

411**"The Sky Burns"**Visit "[The Sky Burns](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Abre los ojos bastardo, hijo del dios cristiano,
Clavado en esa cruz, deberas pagar por tus pecados,
Donde esta ahora tu falso padre?
El no puede salvarte de tu cruel destino,
Ahora soy yo, el que rija los momentos finales,
De tu miserable, vida... siiiii!

Weak and unfortunate character called Christ,
Assume that your life has been nothing else that a
breat lie,
We are here now to torture you,
And turn your terrible pain into our joy,
I impose this crown on you to appoint you
As weak god!

Tu cruz se convertira en un simbolo de martirio,
Para que tus seguidores vean, lo que les espera,
Tu, solo has sido, el primero borrego en caer!
Todos debeis desaparecer, de la faz de la madre tierra,
Bastardos inquisidores de una falsa religion
Os quiero ver sangrar, y sufrir hasta morir!

Fields will be full of execution crosses
In which you'll slowly die without piety
It doesn't mind if you'll implore pardon
Because we won't feel any compassion for you
And your smouts will be music to our ears!

In your dying bodies
We'll thrust our knives, to make you incisions,
To put into them our hands, and to poke around your
dirty entrails,
Making your torment, to be the most cruel
That human mind, would haver ever imagined!

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