

Christian Death

"Souls Of The Dead"

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A crystal clear, cleansing single flame
Must come to burn our ball of shame
It brings us peace, so the souls of the dead
Can finally have their glory

The dead that have seen everything
Death on a cross an every war
Brothers and sisters that many have lost
And children left all alone

They've seen babies eyes excavated
The scar of death starving
Whirlpools of a millions tears
Blood on the crosses of nameless graves

They now you well soaked through by blood
A killing soldier of Jesus
Holding a cross and murdering at will
Your soul is caressed by a crown of thorns

They see you falling upon your knees
They see you make the sibn of cross
They know you're ready to kill
Everyone falls into disgrace

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