

Trollheim's Grott "Electronic Genocide"

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Humans, my morbid choir
Sing your songs in death-like-silence
Humans, my precious puppets
Fracture in your world is turning upwards

In the glare of the moon
In the galactic distortions
The machinery of hell
Waits my command

Electronic genocide
Future fate of mankind
Electronic genocide

Humans, burn your gods
Replace them with electronic ones
Humans, I collect your sins
It is the power which runs in me

My demons, nothing is holy
Electronic genocide
World full of hate
Shall taste it's own wrath

One with horns,
And his wrath
I feel it
In me, in you

My demons, nothing is holy
Electronic genocide
World full of hate
Shall taste it's own wrath

In the glare of the moon
In the galactic distortions
My hybrid demons
Waits my command

Electronic genocide
Future dream of mankind
Electronic genocide

Humans, rape the world
Let there be a better one
Humans, believe in me
I am a machine from pits of Hell

Angel in demon, merciless, computerized
I am, and will be
Plastik messiah, synthetic saviour
For the faceless masses

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