Behind the Crooked Cross

Sabbat

One man, one vision, racial purity,
madman or magician? A mystery to me,
he who scorns the teachings of
Blavatsky count the cost,
there's more than superstition
hides behind the crooked cross.Our destiny in prophecy
we learn by our mistakes,
through each strata of society
the poison infiltrates,
adding hatred to the embers
'till the fire burns out of hand,
to spread the dark cloud swiftly
'cross our 'Green and Pleasant Land'Security in ignorance,
out of sight is out of mind,
while children weep on city streets
the blind deceive the blind,
they say 'welcome your lost brother
all he touches turns to gold',
yet my 'brother' tries to kill me
out of love so I am told.My blood with yours shall mingle,
our spirits unify,
if our hearts are joined as one
then we can never die.Now the 'Dove of Peace' lies dead,
upon this land our fathers bled,
and 'Drakes Drum' lies deserted on the sand,
I see the keepers of the peace
hacked to pieces in the streets,
victims of the 'brotherhood of man'.History repeats itself, of this fact I am sure,
stupidity defeats us if its lessons we ignore,
so heed these words of warning
before it is too late,
to preach the 'New Religion'
the philosophy of hate.My blood with yours shall mingle,
our spirits unify,
if our hearts are joined as one
then we can never die.Now the 'Dove of Peace' lies dead,
upon this land our fathers bled,
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hacked to pieces in the streets,
victims of the 'brotherhood of man'.One man's condition, pure insanity?
a nation's submission, embracing destiny,
driven by compulsion, powered by the Vril,
do not mock the Crooked Cross, its power
is growing still.

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