

Dies Irae, Genocide Generation

Twisted bodies
Untenable pain
I commemorate today
My reprisal day
I enshrine
Stench of rotting heaven
Nest of wickness
Burning wings of angels
Fizgig nailing thousands hands
I drag holy gates
Grip of coldness
Paralyse servants
Refugees from caping
Desolation
Genocide generation
In aftermath of kingdom
More kindness, godness
More evil, more hell
The black rainbow
Wandering of black sky
Nothing remained
When I took revenge
It is the hayday of
Genocide generation