

A Dying World

Trauma

Agony. Fear. Madness
The image of modern intoxicated world
Here our existence is written off
Our faith lost
And thoughts directed to murder

The altars of insanity

A world splashed with gore
It flows at our children
But yet they are creations of illness and blasphemy
Here is our dying and wormy world

The altars of insanity

The fire incinerates ancient gods
For the new forms of genocide and hypocrisy will be born

The altars of insanity...
On them we are born and we die

Our bodies decompose in illness of fatal virus
Lust for blood and flesh consumes the brain

Like undead zombies we follow
The instincts of manslaughter, rape and sadism.
Savage lust stifle our hollow hearts
And the black blood intoxicates the awareness of
existence

The altars of insanity bathed in blood.
Here we bow to false gods.
The altars of insanity strip our souls.
Here we became puppets.

The world died. mankind reached the apogee of
disintegration
We become ashes dispressed by winds of future.

The world dies. insanity and death
Opened the gates without return
Nothing exists behind them!
We are the last. the race of degenerates.

We rest in pain and sorrow!