Hate, The Shround (A Hellish Value)

God Hate inside, forever be as I want you to be,
My raging sword bringing all the saints to grief,
The shround of pain, great wonder, mindlessly worshiped by weak hearts
Is my gift that makes them shed their tears on my cold lips,

Killing your god we never spoke out his name,
Drinking his blood when darkness calls out my hate,

World unseen is out there behind the virgin's eyes,
The light so value, behold this light with no source behind,
They are urged to speak with great voices now in the name of the god,
But silent whisper is the living voice of the ancient ones,
This world is wondering after me,
My words are eagerly spoken by your lips,

Killing your god we never spoke out his name,
Drinking his blood when darkness calls out my hate,

Vocem Necris Tribullaes Tannem!
This world is wondering after me,
My words are eagerly spoken by your lips,

Those who worship fetish be condemned for eternity,
Those who see the light of darkness shall be ruling over this world,

This world is wondering after me,
My words are eagerly spoken by your lips,
Those who worship fetish be condemned for eternity,
Those who see the light of darkness shall be ruling over this world,
Living after life, suffering among the damned, devouring the light of gods,
Living after life, suffering among the damned, devouring the light of gods!