

Crossfixation

Witchery

Golgata lies silent
And the sand has drunk the blood
Black is the wind which make the crosses sway
Life stabwounds to the skin
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Human ornamentation, a ghastly vauderville
Had to entertain the masses
Had to keep them in fear
Crosses lean on these baren hills,
Daily tribunals daily kills
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Last of days sands of time running fast
Drag my cross thru the mob
Whipped and chained... dying young, dying young... Dying young!

Blood and sweat - blinds my eyes -
No one weeps, no one cares
Count my steps up the hill - drag my cross...
Drag my cross
Nails are driven deep thru my limbs -
I'm hung to die, left in the sun to dry!!
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