

Soulless And Broken

Thyrane

You, beacon of sanctimonious righteousness, consolation prize for vulnerable souls.

Primordial vengeance you shall feel, at the end of your days.
The only warmth will be hellfire's sweet blaze.

We'll pull you to insane shadows, beyond the wall of sleep.
We'll decorate your soul and spirit, by the satanic torment against the lamenting sheep.

In the deepest caverns within mind, dwells the subliminal need to convert the sheeps.

Deprivation of emotion, with knife, conversion leading to suicide.

It's raining blood in heaven on the day of doom,
scent of innocence turns to reek of putrefaction.
Since the day when virgin cunt defecated the icon of weakness,
has the lands been as verminous grave.

Soulless and broken by profane agony.
Struggling and yielding before insanity.

Soulless and broken by profane agony.
Sculptures in flesh, terrorized mind and soul filled with fathomless horror.

This is your destiny, feel the f**king pain now!
Close the gates for tomorrow, triumphant are we who oppose.