

A painful, drawn-out death  
You'll get what's coming your way  
Merely a fraction of the suffering that you have caused  
You've led a double life, of torture, rape and murder  
Sadistic acts, carried out in bursts of rage

In this world, there's no cure for your sickness  
Our time, poisoned, plagued by your existence  
Death is all you see... in these endless fields of misery!

...When you're done...  
Another life has ended  
Are you proud? Do you feel satisfied?  
A helpless victim builds a sense of power in you  
But that power will soon be ripped to shreds!

In this world, there's no cure for your sickness  
Every human poisoned, plagued by your existence  
Death is all you see... in these endless fields of misery!

(Solo: A. Bertilsson)

They died in vain, enduring sickening pain  
Your victims, all slain, to you it is a game  
Never felt shame, since media gives you fame  
"Murderer" is your name, and you deserve all blame!

In this world, there's no cure for your sickness  
Everything... poisoned, plagued by your existence  
Death is all you see... in these endless fields of misery!