

Holy Target

Raise Hell

Shotgun blast from my pipe is ripping the war-filled air
With tanks by my side we grind their empty skulls
In my target I can see tears from their eyes
Let the bullets caress the holy raceI spit on the cross...holy holocaust
I piss on your priest...Jesus is the holy targetTaking their lives, Jesus will die
As I'm pulling the triggerMissiles toward the house of god, the house which soon is gone
The cross above is crushed and your god he wept
No time for blessings, run for your lives
And we will hunt you downTo the cross you are stuck!My sight was landscapes filled with crossed holy
ones...fire!I spit on the cross...holy holocaust
I piss on your priest...Jesus is the holy targetTaking their lives, Jesus will die
As I'm pulling the trigger

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