

Nailed to the Cross

Destruction

The cold wind of death
Makes you freeze to the bone
The scary final breath
Leaves only cuts in the stone
Fear the unknown spheres
Of death and decay
Incite the superstition
The booty of fear
Your book of God
A book of lies
Your hero's death
Brought us a 1,000 cries
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the fuckin' cross
They use fear like the press
In the book of deceit
Kneel down and confess
Weak losers need to retreat
Fear the unknown spheres
Of death and decay
Incite the superstition
The booty of fear
Your book of God
A book of lies
Your hero's death
Brought us a 1,000 cries
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the fuckin' cross
The sign of the cross is the sign of war
The holy symbol has been used for more
Since we remember his promotion campaign
Is collecting lost souls for a unholy aim
Greedy bastards with blood on their hands
Hiding in churches and loosing their stand
Your book of God
A book of lies
Your hero's death
Brought us a 1,000 cries
Nailed to the cross
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Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the cross
Nailed to the cross
Nailed failed nailed
Nailed to the cross
Nailed failed nailed
Nailed to the fuckin' cross