

Thorns In The Planet's Side

Craft

I am a destroyer, a channel of satanic wrath.
My brothers are me, and I am them.
I stick thorns in the planet's side.

Planet of pestilence, refuge for the weak.
Kneel before satanic might!
With dishonor - there is only one way out.

Why do you take pride in being the dirt on the face of a planet
Which is a dirty rock in a filthy universe?
It makes no fucking sense.

God of banality: YHVH; refuge for the needy.
Even he trembles when facing Him: God of genius, of destiny and
might.

I'll go past the light and all the lies!

I hate the unsightliness of creation.
I'll go to his kingdom, and I'll bring back the keys.