

Luror

"The Iron Hand Of Blackest Terror"

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Try to stop the sinister ones
And feel the iron hand of blackest terror
Sweep your ineffable existence away

The aim is to remove the subhuman spirit
And all it's worthless disciples
The way of warlike antichristian consciousness
The path of black metal terror

Every true on in it's name
A thorn in the flesh of Judas' God
Born in a negation of light
Falseness becomes the ground we trample and burn
Nail the swines to the inverted cross
Tanks rolling in pentagram formation
Thunder in our hearts
Becomes their doom
The pulse of machinegun fire
The rhythm of our wrath

Brethren in darkest destiny
Black metal syndicate
Prevailing forces in the battle against
The liar's civilisation
Laugh and you will suffer from our anger
Spread rumours and feel your tongue we tear apart

Try to stop the sinister ones
And feel the iron hand of blackest terror
And the breath of insanity
Blow your ineffable existence away

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