

Vengeance Is Hers

Satariel

The great breach of the free will
The most feeble of deeds
For what was violated, and was done
A righteously cruel and sadistic punishment must come

You are weak and you disgust me
I dream of a world where all of your kind are dead

No forgetting what you have done
No forgiving, you are branded with a mark you won't get rid

With rusted unsharp instruments she will cut you, slow
With hundreds of nails and spikes she will hammer you to the wall
With thorns and barbwire she will caress, and dress you
With a plastic bag over your head she'll take your breath away

You made yourself unworthy to walk among us
Try to hide, we'll hunt you down

For the ultimate sin you will bleed
And the world will hurray your departure

You are made of shit and piss
I want to purify you in a pool of your own blood

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