Crucifixion

Lord Belial

We deny gods and his rule We defy him supreme force Crucified by the dark power His death was a glory Forgotten by our mind forever He's left the churches to torment us We'll destroy the high altar Until we see the ashes of painCrucifixionWe'll show to the world our hate The priests will have their final torment We'll spit on the churches, e have an ideal Black tortures you'll feel The mankind goes to suicide They have faith in gods as false as their name Christ, preacher of goodness and beauty Gods, preachers of lies and destructionThe gods grave doors Is below his brain's Rottenness and dirtiness go out By a simple prayer of mercy The treason of his death will be your blame Your master is buried in the abyss The dead, they already celebrate his arrival In the altar of fallen gods, throne of his own existence

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