Mean and infectious
The evil prophets rise
Dance of the macabre
As witches streak the sky
Decadent worship of
Black magic and sorcery
In the womb of the devils dungeon
Trapped without a plea

See thing in agony Necrosis is the fate Pins sticking through the skin The venom now sedates Locked in a pillory Nowhere to be round Screaming for your life But no-one hears a sound Help me Prepare the patients scalp To peel away Metal caps his ears He'll hear not what we say Solid steel visor Riveted cross his eyes Iron staples close his jaws So no one hears his cries The skull beneath the skin Now your drawn and quartered Your bones will make the x Symbol stands for poison And it's chained to your head And as we fold your arms To make the holy cross We cross the crucifix Religion has been lost The skull beneath the skin