

Blind Faith

Kreator

Roman Empire, Christian persecution is here
Strongest desire eradicate the new sectarians
Hunting down those who pray the new words
Awaiting their fall, the thumbs down for the end
The arena is prepared, the crowd awaiting the spectacle
They think they're not alone 'God is always with you'
Religious figment of your mind
Pacifist you are so blind
Pray to God to send you a miracle
Believe the visions of your brain
As we start sadistic games
You are lost without your miracle, BLIND FAITH
Feeding the lions with the meat of the christians
Order of the emperor, circus of deluded minds
Women and children, the young and the old
All who are awaiting the new messiah
Bloodlust fills the crowds minds, the massacre has begun
There is no Saviour, you're alone
Why doesn't God help you now?
Religious figment of your mind
Pacifist you are so blind
Pray to God to send you a miracle
Believe the visions of your brain
As we start sadistic games
You are lost without your miracle, BLIND FAITH
The Lions come storming in, the spectacle begins
The crowd is as one on their feet, see Christians bleed
The emperor is standing proud, he satisfies the crowd
Playing games with the damned, they die hand in hand
After it's over, the massacre "slaughter" is done
Clearing the arena, the next game will soon come
They sang songs of praise as they died
No Pain on their Faces, only a smile
Prepare the arena again! our work is not yet done
So many are still free and the crowd is soon hungry again
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