

Widowmaker

Psyclon Nine

Disease flows from thy lips into the mouths of our young
unblacken our eyes, breathe the decease from our lungs
venomous kiss stealing lie from thy most silver tongue
from the grim most serrated the light of the serpents song sung

all that you wanted to be: coming closer and closer to me
from the grin most serrated our will is created
will sewing seed of the blackest of free flowing blood
now that they're gone we are dead to this world
giving praise to the beast, heathen slave to the earth
stand before me for it is now that your souls shall be judged
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kneeling before the angel in skin of sin
never enough to disguise the beauty without and within
for i am the fire and i am the flame that shall rid the world o
f torture and pain
spreading wing of bitter ash of the fallen who ist rise again

ego sum angelus nex, belial fatur per mini meus lacuna
vestri deus est mortuus, mancipium iam ut orbis terrerum

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