

May Result

"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, MaraÅi

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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