

Centurian "Better Off Burning"

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I am the rack
on which my saviour bleeds and cries
with nails through hands and feet
those bitter tears received with greed

Not to speak of the Blood
to be seen in streams on his head
from under a crown of thorns
the sinful human to drown

Bleed on me
Bleed me sore
The seed is sowed to Hell with the creed

The shame of deepest guilt
on which the whorehouse is built
No glory before paying the whore

No glory until her lust is stilled

Better Off Burning
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Land of the saviour
by souls bestowed
Forgiveness shall dwell
in the heart of good behaviour

In time
our future meets the past
no more time to climb the heavens
this century shall be the last

In time
salvation will let go of me
No longer shall mankind avoid the fire
In eternal prayer ro retire

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