

Nefarium

"Servus Servorum Satanae"

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Whisper to us again
Of deserts and appearances
And tell the timorous
Of agony and passing
Servant of servants
Whisper to us again
Of saints and miracles
Old man, sick man,
Vicar without future.

Join your hands in prayer,
Once more
But in silence burn!
Pray vicar
With cane which was
The scepter for tyrans

Pray! pray!
The beast is your lord
And god your church
Satan my lord.
Your master is leaving us.

Join your hands in prayer,
Once more
But in silence burn!
Wounds of the soul
Do not heal with holy water.

The gold of your rings
Reflects the shame in blood rivers
The episcopale doctrine
Reflects the shame in blood rivers.

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