

Watain, Walls Of Life Ruptured

Spawn of the darkest evil divine
A creation of the holy womb
Step aside for lord Sathanas
His fist so deep within
A servant am I and in flesh am I captured
Holy flesh and holy sin
Oh, the strength it does not take
To deny life's lying pleasure

Their wars stills my hunger
The tears in their eyes still my thirst
Yet their life's feeds my despite
...eternally to be cursed

As it opens for me
In darkest desolation I behold
My blood runs cold through my veins
Running in vain

Lands fall behind my eyes
And humanity is bleeding
And in my hand I hold the key
To all living holy glory
...and all that is evil

The womb of life is rotten black
The seed of light dried dead
The fist of Satan deep within
Behold the cunt of life in sin

Behold the purest evil
The creation of a higher force
Lurking within all of man
Stronger than every life and lie