

Sinn, Back To The Source

Back to the source
Of humanity
I burn the icons
Of your morality

Cause I am the male
The primal one
I raise my strength
And spit my wrath
I am the male
The evolved one
I rape the flesh
And spill the blood

See the pride of the foolish men
Teaching the rules of their behavior
Fake instinct, hubristic thinking
Nothing's real but the delusion,
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Of humanity
I burn the icons
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I am the male
The primal one
I raise my strength
And spit my wrath
I am the male
The evolved one
I rape the flesh
And spill the blood

I made love to the dead
Sought pleasure in the forbidden

I stole the innocence of your children
Got drunk by the perfume of incest

Sacrificed purity on the wheel of pain
Satisfied my desires on the altar of perversions

But no matter the crime
I am the instinctive truth
no matter the crime
no matter the crime
I am the natural son

I made love with the dead
Sought pleasure in the forbidden

I stole the innocence of your children
Got drunk by the perfume of incest

I baptized myself with the blood of the innocence
Burning your babies in my obscenity

I achieved my fantasies with lifeless corpses
Devoted my lust to blood and suffering

But no matter the crime
I am the instinctive truth
No matter the crime
I am the natural son

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I am back to the source