

My Fists Are Him

Watain

My fists are Him
The raging divinitys
As they reach
And as they strangle
My fists are Him
Of flesh and of blood
Carnal infernal
In the soar throat of God

Cold seed
Demon breed
Lifeless might eternally
My fists are Him
The deeds of sin

He is the lightning that blindly strike
Wherever man may walk
Feasting on life's unsolved mystery
Towards which all living walk chained
And my fists are the vultures
Their claws and their eyes
My fists are Him
Buried... in the cunt of Christ!

My hair is the snake crawling among you
In deceitful venomous delight
My heart is the hammer...
Which shape is beyond your sight
My fists crush the bones
That blinds your eyes from shame
For the ground of earth eroding
Rests on the Devil's flames

Death dance
Black trance
The grip around your throat enhance
My fists are Him
As life turns dim