

Wound was the heir, the ruler within fire  
closed my page, as hatred reigned higher I  
did notice a knife and hills covered with  
blood, was I the one who's life is most pre-  
cious to this new "god"

Indeed I must be loved, for I killed many  
thousands I opened with highest fashion,  
pain didn't spare any of these pitiful hu-  
mans, that the wholeearth is covered with  
tempest and storm of urbans lay bleeding  
and kissing my beloved feet

shall I not wait for the greatest hour when  
this god sees the bloody shower