

From his darkest desires
From hate caused by his suffering
From his horde of faithfuls in trance
From his thirst of blood and death
Will be born a storm of torpor
And horror succeeds hypocrisy
Last judgement will be proclaimed

For a long time the executioner waits for them
He won't have a pity
The fire of live coals already burn

When flames of pureness turn over inquisition
When flower of evil spreads as a death wind
When blood pours on last sabbath's a dark altar
Then he will come back and declare his reign
And hunt Jehovah's angels from his people's soul.

Then christ will return on his cross
It will be the Holy Trinity's end
The humiliated prince goes back on his throne
And story can finally start...

By the holy road you return
By your sacrifice's blood
By gift of your soul to the master
And reject of church's baptism
You calm torment of his spirit
You give him force to fight
And your help will be rewarded!