

Second Death

Stray from the Path

A cover up of the highest scale they're never caught
The silence is deafening, yea it's forever bought
Word from the top, paid to shut up and take it
Blame the victims, cause it's easy to believe that they faked i
t

A home for abuse in the church of lies
A garden of Eden around a house of ruined lives
A man of the cloth with the choir in his bed
Three thousand strong, but all f*cked up in the head

There's a place in hell for bastards like you

The power of Christ compels you

Sick f*cks in a position of trust
Stakeout by the playground

Waiting for the bus
Three from the pope
Should be swinging from a rope
Six year sentence out in three with the first vote
The power of Christ compels you
To carry out your evil obsession
The power of Christ compels you
No god would ever hear your Confession

Violate then escape
They keep you safe within their Walls
You can hide in the house of god
But what happens when the f*cking cross falls?

There's a place in hell for bastards like you
There's a place in hell you motherf*cker