

Inbred Vermin

Darkthrone

Weak minded inbred vermin
Call for the pesticide
Time will smoke out the rats
Breed like swarms getting weaker by the minute

People rotted on mountains
Running around with no clue
Freezing they're ice cold
Killed by their own plague
They will rot in the winds of the utter cold

We deny your rights to live
Vermin, filth, blood in streams running
For the edge of extension

People rotted on mountains
Running around with no clue
Frigid they're ice cold

Weak minded inbred vermin