waste
Praising the Weapon that Cleanses our land
So perfect It's Way unopposed
Punisher of the treacherous ones
U-Mu La Mah-Ri
This Force no bolt withstands
For It's now the Merciless One
Un-quenchable rage it holds
Only sated when the last falls
Their deed of treason
Unseen by the ones enchained
Ignorance which shielded the crimes
All seen by the All Knowing One
You'll perish within the Hands
Of the Storm that means your end
These things you call your gods
These things, they save you not
Oh now you live the torment
Bound in the chains that enslaved us
Now you feel the suffering
That you bestowed upon our being
Live the pain of the Gnashing Teeth that's
Grinding your bones enslaver
By what right did you bind us
Now you'll reap the suffering
Oh there's no mercy for you've
Broken the Sacred Laws you've
Taken the dreams of many
Lives you have bound and punished
For your crimes no repentance
Can turn back the Wrath
Which you've called on yourselves
By your deeds
No new life can arise
From a land once denounced
By my Lord
For unrivaled He stands
For no man may rise up
To enslave any other
Made free by Design of our God
That of Might shall
Define what is right
For unmatched is the Power
Of Chthhulhu Most High
Praising the Weapon that Cleanses our land
So perfect It's Way unopposed
These things you praise as gods
These things, dispirited things