

Naer Mataron "Extreme Unction"

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The churches may decide what will happen to man in
the other world
In this world, we the Black Metal order shall decide for
our people

Mentally deficient, full of bluntness say:
"Blessed are the poor in spirit..."

Wouldn't it be nice,
If they all went to their paradise
The one proclaimed by the fucking Christian Church
Into their paradise we'll find ugly and mentally flat
women

For over half a million years God was sitting
Watching men plucking one another's eye
And only then had the brilliant idea
Of sending his bastard son, fucking Jesus Christ
But now the Devil prevails
This thing is balderdash

We shall let the church to "rot as a gangrened hand"
And slay upon their altars the idiots and the old
scandal mongers
The healthiest part of the
Youth shall be with us

The plower with his scythe shall ripe the new harvest
rightly
Burned, mutilated, millions of our ancestors
Under Christian psalms of love
We shall avenge... we thirst for blood!

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