

Hatebound

Deivos

Unified in blandless standardized to normality
Nothingness embodied in a perfect from of humany zombies
Compulsively consuming
The machine is running can't stop the madness
You're bloated and flooded
The brain stays dormant though the body's acting

Enraget beyond belief it's the cross I'll gladly bear
I think I'm going hatebound...

Three pounds of shit in your skull you can't control what is no
t
My hand it grabs you tight by the throat
I'll squeeze out every last breath from this hollow flesh
That should have never been fucking born

From escapism to the carnage
From the putrid temples to the pyres
The modern age crusade strike of devastation
Tonight after sundown we'll raise our torches high
Without a tear without a frown burn this place to the ground

Three pounds of hate in my skull can't control what I loathe
it dwells so deep inside
Only the dead have seen the end of war
and many shall see it soon
To rubble they will turn in fiery infermo burn