

## Obscene as Cancer

Anaal Nathrakh

What lying shit will be said  
Children guaranteed glory in death  
Freedom failing...?/Sweet and fitting in their tombs they rest  
Squandered youth [for the old terror/at the altar of (?)]

Blood-shod, all blind, [?]  
?....they'll pay...?

In all my dreams  
Leave your fucking shelter  
Before my helpless sight  
He plunges at me  
Guttering, choking, drowning

How familiar [?] blood  
The converted terror moves closer to carnage  
Secret nobility and gilded deceit  
The poison bringing composure at last/The (possibility?) an ocean of blood

His hanging face  
Like a devil's sick of sin

In all my dreams  
Leave your fucking shelter  
Before my helpless sight  
He plunges at me  
Guttering, choking, drowning