

Mayhem, My Death

There's a sign carved deep, In the palm, of your hand,
There's a birthmark craving, On the left side of your heart.

Your life was forever structured, composed and eternally given,
(The dying you produce never stops, In the sound of universal destruction.)
(There's an inherent nihilism in your spirit.)

Into your glory of emptiness, I send my lifeforce, My Death
Be death with me, Be death with me, death with me, death with me.
My Death

Odium humani generis, Odium humani generic
Odium humani generis, Odium humani generic