

Massacre

Satanic Warmaster

Evil... Winds of the funeral night
They proclaim the arrival of the black year of murder
As nature harvests the weak, we celebrate the coming of
the reich of strenght and black blood
Honor... To the one who sits on the throne of skulls
To kill to live is a virtue
Through the death of the burden of humanity our canless
burn like cold eyes is the night
Our epoch will begin
A natural grim massacre of all the worthless lives
that poison the soil with their beliefs and compassion
The holocaust of weakness and the burial of humanity as
you know it
The natural black murder
Holocaust of failing humanity for Satan
Ashes... Carried by the burialwinds
Sepulchral moans are silenced by our hails for the new
kingdom of the survived
Totalitarian reign of the elite
Old monuments of deceit are crumbling in the upheaval
Blood's domination and the imperial rule of the four
(elements)
Foul saints have deceased in the minds of those still
walking
Only a rotting carcass of the saviour reminds of the age
now passed