

The Project Hate MCMXCIX, We Couldn't Be Fur

"The man and the beast
The blood and the feast
My number, my name
You know it's all the same
My everlasting fix
Six hundred and sixty six"
"Repressed for a thousand years, now I'm free
The number of my followers is as the sand of the sea
Deceive the nations, four corners, the earth
You will witness my rebirth
Gog and Magog, I call thee, join me in this war
Delete christianity and all that is of the whore"
Couldn't be further from the truce
Annihilation!
Blasphemy, behold our version of truth
Purity!
I'll die the sweetest death tonight
Your hands upon me now
My eyes call out to end it, dear
I'll die the sweetest death tonight
Your hands upon me now
My eyes call out
The end is near
Your hands will hold on
Can't seem to resist a sweet death
My blood... The innocence is gone
I'll die the sweetest death
Tear down the walls of heaven
With powers mightier than God
We couldn't be further from the truce
In our path of devastation
Your humble servants bide their death
We should never have been cast out
From the carnage in your heaven
There's no stopping the slaughter to come
We'll return stronger than ever
If you give you shall recieve
When we make him bleed you will believe
No God will save you now, whores
Like he never saved you before
Winged hordes of holiness
Fly like you've never flown before
Because we couldn't be further from your truce
Welcome eternal war
I'll die the sweetest death tonight
Your hands upon me now
My eyes call out to end it, dear
I'll die the sweetest death tonight
Your hands upon me now
My eyes call out
The end is near
"The man and the beast
The blood and the feast
My number, my name
You know it's all the same
My everlasting fix
Six hundred and sixty six"
As I fall
On my knees I'll die
You are the one, you said...
You lied
You are the one, You are the chosen one
You are the one, You are the one
You lied...

You are the one, You are the chosen one
You are the one, You are the one
You lied...
You're the one... You are the one
You're the one... You are the one
Smell the hatred, taste the scorn
Annihilation of the unborn
Smell the hatred, taste the scorn
Annihilation of the unborn
Putting faith in your God is not of any use
We couldn't be further from the truce
Putting faith in your God is not of any use
We couldn't be further from the truce