

# The Trial of Mankind

## Gospel of the Horns

Call me what you will, but i'll not die for your god  
Our hell is a seed sown from the bile of the jahweh heaven  
This pathetic kingdom of lies, fills a river which runs red  
Sadistic, cruelty glows through the angel of light  
Lying under descending skies, my soul in agony  
Take your own sorry slaves  
To your shameful heaven This is a new age, a glorious rebirth  
The age of retribution, my tears carry me away  
This is a new age, a glorious rebirth  
The age of retribution, the trial of god Fire, scorching flames  
Desire, black embrace Beliefs so primitive and pagan  
That dance with the stars  
A voyage to a place they call misery  
But it is they who suffer  
The everlasting scars

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