

Neolith "Curse The Lord"

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Death wish
Unholy thoughts
Rape the image of god
False creator of time
I've promised myself a revenge
So many sleepless nights
I've waiting for this moment to come along
My prayers are answered
I'm no longer a victim of god
I'm rising as proud almighty
Not to fade away but to last, last forever
Die before my eyes
Lord with a dead face

I cast a spell on you
Death in thousand shapes
Your eyes will be frozen forever
...my sweet revenge
Your body will be crucified forever
...my sweet revenge
Thorns hurting your scalp
Nails sticking in your palms
Give me the pleasure
That I will never forget
Give me death
That I will survive.

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