

Goat Of Mendes "The Spirit Of Heathendom"

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You're calling a phantom your wise, loving father
Who had formed your forebears out of clay
I think that your brains still consist of this substance
Or what else is the reason that your minds went astray?
You think, Earth's been granted your supreme
dominion
And you might reap it of everything it can give
If you are interested in my solemn opinion:
Scavengers like you have no reason to live!

Our Mother was a woman of ravishing beauty
But for womanliness you have nothing to spare
In return for bearing more and more of you bastards
You rape her again after stripping her bare
You enslaved Mother Earth to act at your bidding
And scoured it from dangerous heretics like me
I am sick of you scum and I'm surely not kidding
Mother's suffering from a plague called Christianity

You are nothing but pitiful creatures
With your God residing in Heavenly Halls
But right here on Earth elder spirits are lurking
Awaiting the time for the crosses to fall

Morrigan, Avenger
Life's reaper, Death's crow
Bean-Nighe who washes
The severed heads of our foes
Bad our mother
Let fertility grow!
Maturity's triad
In eternity adored

You deny on what all life is still founded
Which is love, lustful longing and sensuous joy
You prefer children born by a chaste, modest virgin
That they're products of lust, you stubbornly deny
But still you are haunted by natureborn cravings
And as each woman of grace is a devilsent slut
You rather rape children as a kind, loving father
Go to Hell if you don't mind, cause I hate your guts!

Your Lord's bursting from mercy and positive feelings
With disgust you regard those who feel anger and hate
You wage war out of love for the ignorant heathen
To save their souls from the devil, before it's too late
I thank you for taking my life in your hands
How grateful I am I simply can't tell
But still I prefer the wild ways of the heathen
Even though in your eyes, I'll be burning in Hell

First you've stolen our festivals sacred
Then your oppressive belief had grown tall
But right here on Earth, elder spirits are lurking
Awaiting the time for the crosses to fall

Underneath the Horns, they feast and dance and sing
again
To the woods the laughter will return
For the powers of Earth and Fire, Wind and Rain
Instead of stakes, the Pagan fires shall burn

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