

Tyrant of Death, Ethereal

The purest form of hate
They raise the reign of hell
I'm striding through the realm of death

Feasting upon our souls
I feel them swarming me
Their presence shakes the soil
Underneath my feet and bones

The swarm devours the rotting flesh
Nothing can stop this awakening

...This awakening

Breaching the void when I collapse,
The flow of vengeance seeks my name

They will cleanse the earth
They will cleanse the fucking earth

I pray the lord every day for forgiveness
The one, who can bring my hate to a close
This flame will be the last of salvation...
The wind has died out, the blood will flow again
Searching to find the way

Blistering silence
Limping down the corridors,
With her blood soaked blade
The frost builds before me,
Have I seen the shadow of God?

One, final, day

All of who will suffer by the shackles of restrain,
I seek to find the answer,
I shall mend the hate of ethereal
The sickness seething within my soul

I grasp my own demise
I feel them changing me
I know my own reprise
I cease the gears of mankind
I release my hate
...And I seek the redemption [sic] of the sun

They are the hands that bear the part of strength
They weigh the scale of mind and our bleeding lungs
Their way of torture and my fucking madness
Will be forgotten from the wrath

With the singing from their glorious fields
She will hear the calls
Burned down and devoured

My left hand
My right fist
Pondering annihilation
Destructive malformation
Breaking down the servants
My lust for blood never ends
I see, I hear
The devils calling me

Now reigning from the depths
Walking inside
Inside my fire

Ethereal
The name is written in blood
Ethereal
Her screams destroy the earth

I know my way around the dead to finally reanalyze all of my sins...