Sentenced, Fields Of Blood, Harvester Of Hate

Come to me - oh, mighty force of my own inner will...

Raise the power of knowlegde and give me the spirit to... kill!

Prepare my being to conquer what's to be mine...

For eternity

The aftermath of a battle to come

A vivid vision before my eyes

The storm has calmed and peace has landed

No more are we under the influence of lies

The false ones have been put to their death

by the purest form of pure impurity

ky turns jetblack - We breed in the dark

Reborn to a new reality

The winds sweeps the fields where they all died...

The fields where their blood was spilt...

The hordes of celestial light saw the fields of blood... once

The winds sweeps the fields where they all died...

The fields where weak blood was spilt...

The hordes of celestial lies saw the fields of blood

I summon my inner self to strengthen my final will

My will to destroy the promised land of thousand fakes

I summon my mental force for it is mightier than your sword

Reveal the powers of Wrath - tomorrow I am GOD!!!

...This is the dawn of the final war

...I shall bring you all down

Kill 'em all!!!

The victory is written on my very flesh

Inscribed in my very mind

Before daylight strikes the earth will be purified

and no prétender shall walk on this ground

shadows retiring with the darkness of night

and hatred is growing within

first sunbeams of this day of glory

reflect hatred in my eyes - the triumph of Death