

30 hopearahaa

Azaghal

We, born of the Chaos
We curse your name
Nazarene
Suffer and die

Mere 30 silver coins
The price of your pity life
You are worthless to us
Suffer you shit, suffer and die!

With reed cane into the face
Crown of thorns into your head
With a crimson cloak on your shoulders
Desecrated and beaten up
We laugh at you
"Son of god, king of jews"

Where are your followers
When you walk on the path of shame
Towards Golgatha, towards death
Where are your followers
Oh great messiah?

At Golgatha your corpse rots
Higher than the others
King of jews,
Slave of Satan in Hell!