

Supersatan

Cryptic Wintermoon

I am here back from the dead to paint the world in blood red
Watch out the hell in my eyes when I take the harvest with my scythe
Bringing fire as I ride, I will send bombs out in the night
Listen what I have to tell 'cause I wish you fucking hell It won't be nice to meet up with me
'Cause all I wanna do is to fist fuck you I am the super Satan big block instead of balls
Your fear is gasoline a supernatural death machine
I am the racing hate 666 my license plate
So fuck you all I'm coming round to Satanize, to slaughter and to pulverize
Yeah I'm coming round
I guess you do not really love me
But riding with the evil gives me pleasure too I am the loving darkness that sweetly embraces your soul
Racing with the hand of dome it will be very cool
Hey little motherfucker, I will make you a fool I am the super Satan your fear is gasoline
Not weapons kill me but I fuck you

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