

Decrepit Purification

Thy Art Is Murder

There is no hope.
You are helpless to the chaos that has raped your world.
Genocide to all that are innocent, we have waited for this day
and now it is time to feast.
We must find them and end their existence.
To spare themselves from unimaginable torture, it has started t
earing limbs from torsos to disable our prey, the blood of the
innocent deep within my veins.
My strength growing with every drop, separate the heads from th
e bodies.
These pests are not worthy of a name.
The bodies pile up.
Limbs intertwining each appendage lifeless as the last, the put
rid stench of dead cunts boils my blood.
The thought of victims that are yet to be devoured is what moti
vates this holocaust.
I need to stop the birth of the deceased.
We kill in packs, a force of evil they should never conquer, su
rrendering will not bring them mercy, only divide the cowards f
rom the brave.
They will be butchered, erased from this land.
Humanity is obsolete.
Carving in the faces of women and children, their fathers force
d to watch as they are bludgeoned, tenacious murdering, extorti
ng a breath from the naive, the death squad hunts you.