

Arsonist

Thrushes

Compassion no more, the angel sleeps in her blood.
Guilt will ruin... you rest no more.
I will always watch... until the last church is burned,
until the guilty drown in blood,
until your preachers of filth cease to be.
Everyday I hope...I hope that your end will bring a better day.
Fuck your god, your god of shit.
Our sin will send the death we wish upon you.
For the families you've broken,
for the lies you have ruined, we burn the last of you down.
"Now you will receive us. We do not ask for your poor, or for your hungry.
We don't want your tired and sick.
It is your corrupt we claim.
It is your evil that will be sought by us.
With every breath we shall hunt them down everyday.
We will spill their blood till it bleeds down from the sky."
Now you will receive us, receive the arsonist.

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