

Eighth Sin: Blasphemy

Besatt

Lash in my hand whips sharply
It pulls a raw meat
I crown the usurper with thorns
Blood flows like tears
This is the last martyr's path
And I am your dark shepherd
We stagger to the towards Golgotha
Where the culprits die

I am the blasphemer, I am the sower of thruts
I am the blasphemer, I am the devil's lash

My hammer hits strongly
The dull rusty nail
Iron slowly tearing the tendon
Combining wasted body with cross
Blood flowing from wounds
Gives me a pleasant shiver
It's time to push the tip into the heart
And leave the body to be feed

I rise the wrought iron gate
And hear the whisper of beast's satisfaction
The stripped from hope are one the arena
Believers of Christian lies
Look to the eyes of my wild lions
Before their sharp fangs will drown in you
It's time to satisfy my suffering hunger
And leave the bodies to be feed

I am the blasphemer, I am the sower of thruts
I am the blasphemer, I am the sign of Satan