

Pure Hatred

Pro-Pain

One last try before you die.
Select your weapon well, and don't choose mine,
to bash in your brains and sift through the mess after the reign.
Blood red violence and hate have taken this day hostage.
You lay half dead and seeketh respite.
I'll show you no remorse and taketh by force. Amen!
In every which way these acts I replay over again in my head.

Some have said my world runs on pure hatred, and they're right!
Too right! Fuck yeah!

Smite thy king! For he shall bring upon his delusion,
immense suffering and death to us all.
The sickest of butchers will smash your door this night.
Cut you to pieces for no other reason than just "because". That's right!
Pure fucking hatred has brought you to justice.
Now justice is served my way, and not for the faint of heart.
So consider this not a lesson to forget.

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So right! Pure hatred!!!

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