

Crush the Cenotaph

Asphyx

Naked bodies stand in line
waiting for their turn to die
echoes of tormented souls
slaughter, that has been unfold
frenzied eyes look into the past
wasteland, forever it will last

hatred has returned
the cross that now will burn
result of centuries
the prophet only sees

chambers, incineration, death
ashes blown away by divine breath
almighty hand closes the book of lies
eternal peace is glowing from their eyes
fifty years, the overkill begins
from the graves the bodies will rest in
people deny their sickened sides
wars, they are sacred rites