

Pravus

Meshuggah

Drooling floods of led
Armed with distorted belief
Sharp munition spat from our minds
Malignancy rounds, automatic fire
Black, acidic bile
Seeping wounds of shattered souls
Still not pissing out fast enough
To quench our thirst for it to bleed us dry
Vile, ever menacing intent
Repulsive belligerence shot from toxic minds
Blatant disregard for all but self
Proudly flaunting the depravity of a race condemned, malign
Iterate, repeat these, my words
Recite the mantra of late
I will corrupt and impair
Vitiate, dispirit, debase, violate
Souls born with hateful intent
The deceitful spawn, descendants of lies
By the poisoned nails of history stung
If granted the will to injure, if granted the will to harm
The blades of hurt inexhaustibly swung

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