

Myrkskog, Over The Gore

Clench my fist, hatred is steaming, a stroke at your 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 wouthead 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 wouthead you?
I stand upon and look down on you!
I am the Beast; That murdered you!
I FEEL SO ALIVE!
The violence I put you through
I AM OVER THE GORE!!!!