Mid-day heat is low Sun torches victims skin Priests rise to command Blood spills the altar stairs

Sacrifice to their gods
Sun sets the slaves all die
The hearts of humans left to dry
Burnt offerings to the sky

Temples built for priests with high Messages and desperate cries A message from a higher place Condemning all your human race

Cowards run the rest await Pious-virgins congragate Offered to their godz from space Watching on their human race

Looking into the darkness
From towers awaiting their signs
With fire they draw on our mountains
Their calendar tells us it's time
Bleed for the godz

Suddenly lightning about us
Outside a vanishing light
Looking around for the traitors
The seeds that will be left behind

Sacrifice to their godz
Sun sets the slaves all die
The hearts of humans left to dry
Burnt offerings to the sky

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