

Aura Noir, Destructor

Reaching for the last child of mankind
And its effort, in silence to stay purified
Tormenting, the fool won't survive
Slavery in hell for the weak and the mild
Merciless Destructor
Grabbing, all tenderness will be sat aside
Heaven won't exist for the human tribe
At dawn, ruins is all that is left
Destructor stands proud, thinks of all those who wept
Merciless Destructor