

Christian Death

"The Prophet"

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Our temple made of course,
In the forests of pentagramms
Hell awaits, we'll sit on
Baphomets right
We don't need a hypocrite God lying goodness
Angels will serve,
Stars will protect
We have the feast, drinking
Jesus blood

In the eye is the mirror of the soul,
In your I don't see anything else
Than christian epidemic

The answer insides every question
And when the fire embraces my body
The purgatory's sweet touch
Gives the final answer
I don't care for Jesus wrathful fist,
I don't pay for excuse
If everyone fears the power of God,
I don't

Let's step through every frontier,
The devil's charm is mesmerized.
I feel the pain and torment
Every day promises new pleasures

I slept in the dust with the devil's daughter,
I saw my face's mirror in the eyes
For me she is the idol,
In the place of my heart the ice is burning
I rather be the first, in hell than
The last in heaven
Twin moon is raising,
And black stars are shining above me

I shout Judes's innocence, and
Deny Jesus's Kingdom
That word is a lay which says
The blessing on the last supper

Die on the cross who love with it,
An believe blindly in Jesus's promise

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