Worship

Hypocrisy

The sky is bleeding, the sky is red
Something is coming across
The wormhole reveals itself
The gods will arrive
The ships of crosses descend

Time to beg, time to hate
Time to erase your mind
The truth will reveal itself

Worship the gods of the masses
Reach for the stars and beyond
Worship the gods of the crosses
The sign will lead us all

They've come to their gathering, their creations
They will bring home their fucking slaves

You're going out with a bang, light up the sky
You are the slave forevermore
Porthole to the other side
No turning back
You'll pay your dues, pay in tears and blood

Time to feel, time to heal
Time to say goodbye
Time to pay with your life

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