Widowmaker

Psyclon Nine

Disease flows from thy lips into the mouths of our young unblacken our eyes, breathe the decease from our lungs venomous kiss stealing lie from thy most silver tongue from the grim most serrated the light of the serpents song sung

all that you wanted to be: coming closer and closer to me from the grin most serrated our will is created will sewing seed of the blackest of free flowing blood now that they're gone we are dead to this world giving praise to the beast, heathen slave to the earth stand before me for it is now that your souls shall be judged stand before me for it is now that your souls shall be judged

kneeling before the angel in skin of sin never enough to disguise the beauty without and within for i am the fire and i am the flame that shall rid the world o f torture and pain spreading wing of bitter ash of the fallen who ist rise again

ego sum angelus nex, belial fatur per mini meus lacuna vestri deus est mortuus, mancipium iam ut orbis terrerum

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i am i am i am the: this is the end

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