

Abominant, The Beauty Of Our Savage Ways

Lust for the burning touch of our emotions. It's the only way to live onward, for all I can see is the hunger of the animal within. What in life is there so conceiving, a taste of sweet pleasure. The power to crush and kill our enemies, the force of might. My hunger for blood, undeniable pleasures for slaughter. And death beyond, your soul will grace the burning sky. Your eyes are soon to be torn away, you will see no more. My excellence is too much for your imagination, you cower before me. My hands turns your bones to dust, you will feel the power of thy strength and thy might. Can all of you see the lust for butchery and the glory of it all. A child that will never reach to be a man. The knowledge of life is at their hands. The murderous intent to kill and slaughter. A master plan to be the end of it all. Sacrifice, to kill again, death. Slay the weak, make em bleed, agony. They will drop one by one, die. The beauty of our savage ways must prevail. The sorrow of crying eyes, soon turn to tears of blood. The madness unfolds before us, no hope, for this life is soon to end. A massive destruction of man, its everyone for theirselves. Screaming goes on and on, what is now to become of us. The darkness goes on forever. No will to live in a world of conflict. Carry on the torch of desire. The fire burns higher. Inflicting pain to induce suffering. You are a prisoner to the land of dust. We will all burn in this land of sand. What is life coming to, they will never live again. The touch of death is my need. It's the end for us all, to die and fade away.