

## On The Cross

DemonLord

Now these three nails are all I've got  
Purest devastation, my own crucifixion  
It's the season to see the light  
No more chance to think, seraphic sounds calling

There's someone waiting for me  
What will be my destiny  
Hot-flashing wounds caused by the thong  
Like saviours I die on the cross

The manuscript of my life's undone  
Ain't no new horizons  
Just spears of burning iron  
My body aches, but it's not the worst  
The will is almost broken  
I'll be soon forgotten

...What will be keeping me there  
Heaven or dark depth of hell  
Hot-flashing wounds caused by the thong  
Like saviours I die on the cross