

Crucifixion

The Boston Camerata

We deny gods and his rule
We defy him supreme force
Crucified by the dark power
His death was a glory
Forgotten by our mind forever
He's left the churches to torment us
We'll destroy the high altar
Until we see the ashes of painCrucifixionWe'll show to the world our hate
The priests will have their final torment
We'll spit on the churches, e have an ideal
Black tortures you'll feel
The mankind goes to suicide
They have faith in gods as false as their name
Christ, preacher of goodness and beauty
Gods, preachers of lies and destructionThe gods grave doors
Is below his brain's
Rottenness and dirtiness go out
By a simple prayer of mercy
The treason of his death will be your blame
Your master is buried in the abyss
The dead, they already celebrate his arrival
In the altar of fallen gods, throne of his own existence

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