

Occult Den of Snakes

Hour of Penance

Why must we endure your fog that harness us?
The venom of serpents grows in your lies while we drown in the
mud
Why tolerate morbid dens of treachery?
Now decimate the ghastly plague of occult sins
Rise

Why must we be slaves to dogs who prey on our lives?
While they stay behind their hidden hand, entice vermins and mi
tes
Why tolerate morbid dens of treachery?
Now decimate the ghastly plague of occult sins
Rise

Agony for the loathsome creators of blights
With ferocious misdeeds deface those worms
As all we want to take is our land once free
For the motherland who has buried too many dead sons

Noxious atrocities to obliterate
Our freedom call