

Thy Art Is Murder "Cowards Throne"

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We are the plague of rotting flesh, the dead that roam
this earth, servants to the shadows left to feed on
carcass.

Soul tormentors, leaching life from the clean.

Diseases spreading, chaos, fear, hate for all to feel,
together we rise to take down this god of yours.

And darkness will reign over all.

Stand forth!

Where is this one you call god?!

An adversary in a coward's

throne, a message from my master, the time is now.

Feel the fire from within.

The blood is boiling.

Watch their soul destruct.

I tear it from their fucking corpses.

We are the demon, hunting, killing, slaying, raping
god's slaves.

Their blood will fill the rivers.

An epic tide of Satan's rage, stand forth you coward!!

A so called "saviour", save your world or watch it burn.

Through the darkness, arise the servants of Christ.

Pray this is the end of their days, their lives bound by a
book of lies.

How can you judge what does not die?

The fires of holocaust will burn for eternity.

Upon them is the hour of slaughter, a message from
my master, life must not go on.

A message from my master, obliterate mankind.

A message from your master, I've failed you all.

This is the end of days.

Now watch it burn.

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