

# Satyricon, Filthgrinder

Filthgrinder, No-love machine, Cleaner  
Unknown to remorse and pity  
Cynical, Electrical fucking murderer  
What a scenery, The heavy pulsebeat of the  
Unholy Alliance and the white fear  
Take a look around and understand, (That) your days are Numbered  
The demon on the Wall and the ticking clock  
Closing in (On that final) grasp for air, Do you still believe?  
The future beast is rising and tyranny has come for 777 years  
Reach out for mercy, It's just a bygone anyway  
Filthgrinder - Practice aggression  
Filthgrinder - Protect the wealth of the Elite  
Filthgrinder - Tremble upon the ugly  
Trueborn creature, Twist that Firm grasp of yours  
Like in days of old  
He can feel it, He knows they can't  
To be in league with the underworld can't be mistaken  
You don't believe, You know!  
He chants a primitive gospel, So very hard  
Yeah!  
The mechanisms of destructive behaviour can be an artform In itself  
The beast risen represents no so called dark mercy  
Evil knows no good, Good knows no evil  
But a saviour he is in all forms, But religious  
A Grand engine carrying years of built up Hatred and Powers  
You know that, Isn't that why I can smell your fear?  
Your heart trying to rip its way through your chest  
Filthgrinder a beastified being risen form the collective  
Hatred of an oppressed people  
A people representing Pride, Dignity and Honour!