

Sacrificer

Frostfang

Among the crowds I stand
Taunting and cheering
The Shaman points his hand
I am the one the Gods want
The Gods have been angered
Tormenting the land
Ripping through the crops
Feel the wrath of the Gods hand
Slaves to the Gods
Slaves to the table
Sacrificer
Sacrificer
The blood table glows
Complete with a set of knives
Your sins the shaman knows
I shout for my life
Thrown on the table
Hit with the obsidian knife
Thrown down the temple stairs
The sacrifice begins
Slaves to the Gods
Slaves to the table
Sacrificer
Sacrificer

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