

## Blodsrit

### "Hinterland"

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I see a black hole in each and every face  
A vulgar display of creation  
I undivine the beings slow  
And monumental stands the truth  
Depravity and decadence is the only legacy  
Inheritance is gone and death is for real  
Let the blood flow  
Let a massive raperoar sound  
It might cleanse the corrupt  
I speak for the free

Hinterland, I still breathe, I still curse the marker  
Hinterland, hours of darkness, no fear, allegiance with  
the absolute, total bereavement

O how it purify  
This celestial rape  
Raised fists and bleeding mouths  
All turned to you, against you  
And nothing  
Nothing will be the same

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