

Death, Infernal Death

Piling the bodies
Burn them in the night
Skin grows black and withered
Decayed smell will rise

Existence fading
Into ashes
Burn those bodies
To Infernal death

Human coals are burning
Repulsive yet so true
Open graves are scattered
When the work is through

Existence fading
Into ashes
Burn those bodies
To Infernal death