

In moments of reflection
It all unfolds to me
I walk down through my mind
And feel a bittercold fear
What mankind did with pretence
Of religion and belief

Away is the sun
Endless the night
Mankind's massacra
Intelligence is dead

There have been satanic rites
In blood, inverted crosses
Expulsion of all mortals
The "good" side isn't better
Holy inquisitors on arbitrary command
Through all blasphemic centuries

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Destruction and hate
Sewage of faith
Ignorant souls
The decline goes on
Man will never learn
That religion's created by man

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