

The Adversary

Thy Art Is Murder

Among the masses crawl the weak.
Watch them cluster together.
Like maggots feeding on the dead, they stand against something
far superior.
Attempting to create fear and chaos, infect you with false ideas,
but they are designed to fail.
No matter the consequences, we will not fall to these pitiful fucks,
they alone are insects sucking life from the world.
United they stand, divided they shall be slaughtered.
Strike them down with unrelenting hatred.
Let bloodlust fuel your aggression, inflicting brutality.

They will embrace death to escape from merciless torture.
Crushing skulls to make an example to all those that oppose me,
the time has come for you to defend your existence.
We must deface and mutilate the enemy.
The false obsession, the isolation of their fate, they fall to
their fucking knees.
We must show them that their attempts to conquer us will lead to
their own demise.
We march to the sound of slaughter, death, destruction, chaos and rape