

Abyssic Hate, Cleansing Of An Ancient Race

In these valleys roams my deceased soul
Like the wolf of night it howls
In memoriam of my sinned past
My lust for desecration grows

Cleansing of an ancient race
Where beauty is in its bestial form
The darkest coffin shall be my throne
Before my lies visions of pain

A dawning age of fear for shapes that are weak
I taste their blood for it's now pure
I'll drown my skin in my enemies' life
I await for the holocaust

My mind transforms - once flesh, now flame
I show no fear for the holocaust