

Rebellion

"Black X-Mas"

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On this day, we can celebrate. Using death as a form of religious hypocrisy. And on this day, faggots open their gifts, while I'm mailing off the body parts of parents to their little kids. I look around me, I feel disgusted. No love in the world for the public consumption. Disembowling the guts of all who seem to oppose. So keep close to the dark, you will never see the son. (Of God) There's a resting place. Where the cure for our tragedies, awates his death and fate. We rape, as we storm the villages. On a mission to the land of Christ, to see the gift of him. And when we find him there will be no love, no light. We're on a mission, to bring him death tonight. Hate life, this is Christ and the offering. Bow down to the birth of a new day.

Hook (2x)

Give bombs, to the churches during Christmas Mass. Singing carols at your door, bringing gifts of death. So place bets, cause I'm known to cause a violent. (Manic depressive, Schitzophrenic, don't deny this) Silence (Shhh.) I'm the bringer of a death streak. Holing up your tummy, stabbin bladders, making blood streams. So don't test me, or touch the rest, or your likely to find yourself, hung by your neck, bitch. Back on topic, I was creeping through the window, I saw the virgin Mary resting with a saviour. It's all worthless, a pointless birth. What the fuck is the point, of forgiving every one of us. Creep close, loading bullets in my sawed off (Yeah). I jam it up into her ass while the bitch cums. I nut, with a shot between her legs. Merry christmas, she will never be a virgin again.

Hook (2x)

I stab twice, when I'm creepin in the holy land. But your god, he was never a threat, a man. Who preached lies, while he's waiting in a manger. Fuck god, he aint nothin but a stranger.

I never asked him to die upon the cross, and so I kill

him, and rock him in my arms.

To you he's god, to me he's dead. See, the best form of violence, is the kind that you can do again.

Stab his tummy with scissors, and rip his guts out. Eat his shit, and piss, and slowly swallow it down. He's face down in a puddle of his own filth. I guess I'm going to hell, but let the blood drip.

I give you praise and a welcome on this holiday. I'm laying all of your beliefs on an altar, so pray. And hate god, lend the faggot your vengenance. And on this day, I declare it to be Black Christmas.

Hook (2x)

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