

## **Dead Jesus "Dichotomy"**

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Lets get this torment started the death of pagans  
Is what we need they shall not accomplish any amnesty  
Through the fire in the night you will get a fright.  
We can see you in the trees prepare to kneel on your  
knees  
And bow to your new savior and change your behavior  
In the end you will worship god  
We will hunt down rape your women and your children  
Burn your village to just because we have the right to  
We will send you to purgatory.  
It's not our way.  
It's not our church.  
We will not turn.  
Burn.  
He died for you and you will see the light.  
Can't you see your minds are not free?  
We are your new faith and here to stay.  
Herd them down to the square we'll make it a big fair  
A huge celebration of god by the dawn  
Tie them up to the stake where they'll meet their new  
fate.  
They will worship thee on the cross.  
Burn witch burn.  
Hide.  
Children lie in fear.  
They know not who we are.  
The suspended sword of christ - descending.  
Get down on your knees no more blasphemy  
You will read the book, the holy bible.  
No more witchcraft no more full moon no more  
Sacrifice - Jesus Christ.  
Burn witch burn.  
Now that we have won this fight you have no rights  
You will go to church every sunday  
Your salvation lies with our god.  
You need something to believe.  
Hands they gouge me, flames enshroud me.  
I will never die within.  
Blood.  
Soiled hands of hate,  
Feed the mouths of kin  
Deliver to your lord - unveiling.

Rise twisted little minds  
See past the weak and blind.  
They fall undignified - repenting.  
Now you have found him.  
Live the lies enhance the hate of god.  
Falling down you realize you begin again.

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