

"Only we, we spirits who become free, have the presuppositions
for
understanding something that nineteen centuries have misunderst
ood: that
integrity which, having become instinct and passion, wages war
against the
"holy lie" even more than against any other lie"

Lardy-dardy god
And his son- the Bastard One
All misgovernment of the light
And followers, the lambs
Now are the history
Of our ferocious world
We are the wolftribe

We hereby evoke
New Kingdom of Might
Restitution of laws
Eternal Quest
Amongst the ruins
From wood of cross
To tree of Elhaz
We re- evolve
Exerting free will for chosen

We grip them by the throats
Groans of pain are the melody
From our dreams
Heaven, the rubbish- shoot
For pestilence

Lardy-dardy god
And his son- the Bastard One
All misgovernment of the light
And followers - the lambs
Now are the history
Of our ferocious world
We are the Wolftribe

Ruckle of fools
Mob in trepidation