

Cultus Sanguine, We Have No Mother

As bastard sons of hate
of men
we came to bring
our lies among the pure
we rise to announce
the fall of your lord
we are here to win

We have no mother
we are born
from hate
We have no mother
we are born

So with our lies
we'll prevail
among men
we are here
to bring disease

We have no mother
we are born
from hate
We have no mother
we are born

We are here
to see falling
all your truths
we rise to announce
the fall of your lord
under sun
dying sun
we are here to win

All is falling
and the pure
returns to
the side of lie