

World Burns To Death "The Black Hundreds"

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The wind blows hot dust into eyes, clogs nostrils with
human soot
Hell smells just like this... of death and sulfur burning

The new wind silences the cries, under the crunch of
bloodstained boots
Hell sounds just like this... of the deafening din of
Dachau

The new wind snuffs humanity, smears hatred on the
tips of tongues
Hell tastes just like this... of dried blood mixed with filth

Just like this... Just like this
Hell is just like this

Just like this... Just like this
Hell is just...
It's just like this...

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