

# 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