

Sargatanas Reign "Hellnation"

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A strong antipathy towards your life
Connected and bound to an inside strife
An infantile mind inside a vivid head
Meeting my will and soon you'll be dead

Blood and torture Â– walking hand in hand
Our Hellnation Â– despise the promised land

You feel your presence, feel you're so alive
Isn't it ironic when you're about to die
Lying carved up on your nightmare bed
Crawling in blood when I'm dissecting your head

Blood and torture Â– walking hand in hand
Our Hellnation Â– despise the promised land

Fantasies of penetrating knives
Blessing all your Christian lies
Die for our sins, and we sin even more
Blessed are the dead, you Christian whore

Blood and torture Â– waling hand in hand
Our Hellnatin Â– despise the promised land

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