

Pagan Lorn, Outrage

In your joy and changes into enviousness
An unstoppable conqueror
Prospering in the middle of your endless ranks
Strangling you to death with your cold hand
Rippling chatter is the alloy of your skin
Stubborn appearance is our armor
Our spoken words are numerous and hurting
The glow is our obsession
Intense coldness and the cutlass of purity
Burn themselves through the decayed skull of your innocence
Beautiful brutal violence shreds the monster
Beasts with human brains is what we are
Sharpened senses and nothing to lose
Instinctively acting
Free living
For us hating is an art
Hear the progressing step of the machine
The chivalrous rescuer
Masturbating pure energy
Live the pounding
The might
The marching of our dreams
Massive rage
Formed into the inner meaning
The death-squadron is alive
The legion crushes your detestable frailty
You will become
Or you will pass by
Nameless
A single selection done by life
Does it only take these few words
To change your will into mine
Gnawing weakness scolding from
Distorted faces is our opponent
No escape submit yourself to your fate
And try to form yourself somehow
Any new beginning tolerated
Surrender ends with carnage