

In Abhorrence

Nightrage

The true intentions of all acts ever performed
All essence of our being in its purest form
Since the cradle of existence we rose above the sun
Scorching the earth we walk in the name of "the one"

A falling sky
Can't hold the weight we apply
The end of the line
In abhorrence we're waiting to die

The source of all malicious acts born out of the abnorm
A scent of foul decay that follows through the storm
At the brink of our extinction we flourish at our best
We reek of decomposition as we're laid to rest

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