

The Purest Strain Of Hate

Thy Art Is Murder

Repressed
The darkness burns
A fallen figure left to desecrate
Exiled
Absolved of the light I am the purest strain of hate

Carved skin
Engraved with endless sorrow
Degenerated, tortured soul
Unconsecrated
Filth discarded
Despiser of all things above and below

Relentless chaos
Endless suffering
Broken bodies
Seen as the deceased

Unholy savior
Wretched conspiracies
In the tyrant's hands
Slaves you shall be

Spineless followers
Walk among the damned
Despair thrives
In their depravity

Cast out
An endless retribution claims
The lives of those who chose to create
A vile beast born of animosity
In the depths they remain
All shall be erased

In the tyrant's hands
Slaves you shall be

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