Decapitated, The Fury

Forward on! Just go on!
Directionless rush, for close by, before
Species specific-motion
No change for equilibrium-stop!
Fetid, persistent stench of the race
Rushes in every slot
Sticking all together into a mass
I hate you!
I hate us!
You know what I mean? Fuck off!
This world stigma cries out on your forehead
Anti-god prepares your own personal void
The only way to equilibrium
Kill yourself! But...