Crosstitution

Bathory

The crucifix in flames
The house of God burned down to the ground
A symbolic action of defiance
Brought palace of lies downRefusal to acknowledge the authority
Of faith of liars
Has cleansed this world somewhat
By purifying lovely fireCrosstitution
Crosstitution
CrosstitutionHoly writtings, hokus pokus
Magic incense, blood and tears
Impeccable the ways of Heaven
To inflict terror and fearAll are born of woman
And the female is of sin
So we are all drenched soaky wet in sin
When our life beginsAnd for the rest of our days
To reach his kingdom full of bliss
We seek forgiveness
For something we didn't do
To someone who does not and never has
And never will existCrosstitution
Crosstitution
CrosstitutionCross of lies, no one up high
Gayhood of priests and spartan fiests
Pathetic faith, your wine and bread
All will be well once we're all deadHe might have died for
Somebody's sins but sure not mine
If all you want is to him follow
And die too then I say fineBut don't you baptise one more
Generation in some fuckin' shame
Supported by that damned religion
Of yours I now watch in flamesCrosstitution
Crosstitution
CrosstitutionI will always defy your damn faith
As I've lived I'll die free
You'll never have me crosstitute myself
Or on my fuckin' knees

Songwriters
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