

On the horizon I stand,  
Watching the fallen men,  
Victims of hatred, greed and desire,  
In retrospect I feel no anger,  
Only a urge for something higher,  
So many have fallen due to my ambitions,  
So many have fallen in the name of narcissism,  
No men are free to disagree,  
Without facing their mortality,  
Destroy all dreams,  
Illusions damned in fire,  
A hellish need for power,  
Is my dark desire,  
Fresh blood streams from those who are dying,  
I put an end to their misery,  
Always chasing never creating,  
It is in their nature to obey,  
Molested bodies chopped by axes,  
Drained corpses stripped of flesh,  
Blood-coloured water swallowing men,  
A sight of horror,  
A monument of hell,  
The women bury and mourn their men,  
A state of sorrow a pain that will not mend,  
I increase their sorrow as I rape their seed,  
I put them to sleep if they disagree,  
I burn and slay until you obey,  
I rape and destroy your legacy,  
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