

Carpe Tenebrum

"Abiding Our Time"

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Reaching for our knives
Waiting feeble minds cry
We shall fight for the race
Our race shall survive
Cleansing all the waste
Waste becomes their pride
Pride they see as a crime
Infected the race shall die

Come inside venture the way
Plotting our deeds natures way
Taking away their animal play
Teaching their being
They all shall bleed

Christianity burdens our whole life
Even though we see their own old lies
Blackness reaps our earth as
Darkness forms a line
We shall reap their sins
All the rats shall die

In now on me life decays
The trouble we see is in our own brains
Conquering seas and lands away
Were coming for thee
Don't ride away
'til you have pain

The reaping of pain will be simpler for me
Cause we have seen your race not clean
If I was god I'd see your needs
But the trouble you'd be
I'll kill you before
You were ever born

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