

Hacavitz "Old Rancor"

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For pride and honour
Empires ov the night
Shall forever stand
Into flesh and stone

Allegiance ov doom
Between thee night
Evil and satan
For mourning to the blackest past
And heritage ov the dark
We kept
Pest made flesh
Torn into sacrilege
Medium ov gods, stands
Fervour ov the undead
Heeds into unlight
Seeks the forms ov hate
A thousand never told by men
Deny my name
My heart, soul and voice

Renouncing to the heretics at pawn
Revolving the faith ov the weak
Sentence to death idolatry
Fornever we shall laid to rest
PEST

Pest ans splendour revealed
Through thee chaos moons ov xibalba
Preserving my essence to dark forever
Rancorous ages had grown iniquitous

Unleashed old rancor
Relentless in blackened to be
Fierce torment of hatred
For honour obscure
To thee

Fire my soul
Iniquitous perseverance obscure
Riding the deep
Immense devilish hatred

Lights on
Repugnant valour
The origin ov the night

Raise my voice so dim so deep
Deep in the nightly haze
Famine breeds, vociferating death
Rancor for hate
Doom and destruction

Power ov darkness and evil
Stronghold ov the past
Ungraced spirits ov the tenoch
Sacrifice this impious heart
Mammoth filth, the opium to masses

Por honor a mi pasado
El rencor mas viejo
Durante siglos
Persevera
Dentro de la obscuridad

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