

Cruciform Injection, Encoded

"I am the hunter of the selfish and the damned
Killing in the name of my homeland
Cleansing all the things that brought me such pain
I am the storm born of Hell's rain
Tearing at the flesh in a bloodthirsty lust
These things spoken are things I must

I won't hear your passionate lies
Those tormented have yet to die
Redemption accomplished through futile attempts
I will not rest until they're all fucking dead

Relentless and persistent why do you care?
We are almighty but we can share
You can never hope to even come close
We have the numbers to tighten the rope
Born of metal and complex machine,
It's no wonder I am so fucking mean
Delicate touch and an unprogrammed mind
Are the things I search so hard to find"