

He would kill the whitedraped men
He would kill all holly men
He would kill the powers in control
To waste these jokers in this pathetic game

He would choke the sleaze pig
He would shepherd the sheep off the cliff
He would crush all organs of speech
To start the process of renewal

He would avenge the dead
He would crave divine protection
He would sing the songs of darkness
To call upon it to manifest

He would "mirror" himself in the tundra frost
He would rape its virtue
He would disable its ways of hurting him
To give him that advantage

This would be the way of the misanthrope
In order to create you must destroy
We would greet the nuclear morning mist
We would smile at all life dying

We would cherish each and every moment
And celebrate the return of Sin
We would bow to the planet's Iconoclast
We would march under the flag of Dominion and Hate

We would burn all conspirators
And their works with'em
We would reveal the only truth
We would make them really sorry

We would show them Sovereignty in true fashion
And then be a reflection of their loss
We would soak up the last joys of our lives
We would Hail that grotesque destiny we would walk on the Last
glory
And hope for blessing to come