

# Sulphur Souls

Marduk

Praise hail Satan

Our wrath is about to be unleashed  
Upon you - oh lord of goodness  
For so long we have waited and believe us  
The future will be a vast black memory on your grave

Behold  
From our synagogue of Satan  
We say to you  
Black metal warriors of northern lands  
Lift your swords up high  
Let us praise  
The horned one  
The lord of the sulphur souls

The city walls of Babylon  
Are now decorated with the bodies of your  
Weak followers  
Here they hang begging for our mercy  
With a symbol of your teachings  
We can't do nothing but hate

Behold  
From our synagogue of Satan  
We say to you  
Do never lower your heads in awe  
For a god so good and mild  
Let us praise the one with black horns

Woe  
Woe to you oh falling god  
See how we scorn your work and worshippers  
See how they hang in shameful nakedness  
On the bloodstained walls of Babylon

The white sun bites us  
But why be afraid  
The bright morning star has turned black  
Your empire is ruined oh god of life and light  
And I am your Judas