

Bathory

"Crosstitution"

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The crucifix in flames
The house of God burned down to the ground
A symbolic action of defiance
Brought palace of lies down

Refusal to acknowledge the authority
Of faith of liars
Has cleansed this world somewhat
By purifying lovely fire

Crosstitution
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Holy writtings, hokus pokus
Magic incense, blood and tears
Impeccable the ways of Heaven
To inflict terror and fear

All are born of woman
And the female is of sin
So we are all drenched soaky wet in sin
When our life begins

And for the rest of our days
To reach his kingdom full of bliss
We seek forgiveness
For something we didn't do
To someone who does not and never has
And never will exist
Crosstitution
Crosstitution
Crosstitution

Cross of lies, no one up high
Gayhood of priests and spartan fiests
Pathetic faith, your wine and bread
All will be well once we're all dead

He might have died for
Somebody's sins but sure not mine
If all you want is to him follow

And die too then I say fine

But don't you baptise one more
Generation in some fuckin' shame
Supported by that damned religion
Of yours I now watch in flames

Crosstitution
Crosstitution
Crosstitution

I will always defy your damn faith
As I've lived I'll die free
You'll never have me crosstitute myself
Or on my fuckin' knees

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