

Thousands of Christs

Hour of Penance

Looking in the enemy's eyes
I can see the reflex of fear
No breath can stop
My severe scourging hand
Down on the ground
Imploring me
Denying the holy word
You used to spread
There's no compassion
For the false redeemer
Sentenced by you
Betrayed disciples!
Flogged every step
Until penance place
Hung down the cross
For the human race
Thousands of Christs
Shall be all the deceivers
Before the crowd
You're the warning one!

Dead on the holy sign
As a laughing stock
While the blood flows down
Your flesh inexorably rots
Symbol of disgrace
For the gullible race
In your falseness took the
Roots the greatest incoherence on the earth

Your isolation stand
For your erroneous preached

No condensation
Except revenge in the human beings
None prayer for my mercy
Real soul atonement
Through the privation of the life
The most precious wealth
Squandered for greediness and false needs
Ephemeral desires
I, will enlight
At the evil deeds of power
We, will erase
All the signs of mystifyres
Kill - the deceivers
Sacrifice them
For the men and a brand
New straight world
Fill the empty crosses
Immolate them for the men
And for their own free will

Your isolation stand for you
Erroneous preached
No condensation except revenge
In the human beings

Thousands of Christs
Shall be sacrificed
For the future of men