

Teramaze

"Final Reckoning"

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Forsake the hidden truths
Predictions of the doom never to pass
-Nail him! Hail!
Your flock is lost in black storms
The shepherd, he hangs himself in shame
Scavengers of the penitent scrolls
Indulge in their languished vigils
Nazarene, ordained bastard of filth,
You have failed them once again.
Burden of man such an unbearable weight
So appropriate for a pig
Disgust for the pious light
Burning deep within
Clandestine ways to usurp
The golden throne
Twisted and ruptured
Lies your bloodstained host
-Nail him! Hail!
Die upon the blades of redemption
Satan, the sacrificer of false hope
Revenge, for the ersatz promises
Fuck the nails, they're too good for that whore.
Emblaze the flag of hatred within the thorn-torn brow
Spit defiantly in the face of God
For there is no salvation for the
Fucking dead.

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