

# Blood Mantra

## Decapitated

Through centuries leading their wars.  
Armed with crucifixes. Hardened with dogmas.  
Ravaging, cursing and murdering every Proteus.  
I heard faith is a weapon. To protect or kill?  
If you want me, find me a faith not raised from ruins.  
Find me a god with non dirty hands.  
And I will be your assassin. Eternal struggle - exchange of souls.  
Seven billions of souls. And there is no free trade.  
If god is a ware, who is the businessman?  
Innocent merchant with familiar face  
Is kindly trying to strike a bargain.  
Priceless currency, salvation for sale.  
A unique offer?!

Who likes fairy tales? Instinct calls for destruction.  
Prayers will muffle their screams.  
Good Lord will drink this blood.  
Every divinity demands sacrifice.  
Every sacrifice needs divine purposes.  
This is blood mantra.  
A universal rite. Divided by symbols, possessed by laws  
Throats cut for power,  
Rebels choked on their blood  
Temples carved in red stone  
Altars from looted gold  
Sanctification by slaughter  
Absolution by doom  
Saviors impaled on their thrones  
The reaper's dancing around  
Vicious circle rolls on I see the cultures - fed by the same earth breast  
I see the races - watered by the same earth veins  
I see all the chosen nations - sharing the same breath (as me)  
I saw civilizations burnt - their blood soaked into this earth  
I saw gods raised from their ashes  
Under different names  
I saw devouring hate  
Driven by fear of otherness.

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