

# Cryptic Wintermoon, Bastard

GLORYFIED - GORIFIED - IDOLIZED BREED  
DURFING ON ADRENALINE - I FEED - I FEED - I FEED  
SMELL MY ODOUR - FEAR IF PERFUME - BOOTLICKERS CHOICE  
IF SORROW MEANS A JOKE FOR YOU - I MAKE YOU LAUGH

I AM YOOOUR PAIN AMPLIFIER  
IN THE DARK OF NIGHT - I RUSH INTO YOUR SOUL  
FUCK YOU - SHITFACED CREATION  
I WILL AMPLIFY YOUR NEEDS

DIE BASTARD - DIE BY MY HANDS  
DIE BASTARD - ROT IN HELL

PARALIZED - STERILIZED - FOOLS TO THE CORE  
A PUPPETSHOW WITHOUT PUPPETEERS  
ADVERTISED - BRAINWASHED MINDS - STAMPEDE OF SANITY  
DOES ANYBODY NEED A GOD - I'LL MAKE SOME MORE

I AM YOUR GOD'S CRUCIFIER  
SO WELCOME ME - JUST LIKE A STAR  
WAKE UP - THE TRAIN HAS GONE TOO FAR  
YOU WILL DEIFY MY DEEDS  
WHO NEEDS PROFESSIONALS  
WHEN STILL FOOLS EXIST  
KEEPING UP THE IDOLS  
THAT MADE YOU SO PISSED  
LAUGHING - WHEN I HIT YOUR FACE AGAIN  
REAL ENTERTAINMENT - THIS IS NO FUN  
BASTARD - I WISH YOU HELL  
RIDING ON THE WINGS OF WRATH - WRATH

LOWER INSTINCTS DOMINATE - TO GAIN VICTORY  
NOTHING BUT A CHAPTER - IN SOME LITANY  
TOUCHED BY A SHADE OF THRUTH