

Acheron

"Cursed Nazarene"

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Oh lasting foulness of betlehem,
Hear the words of which we speak.
Denying all your holy standards,
In our veins flows blasphemy.

Drive the nails deeper into thy hands.
Press the thorns upon thy brow.
Bring blood from the wounds of thy side.
Cursed nazarene! Do nothing king!

Oh infernal majesty, condemn him to the pit evermore,
to suffer in perpetual anguish. Bring thy wrath upon
him oh price of darkness and rend him full asunder
that he may know the extent of thy anger. Call forth
thy legions that they may witness what we do in thy
name. Send forth thy messengers to proclaim this
deep
and send the christian minions staggering to their
doom. Smite him anew, oh lord of light, that his
angels may tremble in fear. Send crashing down the
walls of heaven so that the murders of our
ancestors may be avenged.

Vanish away thou fool of fools
Abhorred pretender of majesty.
Into the void you shall perish,
For thou wert, nor shall ever, be.

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