

Hecatomb

Locrian

death rides with me tonight
inflamed with endless hate
a victim in my sight
I will be your fate how many bombs to kill?
how many tons of dynamite?
how many corpses to build a heap?
how many hecatomb to fill mass graves? death rides... bombs and bombs and deaths and deaths,
but no one wants to stop this stress
two tribes dream to win
but only losers in this fucking sin hecatomb - no one's staying alive
hell's on earth and will rest for a while
the epidemic is satan's right hand
to suffer the remaining ones to death mass destruction for their greed
million victims have to bleed death rides...

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