

Cut-Throat Urges

Asphyx

Not so long ago, on a cold December day
You let my father die in solitude and pain
Once he was your son, and baptized in your name
If this is now you treat him, then violence is my way

Cut-throat urges
I need to spill some holy blood

Beautiful words, but hollow promises
The goodness of god is a fucking joke

Get out of your heavenly palace
And show your real face

How can people believe in this shit
How can they be so naive

Not so long ago, on a cold December day
You took all hope in my life away
Once I had respect, and hallowed was your name
If this is how you treat me, then violence is my way