

Acheron "Inri"

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You have been judged on your own accord
Our final word seals your fate
King of the Jews, the son of God
Now condemned to death and hate

INRI, INRI, false prophet

Carry the cross upon your back
And take it to where you'll die
A crown of thorns, for you dear king
With the other filth, be crucified

INRI, INRI, false prophet

Taste the blood that trickles from your ravaged brow
As the sands of time run out
Lord of nothing is what we consider you
For victory is truly ours

Now you die

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