

## End of Christ

## Severe Torture

End Of Christ  
Walk the path to my wrath  
Determined to desolate  
Show your fears, crawling inside  
This is the end of Christ

Mockery, Jesus Christ, not for me  
Soon to be, burnt in hell, you will see  
Rival nailed, to the cross  
No more words, coming out  
There will be no resurrection  
Dead at last, on his way  
To the flames, to the darkness  
To the place, of endless pain

Blasphemy, the son of man, we don't need  
Killing him, to satisfy, my bloody feast

Just like one of the others  
He screamed, begged for his life  
I won't spare a soul so obscene  
Just why would that be