

## **Spirit Disease "Torment And Pain"**

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You feeble maggots, today you will die.  
Crushed and torn apart on the streets you shall lie.

No god can save you, there's no place to hide.  
No place to hide from the impending genocide.

All that remains is torment and pain.

No one will be spared in this onslaught.  
All shall be slaughtered by the advancing hordes.

All that remains is torment and pain.

The stench of burning flesh.  
The rivers of blood.  
The screams of the dying.  
Servants of feeble god.

No god can save you, there's no place to hide.  
No place to hide from the impending genocide.

All that remains is torment and pain.

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