

Let Them Perish

Nihilistinen Barbaarisuus

Omnipresent God of mercy
Thou who livest in the heavens
Hasten hither, thou art needed
Hasten to thine ailing children
To observe, their
Cruel tortures, fell diseases
Drive destruction from our borders
That I may subdue these evils

Ukko, thou who art in heaven
Help me slay Wainola's people
With thine iron-hail of justice
With thine arrows tipped with lightning
Or from sickness let them perish
Let them die the death deserving
Let the men die in the forest
And the women in the hurdles
Come to me, oh, God of mercy
Lend thy presence
Drive away these fell diseases
Banish them to the unworthy
Take them in thy copper vessel
Hurl them to thy boiling caldron

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