Deathspell Omega, Sacrilegious Terror

Hunting like wolves,
we have no regrets for all our murders,
barbaric and inhuman.
This is a crusade,
an unholy quest against the holy spawn.
The only morals we belive in are pleasure of hate,
as sons of darkness. The blood shall flow,
the liquid of life, it will disappear.
Fear can be seen on their tearful faces.
Followers of God will meet their doom.
Our only justice is the sword.
Our only sentence is death.
Vultures follow us to finish the work.
Terror is spread to begin the Armageddon...
Innocent men ar burned at the stake.
Their wives are raped upon their dead children.
We sing out loud grest ineantations to summon the forces of Hell.
Humans implore a mercy we ignore.
We desecrate their childish religions.
No soul can be saved from the endless torment.
Obscurity prevails.
When the gates are finally open,
it will be the sign of the end,
the coming of Satan,
the rebel and triumphont one.
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