

Divina Inferis

"Horns Insist Victims"

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I curse this carrion of flesh
It is so weak...
Blood stains this sharp knife
Finally the moment when death takes over...

So many are the religious throats I have opened
Many are the victims who prayed and screamed for
mercy... and for nothing.

Blood has stained this knife so many times before
This time it is my own... my sacrifice...
Satan, this corpse rots for you...
I bleed your blood, I summon you!
Now hear me, you who command death, rats and flies!
Among them I have blasphemously crawled for so
long... full of hate, in bitterness.

Your spirit exists as the most powerful curse of all, as a
fatal disease that rots humanity.
I have injected your black blood and killed the human
inside me...
Suicide!
I joined to march towards the holocaust under your
horns... where souls squirm in misery... where life in all
forms end.
To a place where the eye of God is blind and where
Jesus bleeds and dies for nothing and his body and
soul are mutilated with the blade of Blasphemy.

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