

Thy Art Is Murder "Decrepit Purification"

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There is no hope.
You are helpless to the chaos that has raped your world.
Genocide to all that are innocent, we have waited for this day and now it is time to feast.
We must find them and end their existence.
To spare themselves from unimaginable torture, it has started tearing limbs from torsos to disable our prey, the blood of the innocent deep within my veins.
My strength growing with every drop, separate the heads from the bodies.
These pests are not worthy of a name.
The bodies pile up.
Limbs intertwining each appendage lifeless as the last, the putrid stench of dead cunts boils my blood.
The thought of victims that are yet to be devoured is what motivates this holocaust.
I need to stop the birth of the deceased.
We kill in packs, a force of evil they should never conquer, surrendering will not bring them mercy, only divide the cowards from the brave.
They will be butchered, erased from this land.
Humanity is obsolete.
Carving in the faces of women and children, their fathers forced to watch as they are bludgeoned, tenacious murdering, extorting a breath from the naive, the death squad hunts you.

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