

# 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