

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.