

The Power to Crucify

Place your bets for this horrid game
Force them back to the hell from where they came
Rise and face the oncoming storm

With the power to crucify
We will not have to justify
Why they all have to die

I go to war for my godgiven right
to always open up my broad jaws
And of course the right to hang myself,
to cut my wrists, pull the trigger at my head

Amoeba Lord,
from you we inherited this eternal restlessness
Now let us rage like free men
Unchain and unleash the disaster in your sons
In unbeatable glory – this is the western, white dwarfs

It's not for you to choose
Now witness our eternal truth

Fed to Dogs

Who is not a slave?

Fourteen billion years have passed
and still I must empty myself every night

It's the rage of a million years
Green ghouls of a starving past

Rasping at the walls I built
Invading my home from their nests
in the subhuman abyss

Liberation reveals its horror
Shut the stars down, burn out them all
Unbound freedom just mean that you are fed to dogs
In this tower I remain, I remain

Burn out them all

Open wide the cracks in my skull
Feed to dogs what you find
And fed the dogs to your ghouls

The Prophet & the Rose

A Rose in violent bloom
opens up its deep red tomb
and gives birth to a dead, grey heart
With inscrutable runes it is scarred

The clouds are animals of our childish dreams

All men should know that sickness follows glory
And with sickness lies the Danish fate
We live in medieval times
All men will feel that sickness follows glory
And sickness is the Danish truth
We live in a time of plague

A prophet shows his true face
and reveals his strange, evil ways
Each and every holy soldier roars
yearning to lie with his thousand whores

The clouds are massacres of our inner doom

Ghost 08

Here's all the bitch that you need
All the meat that you can eat
The object of all of your sinning
Hell, I'm the fucking hole that you shit in

No real reason to stick around
But every new challenge is a curse
Each day it all gets worse
Lost but never found

I'm waiting for its claws in my flesh
Our infant ghost playing in the dark
There's no atonement for what we have done
Constant longing has set its final mark

There's a message on the city wall
An ill fate awaits us all

Here's my balls for you to cut
and keep in your mouth until they rot
My guilt and my shame is your crown
So this filthy punk will fucking suck you down

It was easy to disappear,
disappear out of history

A Scornful Death

We belong to the depths

Death whispers of reality
It's your filthy ear that he licks
A scornful death has been prepared for us
To crack our bones is his fix

A cycle of unending war
What we know disappears in the clouds
The ancient dream of a kingdom in the skies
makes this beast cry lies, lies, lies

Men are punished, no one walks
There's a shameful ending for us all
The dark energy that runs through the void
floats from an endless pit in which we will fall

What fresh hell is this
when we're longing for the depths?

A lifetime of homeless struggle
What we created no god will know
The myth of a home in the pits
makes this loser want to cut his wrists

Who gave up on who?
You say all men betray but you?

Cowards repeat that they have no regrets
They keep on chanting their denial
A scornful death is prepared for them, too
We are all knifed down without trial

What fresh hell is this?
We belong to the depths

Shrieking of the Mad

Someone always calls me in my nightmare
The voice of salvation

Behind these blind walls of rain
The bony trees stand black
And point their fingers in every direction
It's a wisdom gone insane

Lying numb to the beats of machine guns
Spitting out rounds of a terrifying song
Kept awake by a rapist on the stairway
By the shrieking of the mad

Always in the company of bad men
Once again in a storm of steel
Will this be the cleansing of my soul
or the revelation of a pig's fat heart?

Fanatics call me in my nightmare
Voices of salvation

The Murderer in all Men

When dogs try to speak...

The dissection of cosmos
has unveiled the horror
that there's no such thing as crime
It's just the ways of the world
There's no just punishment
for these stars that shine

The search for what makes us men – not beasts
goes on and on
But these barking dogs they all pretend – for I know
it's the murderer in all men

Rejoice when a relative dies
One more chance to fake you're no murderer

We all lie in the same dirty gutters
and bark at each other night after night

Deep in the primordial ooze
which truly is the pits
we all descend to dream

Murderer
Murderer

A Miracle Grotesque

None of the roads we build lead anywhere
And the rivers run without us
Time is a chasm in which we are all forgotten
All of us but him

The devastating nothingness
The negation of our dreams
The mastermind of our death camp society

He is here
The murdering unborn
The antigod of men
He is here
A miracle grotesque
Our murdering unborn

We do as he wants without order
Obey the crawling singularity
Only visible as mask

Eternity's Chamber

Faster, faster this death star rides
to hide behind the planets and make them collide
All we want is for them to know
no age on Earth is darker than the next

With upturned eyes you lie
inside the hyperreal eternity

All our longing is born by the dying stars
that all race away before our eyes
That we will know no other worlds
is the last thing we hear from the cosmic vaults

They are disappearing

No role to play in what we thought was history
Naked in the dark – all men hide
Set aside in a chamber in eternity
None of what you've done is real

Only the tales we've been told make sense to us
while the Earth does not exist
Quaking as a meaningless abortion
Born to be killed by a repulsive force

A million worlds disappear from us