

Trample the Cross

Deicide

Question the lord with a heart full of hate,
Speaking in tongues and fulfilling his faith,
Walking through fire alone and displaced,
All who defile the lord and his name...

Blasphemy unto thee, conquer all things,
Battered and beaten the cross of mystique,
Papal in ruin and brought to its knees,
See through religion and you will find peace...

Damning the souls of his praise, rapture begotten ill gain,
Crossing the light from divine, death to your god and his kind.
Bury the book in its grave, holy of holy's in flames
Worn and despised and diseased, trample the cross in defeat.

Darkness and evil and unholy dreams,
go without mention and cannot be seen,
Do not assume what you don't want to know,
Christ and religion is only for show...

Fear has deflowered the lies of his faith,
Watching it die puts a smile on my face,
Holy ground crumble from under their feet,
Once and forever and ever shall be...