

Dragon

"I Spit In Your Face"

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Stone walls, the stench of graves
Dark vaults and hungry rats
The Blasphemous roar of hell
The black flashes of torches
Black crows, souls of the dead
Buried at the dead of night
Without fear you're awaiting their pranks
Because the cross is on your chest

You reign in the castle of death
Your eyes delight in tortures
Insane thoughts shake the fanatic's body
Dragged by the power of your rules
I'm fettered in chains
Given to you for sacrifice
Insane demon's thoughts
You say you fight for the good
That you are the Lord's messenger
Blood from your wounds soaks the monk's habit
In which you've clad your body
My body is trembling in pain
And thoughts cloud over torture
These are your hands holding the torches
Your arm is raising a whip
I spit in your face
You have me - my oppressor
I yell as you want me yell
Blasphemy, dark truths
Which you're forcing into my mouth
To sentence me to death
To accuse me of heresy
Who is he, in whose name
You inflict these horrible tortures
You kill, set stakes on fire
You know, his name!
The Beast's fire burns in your eyes
When your mouth worships the Supreme
Your Lord raises his hand with a whip
And sets fire to innocent bodies

