

Sacrilegious Terror

Deathspell Omega

Hunting like wolves, we have no regrets for all our murders, barbaric and inhuman
This is a crusade, an unholy quest against the Holy spawn
The only morals we believe in are pleasure and hate, as sons of darkness
The blood shall flow the liquid of life, it will disappear

Fear can be seen on their tearful faces
Followers of God will meet their doom
Our only justice is the sword
Our only sentence is death
Vultures follow us to finish the work
Terror is spread to begin the Armageddon...

Innocent men are burned at the stake
Their wives are raped upon their dead children
We sing out loud great incantations to summon the forces of Hell
Humans implore a mercy we ignore
We desecrate their childish religions
No soul can be saved from the endless torment
Obscurity prevails

When the gates are finally open,
It will be the sign of the end,
The coming of Satan,
The rebel and triumphant one

Hunting like wolves, we have no regrets for all our murders, barbaric and inhuman
This is a crusade, an unholy quest against the Holy spawn
The only morals we believe in are pleasure and hate, as sons of darkness
The blood shall flow the liquid of life, it will disappear