

Haste The Day "The Scrolls"

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Embodiment of Hate is what are my lord,
Each of your ten horns makes war with the lamb,
Blood is your prize,
On war you ever feed,

You shall magnify yourself above every god,
All that dwell upon the earth shall worship thee,
Mesmerized the earth,
The death all bow before,
This pain I deify (...)

Here the time is unreal,
Here eternity has a name,
The death all bow before,

You lift you sword against those who aspire to the light,
Religions die and the holy power will keep silent,
War is your prize,
Through hell you ever live,

The circle of fury that starts in hell and reaches earth,
Turning man against his brother till man exist no more,
Sorrow is your prize,
Tears of blood is your gift,

This pain I deify to the end of my days (...)

Your Hate takes none alive,
Exterminate divinities,
Death to those who failed,
Free from the Sun they live in hell,

Enter the gates to hell,
Where you with us dwell,
Free the evil within,
As you body rots away,

Now the evil control the energy - the rest is dust and
air,
Tormented souls dream of vengeance through your
lips they speak

Cursed are the feeble for they shall be blotted out,
Eyes cannot penetrate the light and darkness at dawn
at endless night,

Here the time is unreal,
Here eternity has a name,
The death all bow before,

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