

Horna

"To You, Rotting Jehova"

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The last battle we are to fight in death's storm...
We crush christian life, we watch the rotting Jehova cry
a thousand wounds in his body!
A 1000 wounds from 1000 nails, poisonblackened,
deathstained.
We laugh, we watch your nation drown in the rotted sea
of tears, (flown) from blind eyes of Jehova!
Still they follow you, Jehova!
So be it, thorn-crown's carrier!

May they walk after you into eternal death!
May the weak people walk your falsehoodstained path!
They will rot like you, one after one, falling, scatter in
pieces of stinking filth!
... Poor christians, we will kill you, though your troops
are huge!
You are so much weaker, torn by rottenness of Jehova!

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