

## Asphyx "Cut-Throat Urges"

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Not so long ago, on a cold december day  
You let my father die in solitude and pain  
Once he was your son, and baptised in your name  
If this is now you treat him, then violence is my way

Cut-throat urges  
I need to spill some holy blood

Beautiful words, but hollow promises  
The goodness of god is a fucking joke

Get out of your heavenly palace  
And show your real face

How can people believe in this shit  
How can they be so naive

Not so long ago, on a cold december day  
You took all hope in my life away  
Once I had respect, and hallowed was your name  
If this is how you treat me, then violence is my way

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