Rise, from the cold and burning depths of hell
Pure work of art, scenes of death is the imagery that you disp
lay

I will never crawl on my knees in front of a Jew
If I am not him, messiah is a beggar to me
Burn his children at the stake, two thousand years of revenge
Hell's fire is pure, so liberate yourself
Suffer one battle, and we'll stand for a thousand more
The glorious past of Yahweh is gone
In reverence of ultimate Satan