

I am the healer and the deceiver
I am the sober eye of fate
I always take to be the giver
I am the crimson eye of hate

My love is sloth corrupting order
I am the secret hand of pain
I am the builder of this wanderland
My face is known by the insane

My work is black the sin moves
As horrific and as cold
I am the horns with golden hooves
The balance of the gods
Oblivion decay and death
Three of my children without birth

I am into the inner dark
The tension of the kill
The first of murders had my mark
I am in restricted thrills

My work is black the sin moves
As horrific and as cold
I am the horns with golden hooves
The balance of the gods
Not being me, yet I am life
The lover and the wife

In nothing I am the essence all, the things in which you exist
Still I am more you couldn't hold, the corpse's biggest feast
My work is black the sin moves as horrific and as cold
I am the horns with golden hooves, the balance of the god
...the balance of the god

Staring at me is a simple thing
But may affect you a lot
I am inside you in every thing
GOD'S OWN ETERNAL HOST

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I am the burning side of rules
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