

Blood, Sodomize The Weak

Far away from the city
Far away from civilization
A secret farm full of obscure persons
And full of weak cattle exists
Every morning the farmfather
Satisfied himself with the cattle
SODOMIZE THE WEAK creatures
Fatigo - it's an everflowing plague
No escape from the penis of dead
No hope for all the dead chicks
Crucio - the same procedure everyday
The same thing the whole night
Sometimes, when travellers enter the farm
They won't return from those pervert people
Get strangulated by the evil farmers
Get buried somewhere in the desert around

(Eisen 4/93)