

Furnace Of Hate

Thy Art Is Murder

Fuck what you've built!
My hate is stronger than your faith!
No gates, no walls will stop my dying thirst for blood, for rape.
A plague of weakness created by slaves, infection spreads.
These peasants must be slain.
I've chosen not to follow your ways.
Your disciples will burn and fucking rot.
For not my thoughts, but my actions.
I plan to spill their blood.
Their worthless lives will not be spared.
I feel the beats inside me.
A darkness has consumed me.
The helpless look into the sky, praying for salvation, screams of agony are proof of a god that's failed them.
I will no let them live.
They stand against me.
It's time they face defeat, eternal sin into damnation.
My unrelenting urge to kill begins to take control of me.
A victim in my hands, a fate worse than death.
Skin them alive.
Torch their insides.
They can't escape, their life I must take.
Their soul is mine to torture and rape.
They are the plague.
They are the slaves.
Prepare to bleed.