

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