

Lux Occulta, Sweetest Stench of the Dead

... and he put immortal souls into fragile, crippled shells
he broke our nexks, he tore our teeth
he wanted us - angels - to become his slaves
and that was the slap that the giants cannot stand

we are the rebel ones
the individuals
the ones that are not afraid
to spit in the tyrant's face

fuck yeah! this means war!

these mountains are the corpses of my brothers
the ocean is the blood of my mother Earth
this is what blind and mad usurper did create...

hate!!!

now i forge my sword
can't wait to face the one and his legions of worms
now I forge my sword
this war must last forever, until the falls from his throne
now I forge my sword
dreaming of sweetest stench, stench of the dead god