

The Iconoclast Deathride

God Dethroned

Another Christ hunt
A broken crucifix
And with the blood of Christ
I quenched my thirst
An image of Christ
Trampled to a thousand pieces
Between the shattered statue of the holy virgin
A crucifix plunged into the holy shrine
And with the blood of Christ
I quenched my thirst
Another Christ hunt
A broken crucifix
And with the blood of Christ
I quenched my thirst
I am the iconoclast
Born from the womb of the whore
The whore of Babylon
With endless rage I came
I came to ruin
The treasures to the church so precious
I'm the Antichrist
And on I ride into the night
Another Christ hunt
A broken crucifix
And with the blood of Christ
I quenched my thirst
On flames of fury
I scourge the Christian realm
Within my trail
The hounds of hell
On flames of fury
I scourge the Christian realm
Within my trail
The hounds of hell
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