

## Myrkskog "Over The Gore"

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Clench my first, hatred is steaming, a stroke at you  
face,  
Useless and bleeding  
As hand from the sky, I strike you down, I am God!  
Control of your destiny  
You bleed, I slit your throat, in blood you will drown as I  
crack the bones,  
With hammersledge I crushed your skull, what was  
your last sight?  
The hammer that smothered you!  
Over the Gore!  
I was your last sight!  
The God who had woundead you!  
Thought the air the sledgehammer swings. Upon your  
chest, bones will  
Collapse.  
Blood soaked into the ground, I disgust of the mud you  
have left over;  
I scream as I sledge you to the ground, ultimate  
penetration,  
I feel so alive! The violence I put you through. Over the  
Gore!  
I feel so alive!  
The violence I put you through  
Over the Gore!  
I felt so alive as the hammer penetrated you,  
I stand above and look down at you!  
I am the god; Who woundead you?  
I stand upon and look down on you!  
I am the Beast; That murdered you!  
I FEEL SO ALIVE!  
The violence I put you through  
I AM OVER THE GORE!!!!

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