

Lux Occulta

"Sweetest Stench Of The Dead"

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... and he put immortal souls into fragile, crippled shells

He broke our nexks, he tore our teeth

He wanted us - angels - to become his slaves

And that was the slap that the giants cannot stand

We are the rebel ones

The individuals

The ones that are not afraid

To spit in the tyrant's face

Fuck yeah! this means war!

These mountains are the corpses of my brothers

The ocean is the blood of my mother Earth

This is what blind and mad usurper did create...

Hate!!!

Now i forge my sword

Can't wait to face the one and his legions of worms

Now I forge my sword

This war must last forever, until the falls from his

throne

Now I forge my sword

Dreaming of sweetest stench, stench of the dead god

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