

Intestine Baalism, Flesh For The Twelfth Omnipotent

only by destruction my lust will be satisfied
established glorious his kingdom will soon go to ruin
eternity is a lie by their hateful god
time spoils the prosperity decorated by your feces
ugly beggar, eat your own entrails
to survive, until the day of liberation
only by butchery your deadly sins will be cleansed
banshee cried to tell me the beginning of the last
supper
your beating heart for the new genuine king
your bone for the massacred race by your lie
your flesh for the land devastated with despair
your boiling blood for the dried up ocean
my number is twelve, the number of omnipotence
when the skies are dyed red, i will sublimate