

Abaddon Incarnate, Temple Of Rancid Filth

My heart is a black temple
Cold and empty as Satan's abyss
All I am is poisoned flower
Spiteful and hateful

My heart is rotten and sour
Touch it, it beats malignantly
It hates you, I hate you
I spit with spite. I spit. I spit

Death. Death. Death. Death

I invert all of you and your lives
Look no longer to the sky
You who have dared touch my Black soul
Will now wither and die!!

My heart is Satan's abyss
Temple of Sour filth
Foulness pumps through all my veins
Filling within me a mighty spite