

## **Intestine Baalism**

# **"Flesh For The Twelfth Omnipotent"**

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Only by destruction my lust will be satisfied  
Established glorious his kingdom will soon go to ruin  
Eternity is a lie by their hateful god  
Time spoils the prosperity decorated by your feces

Ugly beggar, eat your own entrails  
To survive, until the day of liberation

Only by butchery your deadly sins will be cleansed  
Banshee cried to tell me the beginning of the last  
Supper

Your beating heart for the new genuine king  
Your bone for the massacred race by your lie  
Your flesh for the land devastated with despair  
Your boiling blood for the dried up ocean

My number is twelve, the number of omnipotence  
When the skies are dyed red, i will sublimate

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