

Nighthatred "Murder"

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Disbalance of cosmic rewards driving me to vampiric
summoning of my victim. I raise my arms and spoke
the
nine words. The Gate is yearning to open, and I
whisper,
I scream again and again... And things mortal and
immortal are changing, maimed and twisted by
silverstream.
The lack of yearning may perverse the point, but
now all must be completed. Again I reveal my knife as a

tongues of freezing flame, ripping the universe,
outgoing
from my aura. Now he consumes my emotions and will,
sending back the force. The cold dark fragments is
drifting to the blade. Now we may KILL without fear,
doubt
and pain, erasing the life of the screwed jesus'
creatures.
Performing the one of the dark doings.
There are the part of blasphemy in it.

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