

Cryptic Slaughter

"Thrashomatic Overdrive"

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Addicted to protoplasmic matter
I avail myself do that wide abundance

For I am the creator ? they call me god
This naive rattle I just cultivated to quench my thirst
In my laboratory lovely named "earth" ? your incubator
? you grow and wilt
Scrutinized and analyzed
And when my work is done I simple pull the plug

I am theory ? and practically don't exist
Syntax error ? the unknown force of downfall
My name a synonym for terror ? my blood the elixer of
horror
I sustain all synthetic factors of physical composition

Archieving of all nocturnal phenomenons
The ultimate supervisor of statics ? weaver of
dimensions

Listen to that voice so mellow ? close your eyes and fall
asleep
But be on your guard not to go astray in the shades

Back to generation zero ? thrashomatic overdrive
Enigmatic origin stain by hidden force
Extinguishing the flame of mortals ? systematic
termination
Monumental patron of the unhallowed hordes

I sustain all synthetic factors of nocturnal grace

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