

Arbeit Macht Tod

Ad Hominem

I like the smell of a dead child
Whose I cut the throat
After torturing him a bit
For nothing but pleasure

Innocence bleeds
As the feeble lamb lies
Sadism will lead us to glory

The sweetness of cruelty
The power of free will
Make me go into raptures
Why should I have mercy?
Through sadism I come

I wish death to all children
To all the weak worldwide

Death to all