

Myrkskog, Over The Gore

Clench my fist, hatred is steaming, a stroke at you face,
useless and bleeding

As hand from the sky, I strike you down, I am God!

Control of your destiny

You bleed, I slit your throat, in blood you will drown as I crack the bones,
With hammersledge I crushed your skull, what was your last sight?

The hammer that smothered you!

Over the Gore!

I was your last sight!

The God who had woundead you!

Thought the air the sledgehammer swings. Upon your chest, bones will
collapse.

Blood soaked into the ground, I disgust of the mud you have left over;

I scream as I sledge you to the ground, ultimate penetration,

I feel so alive! The violence I put you through. Over the Gore!

I feel so alive!

The violence I put you through

Over the Gore!

I felt so alive as the hammer penetrated you,

I stand above and look down at you!

I am the god; Who woundead you?

I stand upon and look down on you!

I am the Beast; That murdered you!

I FEEL SO ALJVE!

The violence I put you through

I AM OVER THE GORE!!!!