

Abaddon Incarnate **"Global Bastardisation"**

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Cradle newborn bastard in hands that seep in sin,
On looking through a crystal screen,
The bastardiser grins,
Soiling what was once a subtle and pure race,
I embed myself within her
And leave without a trace

Engulf your frail existence,
Rob you of your worth,
Feel contaminated at the hour
Of the bastard's birth,
Screaming through a smoke screen
Created by his breath,
Experience the shock
And the wrath of the bastard's threat
BASTARD

Bastardiser, conceived in death,
Bastardiser, fear my threat
Bastardiser, conceived in death,
Bastardiser, fear my threat.

Population rises
As the bastards commence my reign,
Blood replace raindrops, extirpate and main,
Their sky becomes his eyes,
Feeding from his vigor,
Each one aims their weapon
But it's him that pulls the trigger.

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