

Vokodlok "Names On The Pyre"

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Condemned to burn
On the funeral pyre
No room for trail
Murder, murder, only thing to know.
Mortal sins to follow
Deadly grow to hear
The Armageddon's call
The joy of redemption
Preachers of the holiness
Purest sorrow bringers.
Names, names, to hate
Persons to vanish
For the sake of goodness.
Old believes forgotten
In the name of God and Jesus.
Death row, no protection
Sentenced to die,
In the mystic fire,
Wearing a pathetic mask,
No one to know, the anger,
Chained to a life of misery
In the most superstitious circle,
Jury of disgrace.

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