

Preacher

Battlerage

Friday night the 13th
At the ruins of a crow
Dark figures come together
For an awful vow
They have sworn to Satan
To celebrate a black mass
Damned rites are prepared
Black angels they bless

Demon and devil, the preacher's parole

Snakeblood and poison
The cauldron is boiling
To condemn the holy cross
Black rites are soiling
Witches are dancing
Around the altar
Praying to their master
To celebrate the holy war

Demon and devil, the preacher's parole

Since million years religion
Keeps knowledge of the dark
The church discloses
Sacred rules to mark
They are full with ignorance
If they don't realize
There's more than they can see
Of religious seize

Demon and devil, the preacher's parole