

## Caedere

### "Scorn"

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No more will we ?obey, obey your wish to kill.  
No more victims caused by, caused by your wordless  
plaque.  
Sod off, get out my face, you fucking stinking chunk.  
Exiled you are, your words without the load of truth.  
Crushed you by our scorn. Nothing on to torn ? a body  
outworn.  
The purpose for you which, for which you are born, ?  
crushed you by our scorn.

You will not rule us, (we're) not you slaves!  
Rot is your system, to the bone.  
War hymns about the glorious dead.  
Not so glorious but certain they are.  
No!  
We're not your kind!

No more will we ?obey, obey your wish to kill.  
No more ?victims caused by, caused by your wordless  
plaque.  
Sod off - get out - my face, you fucking ? stinking  
chunk.  
Exiled - you are, - your words without the load of  
truth. ...the load of truth.

Experience the scorn, the suffering, it is here. Scorn!

Your urge to kill. That's not our will.  
We're not your kind! Flee you worm.

We're not your kind!  
You feel our scorn!  
Fools are the blind.

You feel our scorn!

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