

Label of Black

Profane Omen

I spit some steam, right on your face, I'm everywhere
you wonder around and I'll take the stage...
How would it be? Now would you like to bleed?
Would you like (to) see how fun it is to make you
scream!?

Measure the world, does it hurt? Go measure the world!
Measure a man with his dick well measure a man!
Measure yourself, how do you think, yeah measure
yourself.
Measure with all you can, now measure me...

Who I am, is what you'll never be 'cause that's just the
way it goes around in my symphony.
I ain't here to lose, no that ain't any good, I'm
armed with hate and all my rage is point right at you...

Like a devil manmade, embraced in flames,
I'm like a wall of fire made in hell...
Label of Black, bred out of hate, a true sick waste,
Fed with rage, born to annihilate...