

# War Machine

Trauma

You can smell this stench  
You can almost see this paralysing fear. so unknown to  
you  
Death and contagion all around you  
You are a vulgar creation of mass destruction  
(annihilation)

Extra terrestrial tentacles lurk in you  
Enormous so they reach the star frontier  
Black blood flows down to you  
There is no mercy in you

You are created to bring the message of murder  
Your hands and eyes are testimony  
And deed of bloody carnage

You were born to kill  
You were born in death's chamber

Carnage... is policy. Carnage... is superpower.  
Carnage... is me!

Annihilatioin sweeps across the world  
Viruses, tentacles of war, famine  
Cover the world with shroud of prodigality  
Where you are the commandements

Your eyes will never cover with tears  
Neither will your souls scream in despair  
You are the creation of architects  
You are a sick war machine

Carnage... is me! carnage... is superpower.  
Carnage... is policy.

Like degenerated priest of extermination  
You carry the message of genocide and sadism.  
War grows inside you  
And transmits at your innocent generations  
As they become the end of your existence!

Oh! you are the lord of decay. paralytic stench  
- This arena for lords and slaves.

Carnage... is me! carnage... is me! carnage... is me!

O! lord. stay yourself.