

Aborym, Generator

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(while) the dead white man stand upon his burning bed
Death used its dices one time more and he fucked us all!
and the gates are open

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[Cultoculus & M. Fabban chorus:]

Bellum omnium contra omnes

Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoria

the Container is empty

the spirit start to explore the never ending valley

where the dead-man walking touch the sun

Strong is the Karnix cry coming from the Vrill

Refugium Peccatorum

peccatorum!

Air is dirty.. radioactive and cold

Millions and millions of candles

Millions and millions of dead

echoes from the terrestrial surface

digital vibes, electric impulses and grey lights

generated from the earth's vomit

and the dead white man is walking

immortal? down?

..when illusions lives through its vis logica

giving back to earth a useless projection

While the dead white man stand upon his burning bed

everything is moving down

in the meanders of the Planet Satan!!

Good and Evil's assemblage

velocity and chaos

they can combine!!!

The world is his representation

the dead white man is not in the world

the world is inside him.