

Holy Possession

Azarath

Crucified scum covered with the fullnes of worship,
From the lament of vermin your throne rises.
I scorn your symbols and your defeat's glory.

Bastard messiah!
I curse your fucking race,
I stone the words of weakness
And trample crown of thorns.
Defiled icons of mercy
Dance with the fire of sin.
Madness of my sight opens my veins.

The golden words turned into shit.
My Veins...
The Serpent's call.

Sucking the blood from the holy source of life,
This fullmoon night of madness I violate your domain.
The crying whores praying for you resurrection,
Their cunts are burning with black crosses deep inside.
Fresh blood runs from her altar of flesh.
Faith deep as her dirty twat...

In the lands of desolated ways
Source of life withers.
Your psalms shall possess...
Black crosses in their cunts -
The holy force within.
Your psalms shall possess...

Sheep bound by celebration,
Consume your flesh and blood,
Crawl for salvation,
Praise for decrepit God.
The prayer is piercing
Through the twisted minds
Possessed by holy spirit.
The cursed mankind's fall.

Behold the prayers of shit
Bleeding in perdition,
Enslaved by self-destruction,
So close th the horned lord.

In the lands of desolated ways
Source of life withers.
Your words shall possess...
The eternal walk through
The wastelands of your faith.
The story never told...
Your words shall possess...
Your words shall possess...