No Jesus, No Beast

Immolation

No Christ...no cross
No pain....no loss
No wanton guilt for us to bear
No body...no blood
No crown...no thorns
No bastard son, no chosen oneI count the days
When the oppressed are released
The ending of his reign
No Jesus, No BeastNo pits of sin to languish in
No path of just for us to follow
No foolish prayer and seething lies
No virgin birth on pagan earthI await the time
When our hatred is unleashed
He'll rule no more
No Jesus, No BeastLeader of fools
Creator of sin
Extractor of hope
Deceiver of truthCan you hear us...Death to JesusAs horizons overcast with menacing formations
Those who will stand are committed no more
Icon of icons, shattered and overtaken
This Bastard, this Beast, this Jesus must dieNo Christ...no cross
No pain...no loss
No wanton guilt for us to bear
No body...no blood
No Crown...no thorns
No bastard son, no chosen oneI count the days
When the oppressed are released
The ending of his reign
No Jesus, No Beast

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