

Mean, Holy Species

Thy Disease

Intoxicated with death
Voices calling me again
Unborn holy embryo
Dwells in brain once more

Contradictions mean whispers
They always complain

It is saviour's flesh
Masturbation over smashed face
My guilt is so pure
I'm growing stronger than every stab

Find myself in cold distant place
Carnage human slaughter
Cannibals rage

Ask no compassion cause I feel Nothing
Just like to kill unable to understand
Why you want to breath short fulfillment
Voices calling me again