

Fall of the Blessed

Azarath

No more slaves to shitty dogmas
No more prayers for nothingness
No more false mask of compassion
No more glory to your name

Glory to the dead shepherd
Stripped of the illusion of eternal holiness
Sacrificed for the utopia of sins
His holy cross now standing in the fire
Shine of his burning flesh has broken night

Freedom will rise on carbonized bones of Christ
Doomsday for your betrayers became reality
They are all poisoned by lies
Now death is trampling your dying heart
Your agony will last for eternity

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A lost missionary for losers
Burned flesh of a god became new symbol
Shitty believers kneel down and worship the goddess of death
Now your soul will be torn-apart in hell
Fallen servants herald your extermination
In eternal suffering
It is revenge for thousand years of your lies and slavery

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