

# Hunting Season

Nargaroth

Hunting Season.  
Irrational Reason.  
Spill the Blood,  
of Child of God.

Dressed in white Camouflage  
I entered the white  
Forrest of Eden.  
The Beauty denies genocide acts,  
and hidden underneath white Leaf  
I wait for the Shoot.

The Target in my T'scope.  
With erected Cock.  
Calculate the Distance.  
The Trigger licks my Skin.

The Sound of Death,  
tear up the Silence.  
A Full Metal Jacket,  
rapes the holy Flesh.

I see the Victim fall,  
with me comes the Death.  
But my T'scope's yet fixed,  
on another Match.