

In this walking nightmare
This life, an Abominable Revelation
No flesh shall quench my impulses to kill
Mouldy muliebral textures I relentlessly crave
This final absolution I grand the human race

Revel in a purulent bliss, a goregasmic pit
Pathetic meaningless lives, zealots in a rotting cesspool
This is the end of all flesh

Cataclismic discharge of emotional decay
A waste of breath and time, with the saw I extirpate
A pathological nightmare or a deity's wrath,
For man is disease and must be put down at last

The world a canvas for me to corrupt -
Rid this stinking earth of all that rots
For all those I desecrate, for the corpuscles inanimate
Merely a detrimental mass grave

Global termination - for which man was born
Genocidal Salvation - aftermath forlorn
Global Termination - for which man was born
Genocidal Salvation - we are the end of the world

In this walking nightmare
This death, a prolonged rapture
No flesh shall quench my impulses to kill
The end of all life I relentlessly crave
This final absolution I grant the human race