

No Place for the Cross

Nunslaughter

Being born, infant scorn
Inside this infernal blackened room
I'm the master, I live faster
Come into my dank and secret tomb

Sorcerer, sorceress
Follow me into hell and you won't get lost
Fuck me, fuck you
But in here there is no place for the cross

Power flows, evil grows
In this dark stagnant womb of sin
Come to call, down the hall
And I will fucking usher you in

Fucking hell, cast a spell
Don't give a fuck about the fucking cost
Pentagram, foul man
And still there is no place for the cross