

# Deathstars, Genocide

Dreams of violence and murders fall down hard  
Interzonic genocide high, the affusion of life

Now it's time for suicide, to break the pure disbelief  
It's time to riddle the flaws of the physique of the motors

And as we walk to the lost grounds of heaven tonight  
To the battered face of the soul  
We are damned from power, burnt black

Watch as we crush their laws  
Hail to funerals  
And feast upon their minds  
Pure pain, the bitter soulstice bleeds in vain

Cold sky sin, broken veins breathe  
Spirit masscorruption of deceit and death  
Now it's time for genocid, just another child to burn  
Move to the beat of sin, to the rythm of darkness deep within

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Watch as we crush their laws  
Hail to funerals  
And feast upon their minds  
Pure pain, the bitter soulstice bleeds in vain