

The Branch Of Cool Progeny

The Nomad

Kingdom of the dead is a torture tool
for the picked fruit of wisdom.
Cemetery of antichrists is waiting obediently
For the call of its henchmen's names
Open earth rewards with its warm the ones who are keeping its i
nfinity.
Volcanoes of power present bodies of the ones who are able to f
ace themselves.
Disprove me, disprove with me
Hungry mounds of minds torture the bound instincts of indepen
dence.
Fear hasn't been rewarded by socially spiritualised law.
Blessings will never become real
To the devoted worshipers of the cross.
Designate me, designate with me
Throw with me away, throw me away
An experience demands strong deliberation with the narcotic of
christian wisdom to still stand the life in their sick, imagina
ted world.
Only degradation amongst own race lets hover in illusions of th
e holiest humility.
The heirs of own identity must close themselves deep inside the
ir souls and darkness
To be still of sound mind.
The offspring of chaos can dance
On the naked stupidity and ignorance of its holy oppressors.
Roused from the penance we're marching outside insanity,
Waiting for the kingdom of antichrists to come. I'm the bell you
bang
I'm the army you bless