

Blood Design

The Project Hate MCMXCIX

Temples burn with blood on their walls
Whores succumb to the infernal hordes
To re-design suffering
With the power that's given to us

Blood skies ahead
Invoke the age of famine and death
Everyone is dead
Summon the era of destruction
Bring their fathers to
the slaughter of their daughters
Grand redemption
The eradication of all mothers

This is my design, this is my design
This is my design, this is my blood design
of chaos and carnal pleasures

No faith can do me justice
No god can do my will
The final sleep where flesh is meat
His wine, his bread, his final supper

Now this is her design
I had to turn the page
Now this is her design
Creation and my rage
Now this is her design
Try to defy you're in me
It is her bloodsoaked destiny

I kill, watch them bow their heads in shame
I kill, like the millions before them
they're all the same
I kill, watch them bow their heads in shame
I kill, they're all the same

What to say when I awake and see red skies?
Was it me who turned your wine into blood?
No, no, yes... we had to do it...

Av blod är du kommen, blod skall du åter varda

Curse you all, deceivers of flesh
Quench our thirst with this torture
Drink from the well of sin and His guilt
I open my mouth and breathe vengeance

Embrace the fallen creatures of His might
Burn their bodies, burn everything in sight
Exhale the demons, disgraced, glorified
Become the serpent's cold unholy light

Burn the wings of the creatures of the light
Disgrace their bodies, kill everything in sight
Spare no witness, enslave and divide
Hail the flagellation of the swine

Tear off the wings of the creatures of the light
Disgrace their bodies
Spare no witness, kill everyone in sight
Celebrate the death of the swine

The answer to the lies, ceremonial suicide
To enter paradise and suffer side by side
When the carnage is over we'll be standing here tall
With blood on our hands from our enemies' fall

Mass cremation, genocide,
my faith is gone for His dead empire
I crave His soul and I crave His flesh,
this funeral fire is rising high
Watch me burn in the fields of sinners,
incinerate the false redeemer
For me His soul, for Him my flesh
This funeral fire is rising high

The funeral fire, rising high, rising high
The funeral fire, the funeral fire is rising high

Spiritual genocide, the serpent's way to live and die
Descending from his throne above,
the funeral fire is rising high

As blood turns into black
See the scars on my back
It's so beautiful it hurts
Wounds are dry, won't back down
So beautiful it hurts

The hunger for retaliation feeds
the mouths of the starving
Blood will flow in an endless stream
through the gateways of heaven