

Pagan Hate

Cruachan

Fire - Burning - cleaning the lie,
The light is burning bright.
Pain - Suffer - prepare to die,
Behold our unholy fight.

Hallowed be our name tonight,
as we cleanse the Christian church.
Purification will be bestowed
by our hands not by words.

Sound the horns of Pagan triumph,
And sweep away this fictional rectitude.
Burn the church to the ground,
Let our Pagan hate exude.

And let the world see the true nature,
Of the myth that created humanity.
This divinity mired in impurity,
A creation of mans own vanity.

So burn the ground I say,
All Conquering force of evil.
Let your irreverence wash away,
To the sound of Pagan upheaval.