

Warhammer "Under The Wings Of The Cross"

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A descent into the darkest realm of time
When cruelty was an abstract form of ugliness
Accusations of sacrilege, the terror was real
What fell over the land was hatred forced with steel

The servants of power unleashed tyranny
No one to escape from the shield of hypocrisy
For decades the poor have been the defenseless
Slaughter and mayhem under the wings of the cross

Extremity in ways too savage to realize
In rotten dungeons the screams seemed to vanish
Perversion, monstrosity, undeserved suffering
Horrible ways to "discover" all heretic sinners

When twisted minds fulfill the spiral prophecy
To work hand in hand with death is efficiency
No pity for any form of supplication
Just continuing acts of bestial eliminations
("The Winter Of Our Discontent")

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