

Deathrow

"Morbid Rituals"

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Tonight there's a new procession.
Worshippers of the beast walk silently towards another
church to take
Another life.
Our aim is to desecrate this weak creation that is
mankind.
One by one, we kill these creatures full of disgusting
goodness,
To increase the evil within ourselves.

Last time we slayed an old priest, and now we have a
new borned child.
He will be baptized again but with his own blood...
We light some candles and prepare the altar...
The ritual has begun.

We shout demonic spells, the little larva cries, as we
brandish a knife.
Blood runs from the altar and falls on the ground.
The warm entrails are hung on their cross.

In cursed chalices we drink to the reign of Satan.
Pentagrams are drawn on the wall of the house of God.
The bestial sacrifice is over.

We are the masters of terror, the shadows that will
destroy your peaceful
World.
Under the pale moonlight, tomorrow we'll strike again.
Our cruelty has no boundaries.
Just wait for your turn.

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