

Hate

"Spirit Of Gospa"

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Read the Hatred deep wiothin my eyes and bow to me,
Pain is my reward I become majesty,
He turned water into wine, I yurn wine into flesh,
He animates the dead I make the scream out their
rage,

Blood sipped into soil of this earth and made me
breathe,
In the coldness of a land without light I await his death,
Virgins speak my words craving for my coldest touch,
In frenzy they adore serpent's skin bowing their heads,

The strangled, the burnt, the tortured let him hear your
spells of death,
The killed, the raped, the stabbed rise and scream out
your hatred,

He turned water into wine, I yurn wine into flesh,
He animates the dead I make the scream out their
rage,
Scream out their rage!
Scream out their rage!

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