

Vacant Stare

"Privilege Of The Gods"

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[Music: Piotr Wiwczarek, Lyric: Lukasz Szurminski]

"Our world is sick, our world is dying. All brave,
honourable and dedicated
To themselves men are the past now...but the flame of
a wanderer,
A seeker, a creator is till burning in a few hearts.
This is our and hope of all mankind".

Enraged demons, chaos in my soul
Destruction, cauldron of thoughts
I embrace eternal cycle
In an endless struggle
I snap all the enemies
Ripping asunder their souls
Courage, gift of the ancestors
And privilege of gods

Powerful, creative, joyous and free !!!

Lucifer rising up to the sky
The bearer of light
Ea - Lord of the Deep
Who gives wisdom and might
Odin, the sage of the tree of life
One-eyed god
Symbols of sacred heritage
From our past

I am shedding skin like a snake
I am slithering through the Abyss
Mind charred by invincibility
Lycanthropic instinct
Berserker's soul
Expanding kingdom of self-realisation
I desolate the world of morality

Rise up the banner of hate
And leave the followers of Christ
Obdurate for moans
Of the crucified ones

Smash the face of God

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