

Raging Speedhorn

"Recreation Of The Angel"

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From evils passed
Evil is yet to come
Embodied in a child
Festers a black soul
Gradually eating the mind
Rebirth of ancient horrors
The many-now as one!

Tearing himself to pieces
The bringer of light turned black
Man arose from his ashes
To one day bring Lucifer back

A soul so old in a boy so sweet
He mocked the ones who would steal and cheat
Pretty mischiefs were not for him
Lambs of God and pitiful Nazarene
Such disgraceful spawn of the One so great
The time had come to undo foul life,
Soulless flesh so much to waste!

Princes of murder were gathered in him
Souls of the damned-melted to one
Patient yet strong they molded his heart
Years to build what moments could ruin
He would trample the earth
With death in his path
Rekindling the light
With each life he puts out.

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