Here Come the Butchers

Nothingface

We can bring the apocalypse
In our vatican in line six
We're the face of the end of time
We can burn and leave no ash behindNow it's butcher timeWe were never satanists
Never bit on the christian myth
You don't see how there one in the same?
You pigs just drive us all insaneNow it's butcher timeI think we'll just shut you up
You'll never see anything quite like this
A big fucking shit colored sky
That rains constant cyanideNow it's butcher timeThe devil lives in rome
The devil cloaked in robesWho do you control?
You can't control your own priests
(x2)Can't fool the world again
The book is fuckin' deadLying and smiling and fucking
It's all about controlUseless and boring
Knee deep in christian shitChristians and catholics
A plague that scars the worldKillers and rapists
Your priests are uncontrolledThe devil lives in rome
The devil cloaked in robes

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