

Lamb of the Seven Sins

Hour of Penance

The divine presence bestowed
Upon thee by the ones who call yourself a sinner
Fathers of eternal warfare cry
Shedding the tears of malice
Abort this process of ungodly epiphany and ascend to withstand
the betrayal
Masterminds of the repression fall facing the revolution of the
disbelief

We have become your foul disease
We are the ones with entropy inside our souls

This monstrosity has tortured us with falsity
Total desecration will begin soon
Pounding on the war drums
The sound uplifts the horde
No uncertainty when we will stop the blasphemy
Total desecration will befall you
Pounding on the war drums
The sound uplifts the horde

We have become your foul disease
We are the ones with entropy inside our souls

Can't you see the frameworks?
The last sections now stand still
Bombing the opulent palace of gold
Slaughter the cursed lamb of the seven sins
Ashes will shroud the lodge of God

And as the coals burn all fathers lose their flocks
Another one dissolving into the void
Ancient laws turning the masses blind
Feeding this vile deceptive oath

Millennia of darkness, now anticipate the light
Rebirth of the ones who still remain

We have become your foul disease
We are the ones with entropy inside our souls
We have become the effigies
Of the man with entropy inside his soul

Millennia of darkness, now anticipate the light
Rebirth of the ones who still remain