

Lake of Fire

Bathory

Twinkle bright Aldebaran, the star of solitude
Somewhere there is a lake of fire, pity all the fools
Sorry are the desolate, the unfree and obedient
For this is not the spring of love, it is the winter of discontent
Standing at the shore of lake of fire

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Blood mooney, for thirty pieces of silver
You shall buy yourself the time

The quivering meat conception, deflorate the virgin fair
Succumb to your own passion, receive the garland made from angel's hair
Crown yourself, the thorns will cut you, bleed your majesty
But by dawn it will all satisfy no more, dethrones you weep
Dumped along the shore of lake of fire

Dumped along the shore of Lake Of Fire
Dumped along the shore of Lake Of Fire
Dumped along the shore of Lake Of Fire

So you've been left in chains to rot away in your own stinking
rest
You'll hang till death in your own entrails

What you're gonna do, peasants with nukes
But death you'll see shall make us free