

Blades

Hacktivist

Your final moon sets
On this night you shall die!
Your pathetic merciful god, where is he now?
He didn't listen to your cry
We will come to you like thieves in the night
To extinct, to erase you
Filled with pure darkened wrath
Filled with passion to murder
Sons and daughters of christ
On the night of all nights die!
Feel the kiss of the scythe
In your horror-filled eyes it gleams bright
You will fall to your knees
Call to god for salvation
Raped by blades straight from Hell
Behold Satans creation!
As you drown in the dark
Feel the pain, feel the torture
You got quenched by the scythe
By the powers of Death's might
We will come to you like thieves in the night
To extinct, to erase you
Raped by blades straight from Hell
Filled with passion to murder
Sons and daughters of christ
Of the night of all nights die!
You got quenched by the scythe
By the powers of Death's might
Your final moon sets, now you know you will die
Face our powerful bloodstained blades
Meet your maker? No!
We will send you straight to Hell

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