

Panzergod

Sargeist

So many names have been given to me
For what the humans fear is versatile
I was born under the yoke of Evil
An armoured fist of Satan Yes, fear me in the howls of wolves
Fear me in the pale moon itself
Where my presence is near
Your soul will coil with ulcers
Like a cancer of hate and Evil
I will reach for the universe
Infecting every church with darkness
Ceremony echoes to me
In my devotion I am His weapon
Pointed at your feebleness
Throats I slit and drink the blood
From a chalice made of a skull
Beat the drums of a satanic march
With the human bones
Let be heard even in the wind
Satan is too strong
You will stand but a little chance
Face the death eternal
Spilling blood of the holy martyrs
Glory of the sacred war
In my devotion I am his prophet
Slashing curses on the skin
Taste the poetry of my tormented skin
It's the last thing you'll know
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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