

## **May I Refuse**

### **"Hold This Earth In The Hands Of Sulphur"**

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Hold this earth in the hands of sulphur  
Cut the throat of the world  
With razor-sharp knife  
Keep all love cold and rotten... in murmur

See the torso-god begotten  
In the flames of Slavic pyres  
See decayed mankind  
In the pits of bygone centuries

There is no gold I admire... into the Slavic fire

See the torso-god cadaver  
Impaled on Slavic horns  
See the crucified mankind  
Leaving the last breath on the poles of destiny

Never will I bring forth  
The warmness to my heart  
Forevermore I shall be drenched  
In everything named human... oh, Mara?

I proclaim these are the rites of passage  
Unto grandeur, misanthropic wrath  
To purify myself from the weakling kind  
And distance oneself from deceit  
Of feeble, lesser rage... a cosmic disgrace

Hold all life at the edge  
Of a grave that is open  
Generations united in death... unfolding

Slay all the blind praising hallowed anthems  
Embrace buboning plague with blindfall  
Hold this soil sordid and rotten  
Hold this world in the heads of sulphur...  
Forgotten!

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