

Weaving spiders come not here O tempora O mores behind
the doors of trickery
these faceless souls practice their mind control leaving
nothing to chance
they guide a world of impotence they watch us all they
watch us all who re they
and why have they formed to lead mindless nations who now
have no control
leaders know the coin to be made and everyday becometh
closer to slaves they
will not halt they will never be satisfied insolence
impotence this disease will
never cease this empire is near completion and their
ideas are becoming our own
power they receive from the countless nations who have
deceived rise oh ancient
one rise my bohemian son show us your will at last the
days of darkness are
upon us the days are closing in leaders leading lambs to
slaughter fear in
every heart and mind fro the members of this sacro-sanct
sanctuary you will
face resistance a wretched sting so lethal making hairs
stand one end
penetrating from the skin to bone.