

Dawn Of Azazel "Justice Is A Fist"

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Untermench, slave to herd morality
Embodiment of every human weakness
Fellator at the knees of Christ
Lay your body prostrate before me,
So that I might smite it unto ashes
And cleanse the world of your leprosy
Broken rent and bleeding lies your carcass
Embodiment of every human weakness
Receptacle of your superiors excrement

Perish, expire, crumble unto ashes and die

Lurid words, thoughts and deeds becoming excrement
The refuse from your mouth surmounts to nought and
nothing
The discipline will and power behind my every action
Shall piss upon your belligerent fantasy

Sulk in your sodden corner pathetic scum you are
nothing, die

Die, bleed and suffer in misery
Conspire to taint the noble soul with excrement
Feel the harsh reality
Crushed underfoot like the worm that you are
I spit into your face
Pathetic human waste
You always have been a slave
Now dig your own grave
Bow down, on your knees
And kiss the bloodied blade as you die

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