

## **Pagan Lorn**

### **"Outrage"**

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In your joy and changes into enviousness  
An unstoppable conqueror  
Prospering in the middle of your endless ranks  
Strangling you to death with your cold hand  
Rippling chatter is the alloy of your skin  
Stubborn appearance is our armor  
Our spoken words are numerous and hurting  
The glow is our obsession  
Intense coldness and the cutlass of purity  
Burn themselves through the decayed skull of your  
innocence  
Beautiful brutal violence shreds the monster  
Beasts with human brains is what we are  
Sharpened senses and nothing to lose  
Instinctively acting  
Free living  
For us hating is an art  
Hear the progressing step of the machine  
The chivalrous rescuer  
Masturbating pure energy  
Live the pounding  
The might  
The marching of our dreams  
Massive rage  
Formed into the inner meaning  
The death-squadron is alive  
The legion crushes your detestable frailty  
You will become  
Or you will pass by  
Nameless  
A single selection done by life  
Does it only take these few words  
To change your will into mine  
Gnawing weakness scolding from  
Distorted faces is our opponent  
No escape submit yourself to your fate  
And try to form yourself somehow  
Any new beginning tolerated  
Surrender ends with carnage

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