

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.