

The Violent Fury

Hate Eternal

I am the author of death

Behold, for thy vision is in our midst
In the shadows of the purest transcendence
Time is a river ever flowing
For death is the everlasting cycle of life
Shall I embellish the seas of change
Must I embrace this departing life
For all mankind shall fall before us
The wicked that shall engulf the earth

I am the composer of pain
Centuries of accumulative drought
I am the composer of pain
Aeons of assimilation destroyed
I am the composer of pain
The storm that no one shall escape
I am the composer of pain
Initiate the command to destroy

Behold, as he permeates through the land
For it is he and only he who can absolve us
Savior of salvation
Or demigod of malice
Transcending the knowledge of days once born
Beneath the lies of rhetoric
Scolding rainfall
Shall wash us away off the face of this scorched earth

For in the beginning there was naught
Creator of the damned, exiled into solitude
I succumb to your infinite power
I embrace your curse of humanity's fall
I succumb to your infinite power