

## **Nomenmortis**

# **"Infected Bastard Planet"**

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Take a look around you and see  
Infected... Bastard... Planet!  
Reality is what flows around us  
Subhuman mass that makes us vomit  
Inferior worms who think  
They're something better  
Cowardly bastards  
With the law of primitivism  
Their stream of mean hate  
That makes us insane  
Nothing just smelly dung  
Roars from stupid empty mouths  
Primitive subhuman waste  
No people just the bastards  
What kind of filth  
Are those whom we see  
What they want, what they need  
Are they something more  
Than offense of term "man"?  
Cowardly offense is their only argument  
Their greed for primitive shits  
Shall write their testament  
There's still place enough  
To dig the graves for you  
Pits you're digging by  
Your fucking mean existence  
You think you're elite  
But if it is true  
Then only thing I know is  
That the waste as we are  
Must rule forever  
Kill your mothers for their crime  
For bearing you on this world  
Kill your fathers for their lust  
They wasted their sperm to spread the dung  
Kill yourself, you'll feel better  
Under the earth made not for you

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