

The morning breaks with a gravelike silence  
This time the scavengers have come from far  
Take a good a look at the dead around you  
And breathe deep the stench of your God

Join the insurrection for the hunt is afoot  
The total extermination of the source  
- branch and root

Can you feel it in the wind  
The release from your mortifying sins  
For the vultures in their towers  
Will be decrowned of their power

The axe is set and awaiting 'neath this tree  
Cut down the fetters by your own decree  
And lay these stillborn institutions to waste  
For Hell is merely an acquired taste

Can you taste it in the rain  
The dripping source behind your fear and ache  
For with the passing of this hour  
Even gods will be devoured

As surely as this night the darkness will slay the Sun  
The transformation from malicious to delicious has begun

Forget the outworn and misguiding concepts of sin  
Unleash thy hunger and feast on your Dieu Cuisine!

Devour your God