

## **Propaan / Butaan** **"Blessed"**

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It was night when they came and stared in my eyes,  
Evil and deceit were hidden under frocks,  
On their necks - crosses, in their hands - swords,  
They came to kill on behalf of their god.  
The similarity is imprisoned,  
In the darkness of the dungeon.  
The old faith - impaled,  
On the stake of disgrace.  
Old Holy groves, they were destroyed,  
In the name of the cross.

Against other people,  
Against the truth,  
Against everyone,  
Against yourself.

Tortures of liberated souls,  
Which are decaying in the cells of ecclesiastical  
strongholds,  
The knights of good are distributing death,  
Spreading violence in the name of God.

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