

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 YOOUR 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