

Kill all.
Fight death.
Lesions fighting love.
Fight them all in a living hell.
Slowly rot and you die.
You fight death as you slowly realize.
Kill them all.
Fight death and slowly read in the love.
Fight them all, join me, slowly we rot.
Slowly we rot.

Dead to all.
Fighting as you slowly read in your love.
Fighting the sword.
The sword is your plow.
Dead to all.
Fighting as you're slowly rotting in hell.
Fight them all, join me, slowly we dwell.
Slowly we dwell.
Decharge.

Kill all, thy tainted
Withered soul
I, know

Vile is pussing, living it out
Slowly rotting and dying
You might definetly feel
The distorting of (all), (your) life
(The below is a real question mark)
Kill all who find death is not
(To be) slowly rotting out. ??

Furthermore join me
Slowly we rot..
Slowly we rot..

(This is also a question mark?)
Then the one who finds death
Is not (to be) slowly rotting out
Violently distorting
As his soul is leaking blood
Then the one will find the truth
Of slowly rotting out

Futhermore join me
Slowly we dwell..
Slowly we dwell..

To die.....