

Ad Astra Per Aspera

"Ritual Of The Depraved"

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Everyday eating excrements
Kneeled your head in the bog
Hard or soft no importance
Taking pleasure in decadence
Children and professional success
You're an example for society
But when your wife's away
The ritual takes place in shit

Orgies with animals
Horses, pigs, monkeys
Everything is permitted
Sub-humans reaching ecstasy
Covered by the spunk of beasts in fury
Victims of incest
Or just in search for new emotions
Not even a show of shame
Enjoy the ritual of the depraved

Fetishists obsessed by leather
With no more identity
Nothing but objects

You're the dregs of an already dying humanity
You're the cream of the most contemptible depravity

Feel my gun in your bloody asshole
This will be your last suffering
I'll no longer tolerate your sub-human deeds
You can be proud of your deviance
You'll never belong to my race

You're the dregs of an already dying humanity
You're the cream of the most contemptible depravity

Enter the ritual

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