

Uhrilehto "Jesus Christ Massacre"

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Christianity the world
Spread disease
Infects you from the birth

Lord of the weak
Lord of lies
Lord Jesus Christ

Glorified and idolized,
But we know the truth
Son of a whore
Not so innocent,
Not so pure
With lies of the holy one,
He used the poor
To create an army of fools,
An empire built on worship
Bow only to him,
Or your soul will be
Condemned and eternally
Tortured in the purgatory
The promised saviour,
Truly a cruel tyrann

We who stood above
The feeble minded
Realised the agony to come
If the path lead
To this glory destruction
Was our only choice

Guided by our inner voice
He trusted us and didn't realize
That the world treachery was
Carved in our hearts

Nail him on the cross
Crusifie, crusifie, crusifie

A cross,
A crown of thorns
And four nails

Was all we needed
To end his dream

We had released the world
From the false prophet

Father, Son and the Holy Ghost
Where are you now?
See the holy cross rust,
Your churches turn to dust
Smell your rotting God
Prepare to be blessed
By the new Lord
Jesus Christ Massacre

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