

Burn

Grave

I stand before my saviour what do I see,
Thousands of warrior souls bowing down to me,
Hail the long awaited first born son,
Darkness salutes you as we march into war.

Hear the screams from behind the veil of light,
Save me,
We commence our battle to seek the purest souls,
Burn!

As we approach the light the urge for blood is strong,
Feelings of burning hatred become our fuel,
They hide behind the words of deceit and lies,
Judgment day has come to show the glory of the dark.

Hear the screams from behind the veil of light,
Save me,
We commence our battle to seek the purest souls,
Burn!

As I gaze into the night through my bloodred eyes,
Satisfaction grows as I watch them die.

I stand before my saviour what do I see,
Thousands of warrior souls bowing down to me,
Hail the long awaited first born son,
Darkness salutes you as we march into war.

The peaceful smell of death surrounds me as I strike,
The crosses burn and blood is dripping from above,
Our mission is accomplished and we march on,
To seek the last remaining Christians' ones.

As I gaze into the night through my bloodred eyes,
Satisfaction grows as I watch them die.